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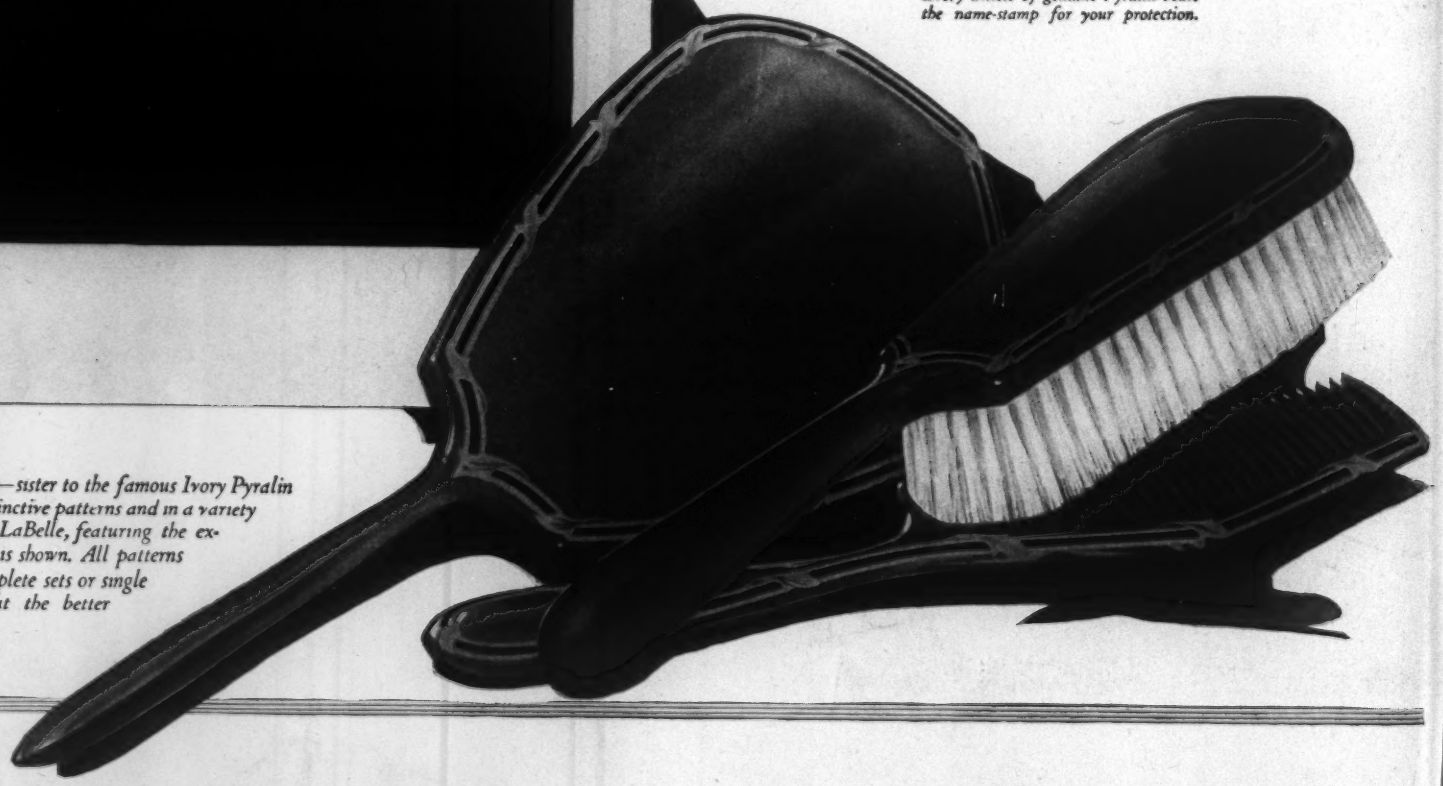

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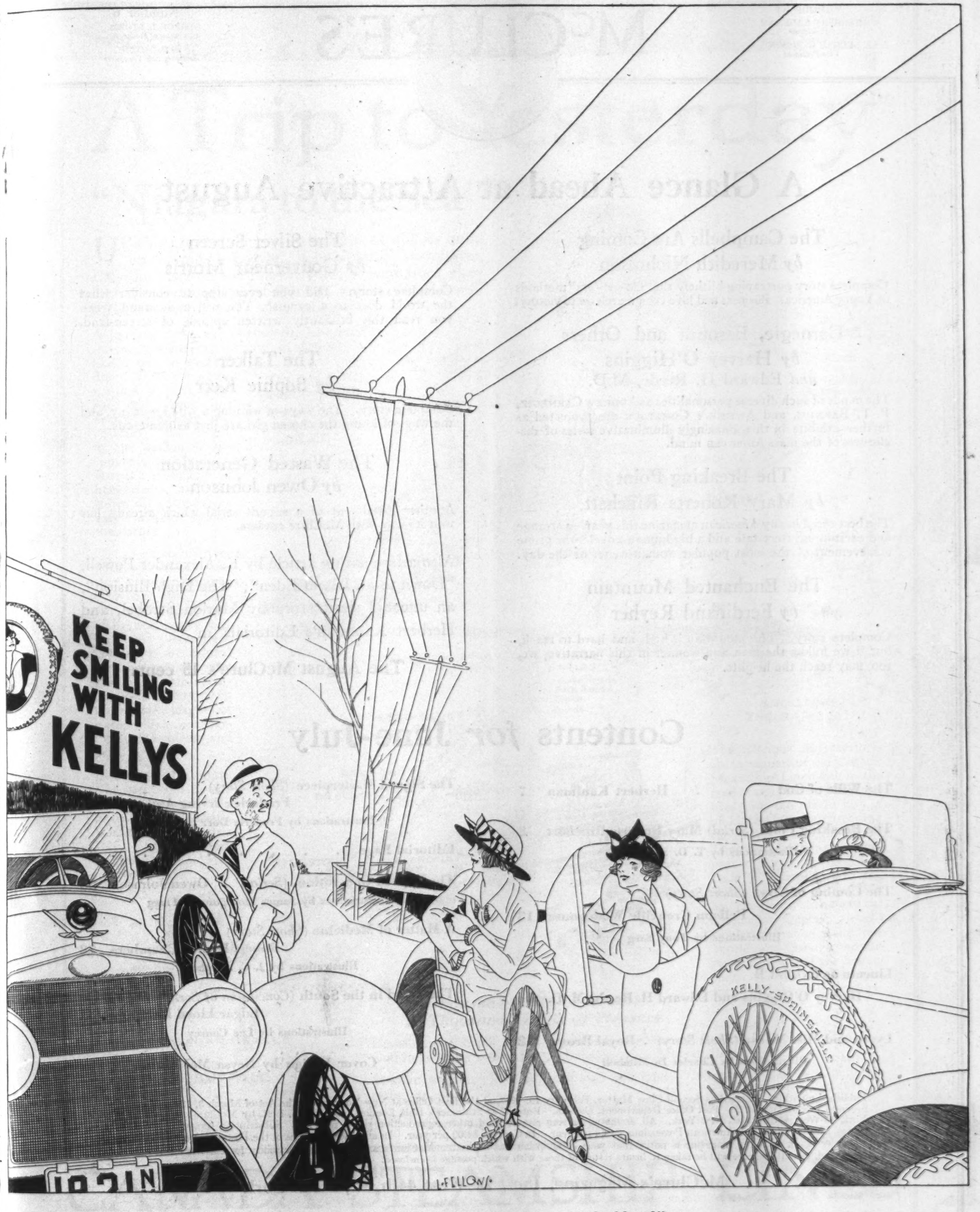

"You don't believe in signs, do you, Cuthbert?"

Volume 53
HERBERT KAUFMAN
President
EDGAR G. SISSON
Vice-President

McCLURE'S

Number 6
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The Breaking Point
by Mary Roberts Rinehart

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The Wasted Generation
by Owen Johnson

Another instalment of a superb serial which already has won its way with McClure readers.

Also a fascinating article by E. Alexander Powell, "Down to an Island Eden"; "The High Illusion", an unusual short story by Marion Strobel, and Herbert Kaufman's Editorials in

The August McClure's 15 cents

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A Trip to Yesterday

"Niagara to the Sea"

UP this great river came the men of old to build an empire—Cartier, Champlain, Marquette, LaSalle. Before the Pilgrim Fathers were born, they laid the foundations of Quebec, and its citadel still broods over the swift waters below.

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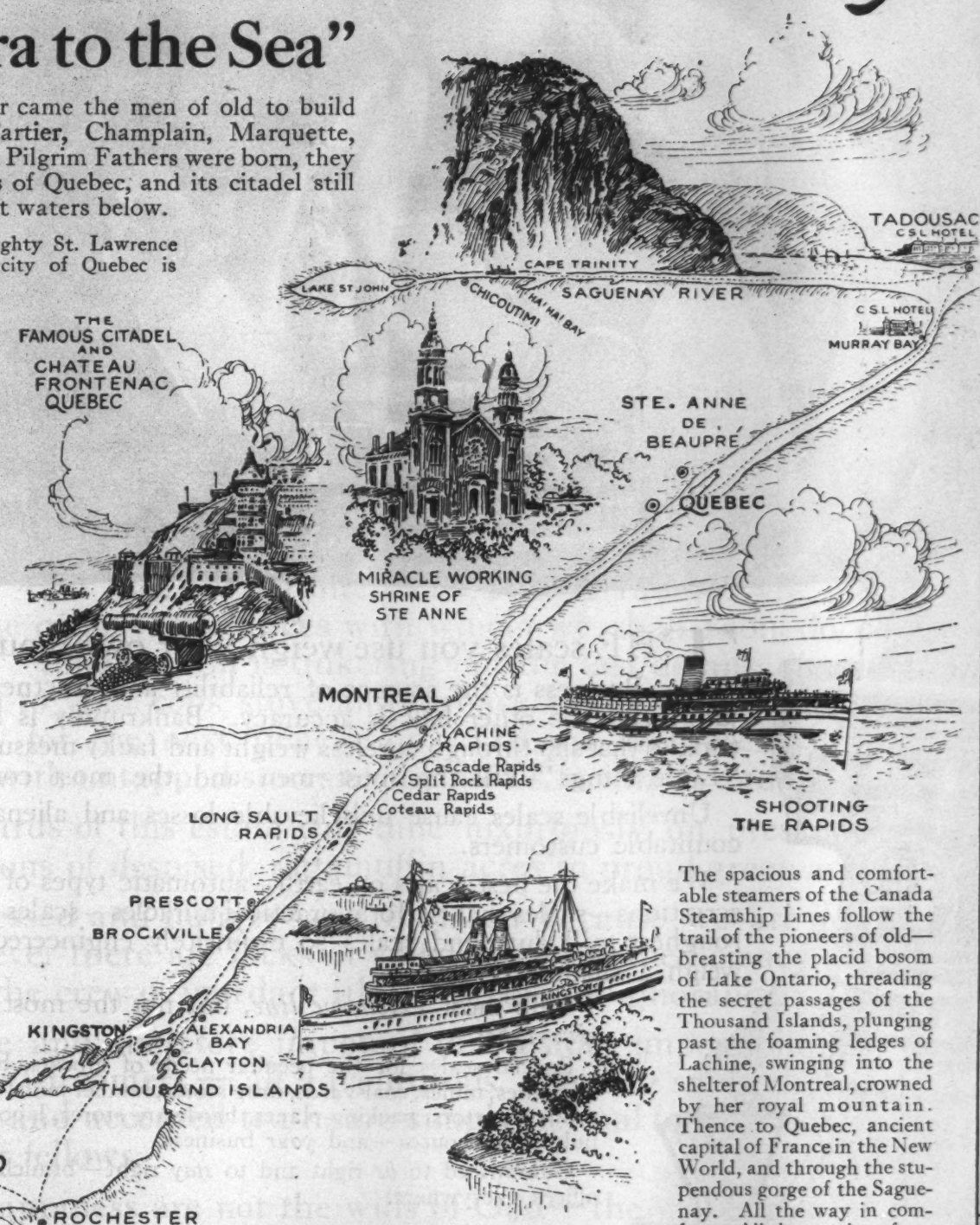

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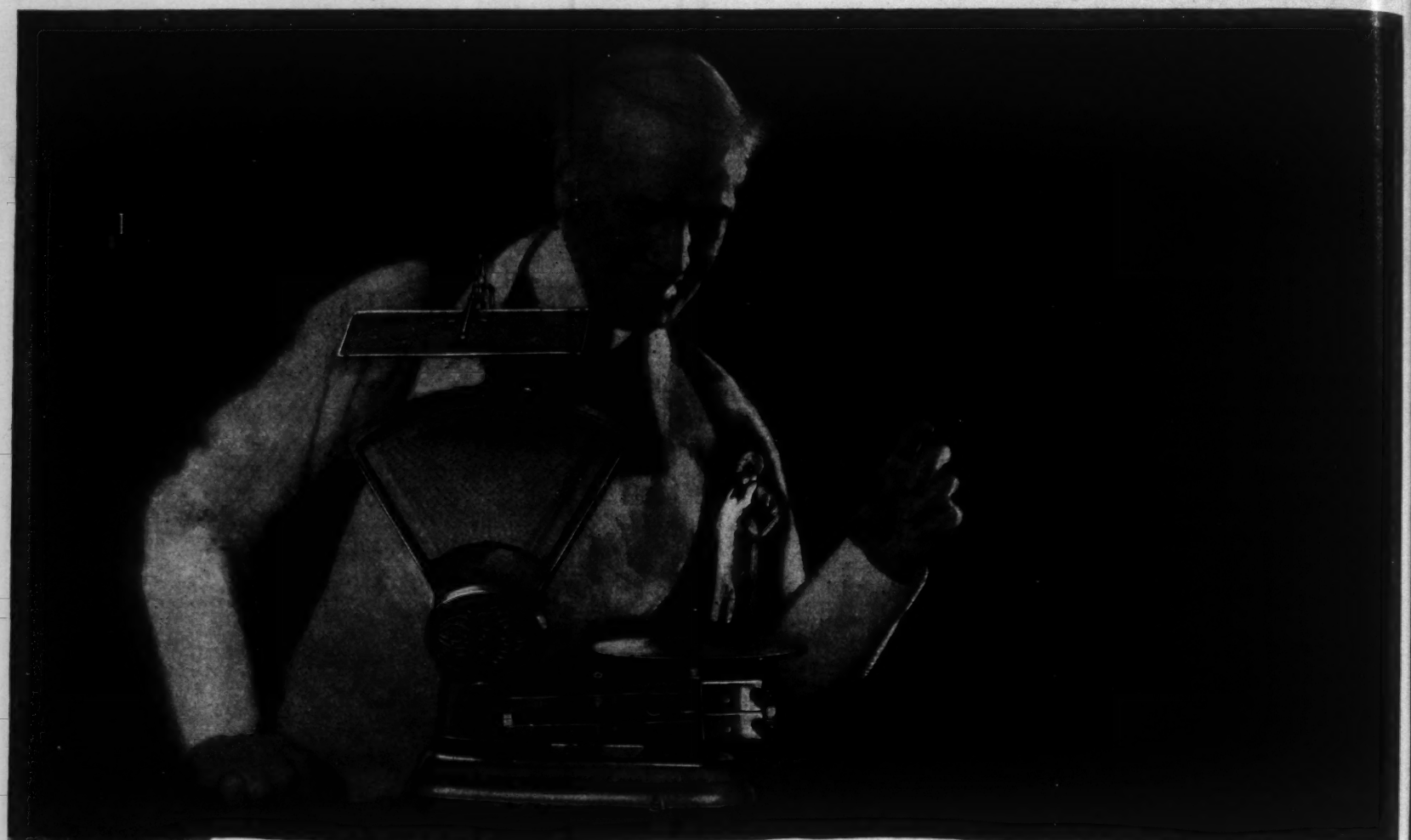

THE scales you use weigh your own reputation in the balance.

Business is the science of reliability and exactness. One half of success is judgment, the other half is accuracy. Bankruptcy is a disease of fractions—the trickles that slip through careless weight and faulty measures are mortal as microbes. "Little things" kill the most men and the most concerns.

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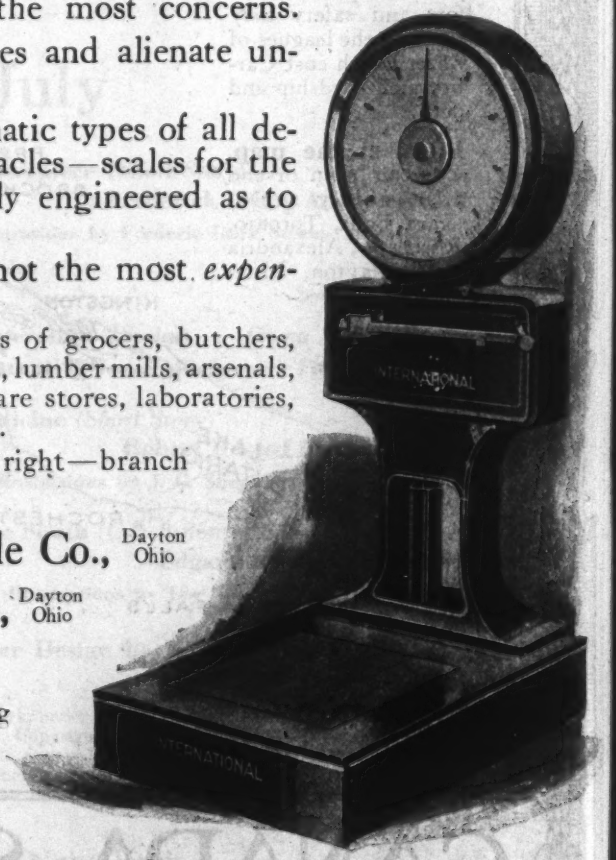

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Volume 53
Number 6

McCLURE'S

JUNE-JULY 1921

The Wills of God

by Herbert Kaufman

PROGRESS must be agnostic. To accept results without questioning causes would deliver humanity to bigotry and fatalism.

Matter of any ilk is processed substance. Nothing that we see or touch began existence in its present form. Inquisitive intelligence denies that we have yet discovered a single elemental fact. If we were more assured of our knowledge, we should be less hopeful of our prospects.

To-day Einstein sticks the fool's cap on Newton and to-morrow a shrewder brain will in turn demolish the whole theory of relativity. The size of Betelguese is still beyond the capacity of our primitive comprehension, but possibility is vaster still than a billion such ethereal monsters.

We have hardly begun to ramble through the concentrated forests and gardens in the coal bin. Thermite, T.N.T. and radium are piddling precursors of the cataclysmic forces with which we shall soon do chores and wage wars. Imagination is tinkering out the last details of schemes to hitch the sun to your cook stove and furnace. The tides will spin and fetch and carry for the next generation. Oceans are reserve treasure chests, teeming with untapped stores of chemicals, fertilizers and medicants.

Cannier stewards of this estate will dine luxuriously on present refuse and clothe millions of despised, ragamuffin acres in proud green and gold.

We are distressed and hungry and diseased because we are just half awake. Wherever there are lacks or suffering, there inefficiency is. Epidemics and all the crew of mordant ills are spawn of ignorance.

Brain is finite and therefore impotent to consider impossibilities. Inventors, geniuses, dreamers — all adventurous, questing souls challenging current practise and accepted truth, are simply normal folk using faculties dormant in their fellows.

Pain and unhappiness are not the wills of God—the will of God is that our wits shall deliver us from misery, drudgery and grief.

Man is equipped to penetrate every mystery. Yet with thousand-mile eyes he barely looks beyond his nose. Faith and five working senses can heal or reveal anything. Human destiny shall always be as sordid or as splendid as human purpose pleases.

Use more of yourself. Learn to handle the amazing tools in the attic and no task is beyond you. Whatever history remembers was achieved with an identical outfit.

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Mary Roberts Rinehart's

Those strange forces of the subconscious mind lately revealed to the world as the gift of psychoanalysis contend for human destinies in this fascinating detective story and colorful romance.

Elizabeth tried to banish all worldly thoughts on Sunday mornings. She was a small girl, pretty with the beauty of youth as she walked up the aisle in her black cassock and white surplice

"HEAVEN and earth," sang the tenor, Mr. Henry Wallace, owner of the Wallace garage. His larynx, which gave him somewhat the appearance of having swallowed a crab-apple and got it only part-way down, protruded above his low collar.

"Heaven and earth," sang the bass, Mr. Edwin Goodno, of the meat market and the Boy Scouts. "Heaven and earth are full —" His chin, large and fleshy, buried itself deep; his eyes were glued on the music sheet in his hand.

"Are full, are full, are full," sang the soprano, Clare Rossiter, of the yellow colonial house on the Ridgely road. She sang with her eyes turned up, and as she reached G flat she lifted herself on her toes. "Of the majesty of Thy glory."

"Ready," barked the choir master. "Full now, and all together."

The choir room in the parish house resounded to the twenty voices of the choir. The choir master, at the piano, kept time with his head. Earnest and intent, they filled the building with the Festival *Te Deum* of Dudley Buck, Opus 63, No. 1.

Elizabeth Wheeler liked choir practise. She liked the way in which, after the different parts had been run through, the voices finally blended into harmony and beauty. She liked the small sense of achievement it gave her, and of being a part, on Sundays, of the service. She liked the feeling, when she put on her black cassock and the white surplice, and the small round collar, of having placed in her locker the things of this world, such as a rose-colored hat and a blue georgette frock, and being stripped, as it were, for aspirations.

At such times she had vague dreams of renunciation. She saw herself cloistered in some quiet spot, withdrawn from the world, a place where there were long vistas of pillars and gothic arches, after a photograph in the living-room at home, and a great organ somewhere playing.

She would go home from church, however, clad in the rose-colored hat and the blue georgette frock, and eat a hearty Sunday luncheon, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, when the family slept, and Jim had gone to the country club, her dreams were quite likely to be entirely different. Generally speaking, they had to do with love. Romantic, unclouded young love, dramatic only because it was love, and very happy.

Sometime, perhaps, some one would come and say he loved her. That was all. That was at once the beginning and the end. Her dreams led up to that, and stopped. Not by so much as a hand-clasp did they pass that wall.

So she sat in the choir room and joined in.

"Altos, a little stronger, please."

"Of the majesty, of the majesty, of the majesty of Thy glo-o-ry," sang Elizabeth. And was at once a nun and a principal in a sentimental dream of two.

What appeared to the eye was a small and rather ethereal girl in a plain wooden chair, a girl who had sleek brown hair and wistful eyes; nice eyes, of no particular color. Pretty with the beauty of youth, sensitive and thoughtful, infinitely loyal and capable of suffering, and not otherwise extraordinary was Elizabeth Wheeler in her plain wooden chair. A figure suggestive of no drama and certainly of no tragedy, its attitude expectant and waiting, with that alternate hope and fear which is youth at twenty, when all of life lies ahead, and every to-morrow may hold some great adventure.

Clare Rossiter walked home that night with Elizabeth; a tall blonde girl, lithe and graceful and with a calculated coquetry in her clothes.

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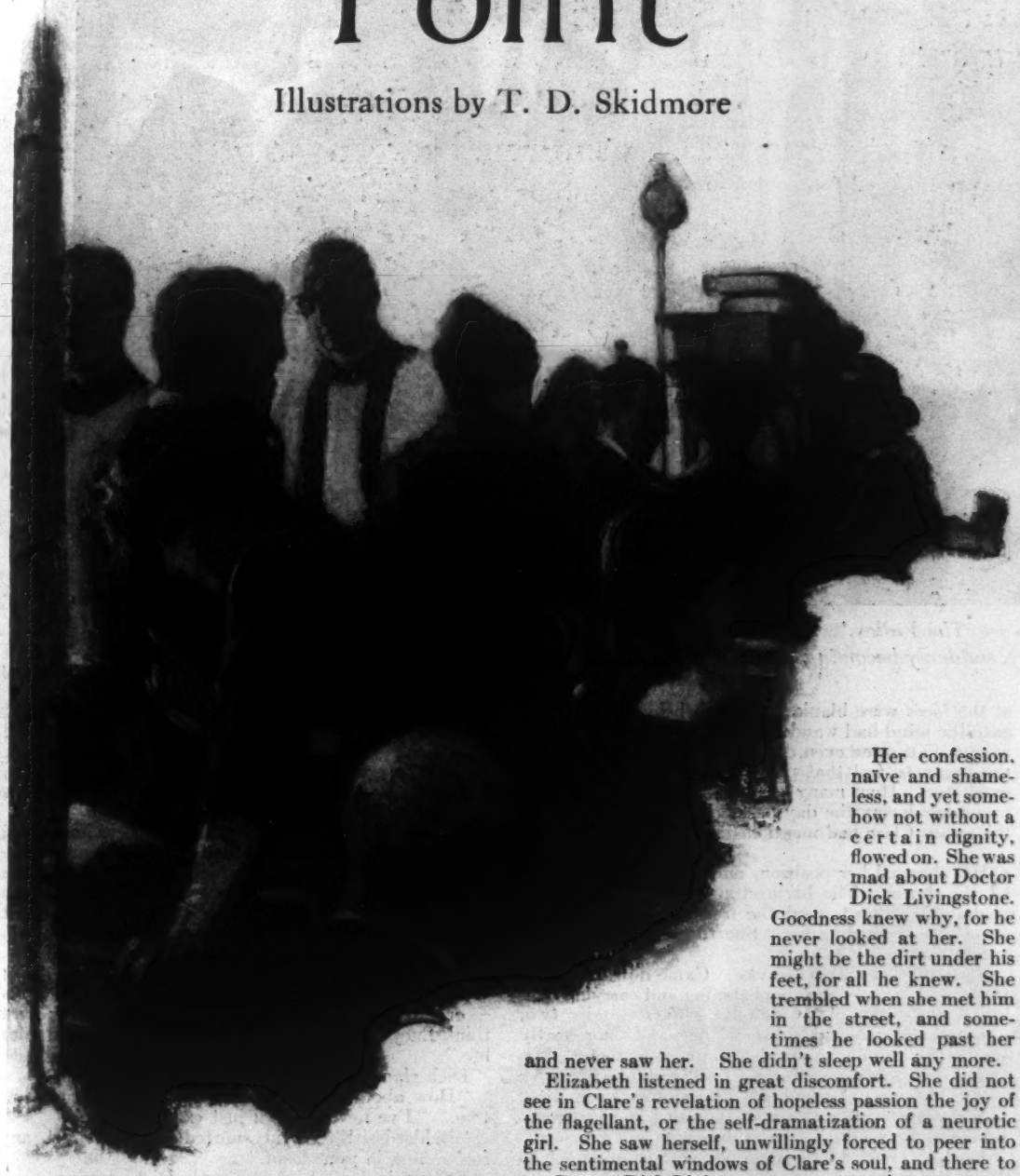
New and Best Mystery Novel

The Breaking Point

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore



"Do you mind going around the block?" she asked. "By Station Street?" There was something furtive and yet candid in her voice, and Elizabeth glanced at her.

"All right. But it's out of your way, isn't it?"

"Yes. I— You're so funny, Elizabeth. It's hard to talk to you. But I've got to talk to somebody. I go around by Station Street every chance I get."

"By Station Street? Why?"

"I should think you could guess why."

She saw that Clare wanted to be questioned, and at the same time she felt a great distaste for the threatened confidence. She loathed arm-in-arm confidences, the indecency of dragging up and exposing, in whispers, things that should have been buried deep in reticence. She hesitated, and Clare slipped an arm through hers.

"You don't know, then, do you? Sometimes I think every one must know. And I don't care. I've reached that point."

Her confession, naïve and shameless, and yet somehow not without a certain dignity, flowed on. She was mad about Doctor Dick Livingstone. Goodness knew why, for he never looked at her. She might be the dirt under his feet, for all he knew. She trembled when she met him in the street, and sometimes he looked past her and never saw her. She didn't sleep well any more.

Elizabeth listened in great discomfort. She did not see in Clare's revelation of hopeless passion the joy of the flagellant, or the self-dramatization of a neurotic girl. She saw herself, unwillingly forced to peer into the sentimental windows of Clare's soul, and there to see Doctor Dick Livingstone, an unconscious occupant. But she had a certain fugitive sense of guilt, also. Formless as her dreams had been, vague and shy, they had nevertheless centered about some one who should be tall, like Dick Livingstone, and alternately grave, which was his professional manner, and gay, which was his manner when one turned out to have only a cold, and he could take a few minutes to be himself. Generally speaking, about some one who resembled Dick Livingstone, but who did not consider one solely as either a child or a patient and was wont, when it turned out to be only a cold, to pretend that he had once dandled one on his knee.

"Sometimes I think he positively avoids me," Clare wailed. "There's the house, Elizabeth. Do you mind stopping a moment? He must be in his office now. The light's burning."

"I wish you wouldn't, Clare. He'd hate it if he knew."

She moved on and Clare slowly followed her. The Rossiter girl's flow of talk had suddenly stopped. She was thoughtful and impulsively suspicious.

"Look here, Elizabeth, I believe you care for him yourself."

"I? What is the matter with you to-night, Clare?"

"I'm just thinking. Your voice was so queer."

They walked on in silence. The flow of Clare's confidences had ceased, and her eyes were calculating and a trifle hard.

"There's a good bit of talk about him," she jerked out finally. "I suppose you've heard it."

"What sort of talk?"

"Oh, gossip. You'll hear it. Everybody's talking about it. It's doing him a lot of harm."

"I don't believe it," Elizabeth flared. "This town hasn't anything else to do, and so it talks. It makes me sick."

She did not attempt to analyze the twisted motives that made Clare belittle what she professed to love. And she did not ask what the gossip was. Half-way up Palmer Lane she turned in at the cement path between the two borders of early perennials which led to the white Wheeler house. She was flushed and angry, hating Clare for her unsolicited confidence and her malice, distrusting even Haverly, that smiling, tree-shaded suburb which "talked."

SHE opened the door quietly and went in. Micky, the Irish terrier, lay asleep at the foot of the stairs, and her father's voice, reading aloud, came pleasantly from the living-room.

Suddenly her sense of resentment died. With the closing of the front door the peace of the house enveloped her. What did it matter if, beyond that door, there were unrequited love, and petty gossip, and even tragedy? Not that she put that into conscious thought, she had merely a sensation of sanctuary and peace. Here, in these four walls, were all one should need, love and security and quiet happiness.

Walter Wheeler, pausing to turn a page, heard her singing as she went up the stairs. In the moment of the turning, he too had a flash of content. Twenty-five years of married life, and all well; Nina married, Jim out of college and commencing his business life; Elizabeth singing her way up the stairs to her little white bedroom and quiet sleep, and here by the silk-shaded lamp, his wife quietly knitting while he read to her. He read on:

"By the time a man has fought his own battles and achieved peace, there has arisen a new generation, greedy for life."

On Sunday mornings, during the service, Elizabeth earnestly tried to banish all worldly thoughts. In spite of this resolve, however, she was always conscious of a certain regret that the choir seats necessitated turning her profile to the congregation. At the age of twelve she had decided that her nose was too short, and nothing had happened since to change her conviction.

She seldom so much as glanced at the congregation. During her slow progress up and down the main aisle, behind the Courtney boy, who was still a soprano and who carried the great gold cross, she always looked straight ahead. Or rather, although she was unconscious of this, slightly up. She always looked up when she sang, for she had commenced to take singing lessons when the piano music-rack was high above her head.

So she still lifted her eyes as she went up the aisle, and was always a trifle nervous over high notes, and extremely serious over the whole thing. Because it is a solemn matter to take a number of people who have been up to that moment engrossed in thoughts of food or golf or servants or business, and in the twinkling of an eye, as the prayer book said about death, turn their minds to worship.

Nevertheless, although she never looked at the pews, she was always conscious of two of them. One of them was near the pulpit, and one was near the door. The one near the pulpit was the Sayre's, and it was the social calendar of the town. When Mrs. Sayre was in it, with Wallace or without him, it was the social season. One never knew then when Mrs. Sayre's butler would call up and say: "I am speaking for Mrs. Sayre. Mrs. Sayre would like to have the pleasure of Miss Wheeler's company on Thursday to luncheon, at one-thirty."

When the Sayre pew was empty, the town knew, if

"I'm taking Elizabeth Wheeler to see 'The Valley.' An actress named Beverly Carlysle is starring in it," said Dick. Lucy Crosby, suddenly becoming rigid, stared from him to David aghast

it happened to be winter, that the Florida or Santa Barbara season was on; or in summer, the Maine coast.

The other pew was at the back of the church. Always it had one occupant; sometimes it had three. But the behavior of this pew was very erratic. Sometimes an elderly and portly gentleman with white hair and fierce eyebrows would come in when the sermon was almost over. Again, an usher would reach his hand through the grill behind it, and a tall young man who had had his eyes fixed in the proper direction, but not always on the rector, would reach for his hat, get up and slip out. On these occasions, however, he would first identify the owner of the hand and then bend over the one permanent occupant of the pew, a little old lady. His speech was as Yea, yea, or nay, nay, for he either said: "I'll be back for dinner," or "Don't look for me until you see me."

And Mrs. Crosby, without taking her eyes from the sermon, would nod.

Of late years, Doctor David Livingstone had been taking less and less of the "Don't look for me until you see me" cases, and Doctor Dick had acquired a car which would not freeze when left outside all night like a forgotten dog, and a sense of philosophy about sleep. That is, that eleven o'clock P.M. was bedtime to some people, but was just eleven o'clock for him.

When he went to church he listened to the sermon, but rather often he looked at Elizabeth Wheeler. When his eyes wandered, as the most faithful eyes will now and then, they were apt to rest on the flag that had hung, ever since the war, beside the altar. He had fought for his country in a sea of mud, never nearer than two hundred miles to the battle line, fought with a surgical kit instead of a gun; but he was content. Not to all the high adventure.

Had he been asked, suddenly, the name of the tall blonde girl who sang among the sopranos, he could not have told it.

The Sunday morning following Clare Rossiter's sentimental confession, Elizabeth tried very hard to banish all worldly thoughts, as usual, and to see the kneeling, rising and sitting congregation as there for worship. But for the first time she wondered. Some of the faces were blank, as though behind the steady gaze the mind had wandered far afield, or slept. Some were intent, some even devout. But for the first time she began to feel that people, in the mass, might be cruel, too. How many of them, for instance, would sometime during the day pass on, behind their hands, the gossip Clare had mentioned?

SHE changed her position, and glanced swiftly over the church. The Livingstone pew was fully occupied and, well up toward the front, Wallie Sayre was steadfastly regarding her. She turned her head away quickly.

Came the end of the service. Came down the aisle the Courtney boy, clean and shining and carrying high his glowing symbol. Came the choir, two by two, sopranos and altos and Elizabeth; bass and tenor, neatly shaved for Sunday morning. Came the rector, Mr. Oglethrope, a trifle wistful, because always he fell so far below the mark he had set. Came the benediction. Came the slow rising from its knees of the congregation and its cheerful bustle of dispersal.

Doctor Dick Livingstone stood up and helped Doctor David into his new spring coat. He was very content. It was May, and the sun was shining. It was Sunday, and he would have an hour or two of leisure. And he had made a resolution about a matter that had been in his mind for some time. He was very content.

He looked around the church with what was almost a possessive eye. These people were his friends. He knew them all, and they knew him. They had, against his protest, put his name on the bronze tablet set in the wall, on the roll of honor. Small as it was, this was his world.

Half-smiling, he glanced about. He did not realize that behind their bows and greetings there was something new that day, something not so much unkind as questioning.

Outside in the street he tucked his aunt, Mrs. Crosby, against the spring wind, and waited at the wheel of the car while David entered with the deliberation of a man accustomed to the sagging of his old side-bar buggy under his weight. Long ago Dick had dropped the titular "uncle", and as David he now addressed him.

"You're going to play some golf this afternoon, David," he said firmly. "Mike had me out this morning to look at your buggy springs."

David chuckled. He still stuck to his old horse, and to the ancient vehicle which had been the signal of distress before so many doors for forty years. "I can trust old Nettie," he would say. "She doesn't freeze her radiator on cold nights, she doesn't skid, and if I drop asleep she'll take me home and into my own barn, which is more than any automobile would do.

"I'm going to sleep," he said comfortably. "Get Wallie Sayre — I see he's back from some place again — or ask a nice girl. Ask Elizabeth Wheeler. I don't think Lucy here expects to be the only woman in your life."

Dick glanced at him.

"How about that, David?" he inquired, in a low tone. "I've never known just exactly — —"

"Balderdash!" David snorted. "Don't get any fool notion in your head."

Followed a short silence with Dick driving automatically, and thinking. Finally he drew a long breath.

"All right," he said. "Now about that golf — you need exercise. You're putting on weight, and you know it. And you smoke too much. It's either less tobacco or more walking, and you ought to know it."

David grunted, but he turned to Lucy Crosby, in the rear seat.

"Lucy, d'you know where my clubs are?"

"You loaned them to Jim Wheeler last fall. If you get half of them back you're lucky." Mrs. Crosby's voice was faintly tart. Long ago she had learned that her brother's belongings were his only by right of purchase, and were by way of being community property. When, early in her widowhood and her return to his home, she had found that her protests resulted only in a sort of clandestine giving or lending, she had exacted a promise from him. "I ask only one thing, David," she had said. "Tell me where the things go, and when.

There wasn't a blanket for the guest room bed at the time of the Diocesan Convention."

"I'll run around to the Wheelers' and get them," Dick observed, in a carefully casual voice. "I'll see the Carter baby, too, David, and that clears the afternoon. Any message?"

Lucy glanced at him, but David moved toward the house.

"Give Elizabeth a kiss for me," he called over his shoulder, and went chuckling up the path.

Mrs. Crosby stood on the pavement, gazing after the car as it moved off. She had not her brother's simplicity nor his optimism. Her married years had taken her away from the environment which had enabled him to live his busy, uncomplicated life; where, the only medical man in a growing community, he had learned to form his own sturdy decisions and then to abide by them.

Black and white, right and wrong, the proper course and the improper course — he lived in a sort of two-dimensional ethical world. But to Lucy Crosby, between black and white there was a gray no man's land of doubt and indecision; a half-way house of compromise, and sometimes David frightened her. He was so sure.

She passed the open door into the waiting room, where sat two or three patient and silent figures, and went back to the kitchen. Minnie, the elderly servant, sat by the table reading, amid the odor of roasting chickens; outside the door on the kitchen porch was the freezer containing the dinner ice-cream. An orderly Sunday peace was in the air, a gesture of homely comfort, order and security.

Minnie got up.

"I'll unpin your veil for you," she offered, obligingly. "You've got time to lie down about ten minutes. Mrs. Morgan said she'd got to have her ears treated."

"I HOPE she doesn't sit and talk for an hour."

"She'll talk, all right," Minnie observed, her mouth full of pins. "She'd be talking to me yet if I'd stood there. She's got her nerve, too, that woman."

"I don't like to hear you speak so of the patients who come to the house, Minnie."

"Well, I don't like their asking me questions about the family, either," said Minnie, truculently. "She wanted to know who was Doctor Dick's mother. Said she had had a woman here from Wyoming, and she thought she'd known his people."

Mrs. Crosby stood very still.

"I think she should bring her questions to the family," she said, after a silence. "Thank you, Minnie."

Bonnet in hand, she moved toward the stairs, climbed them and went into her room. For ten years life had been growing increasingly calm and less beset with doubts. For the first time, with Dick's coming to live with them, a boy of twenty-two, she had found a vicarious maternity, and gloried in it. Recently she had been very happy. The war was over and he was safely back; again she could sew on his buttons and darn his socks, and turn down his bed at night. He filled the old house with cheer, and with vitality. And, as David gave up more and more of the work, he took it on his broad shoulders, efficient, tireless, and with growing popularity.

She put her bonnet away in its box, and suddenly there rose in her frail old body a fierce and unexpected resentment against David. He had chosen a course and abided by it. He had even now no doubts or falterings. Even in the first anxious days, there had been no doubt in him as to the essential rightness of what he was doing. And now — —

This was what came of taking a life and molding it in accordance with a predetermined plan. That was for God to do, not man.

What did Mrs. Morgan know? or suspect?

She sat down near her window, and rocked slowly, to calm herself. Outside, the Sunday movement of the little suburban village went by. The elder Wheeler girl, Nina, who had recently married Leslie Ward, in her smart little car; Harrison Miller, the cynical bachelor who lived next door, on his way to the station newsstand for the New York papers; young couples taking small babies for the air in perambulators; younger couples, their eyes on each other and on the future.

That, too, she reflected bitterly. Dick was in love. She had not watched him for that very thing for so long without being fairly sure now. She had caught, as simple David with his celibate heart could never have caught, the tone in Dick's voice when he mentioned the Wheelers. She had watched him, for the past few months, in church on Sunday mornings, and she knew that as she watched him, so he looked at Elizabeth.

And David was so sure! So sure.

The office door closed, and Mrs. Morgan went out, a knitted scarf wrapping her ears against the wind, and following that came the slow ascent of David as he climbed the stairs to wash for dinner.

She stopped rocking.

"David!" she called sharply.

He opened the door and came in, a bulky figure, still faintly aromatic of drugs, cheerful and serene.

"D'you call me?" he inquired.

"Yes. Shut the door and come in. I want to talk to you."

He closed the door and went to the hearth-rug. There was a photograph of Dick on the mantel, taken in his uniform, and he looked at it for a moment. Then he turned.

"All right, my dear. Let's have it."

"Did Mrs. Morgan have anything to say?"

He stared at her.

"She usually has," he said. "I never knew you considered it worth repeating No. Nothing in particular."

The very fact that Mrs. Morgan had limited her inquiry to Minnie confirmed her suspicions. But somehow, face to face with David, she could not see his contentment turned to anxiety.

"I want to talk to you about Dick."

"Yes?"

"I think he's in love, David."

David's heavy body straightened, but his face remained serene.

"We had to expect that, Lucy. Is it Elizabeth Wheeler, do you think?"

"Yes."

For a moment there was silence. The canary in its cage hopped about, a beady inquisitive eye now on one, now on the other of them.

"She's a good girl, Lucy."

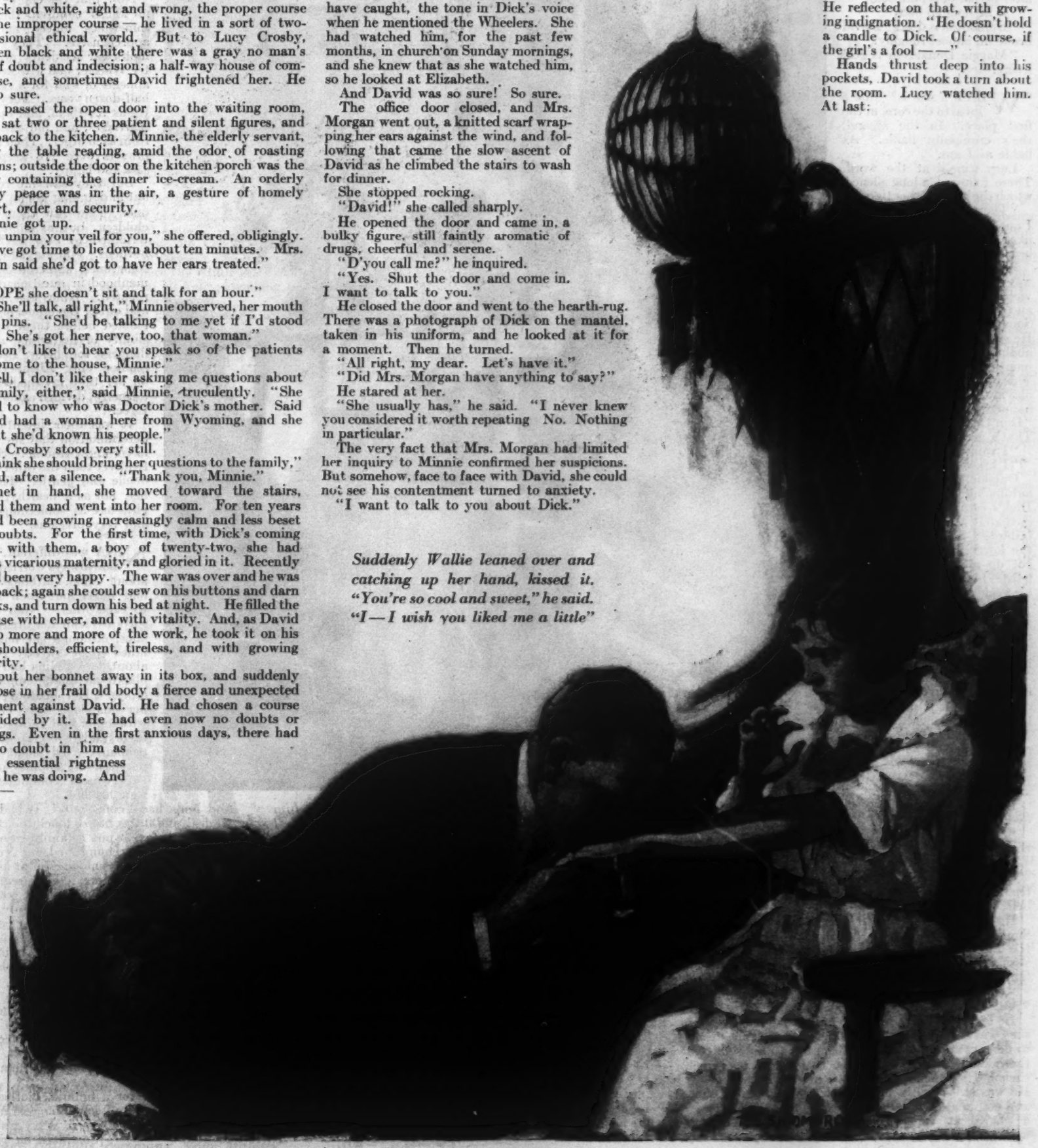
"That's not the point, is it?"

"Do you think she cares for him?"

"I don't know. There's some talk of Wallie Sayre. He's there a good bit."

"Wallie Sayre!" snorted David. "He's never done a day's work in his life and never will." He reflected on that, with growing indignation. "He doesn't hold a candle to Dick. Of course, if the girl's a fool — —"

Hands thrust deep into his pockets, David took a turn about the room. Lucy watched him. At last:



Suddenly Wallie leaned over and catching up her hand, kissed it. "You're so cool and sweet," he said. "I — I wish you liked me a little"

"You're evading the real issue, David, aren't you?"

"Perhaps I am," he admitted. "I'd better talk to him. If he's got any idea that he shouldn't I'd better talk to him. That's nonsense."

"I don't mean that, exactly," Lucy persisted. "I mean, won't he want a good many things cleared up before he marries? Isn't he likely to want to go back to Norada?"

Some of the ruddy color left Doctor Dave's face. He stood still, staring at her and silent.

"You know he meant to go three years ago, but the war came, and ——"

Her voice trailed off. She could not even now easily recall those days when Dick was drilling on the golf links, and that later period of separation.

"If he does go back ——"

"Donaldson is dead," David broke in, almost roughly.

"Maggie Donaldson is still living."

"WHAT if she is? She's loyal to the core, in the first place. In the second, she's criminally liable. As liable as I am."

Lucy winced at the word. There followed a long silence, which she broke rather timidly.

"There is one thing, David, I ought to know. I've never liked to ask before. What has become of the Carlysle girl?"

"She left the stage. There was a sort of general conviction that she was implicated and — I don't know, Lucy. Sometimes I think she was." He sighed. "I read something about her coming back, some months ago, in 'The Valley.' That was the thing she was playing the spring before it happened." He turned on her. "Don't get that in your head. That's gone, with the rest."

"I wonder, sometimes."

"I know it."

Outside, the slamming of an automobile door announced Dick's return, and almost immediately Minnie rang the old-fashioned gong that hung in the lower hall. Mrs. Crosby got up and placed a leaf of lettuce between the bars of the bird cage.

"Dinner time, Caruso," she said absently. Caruso was the name Dick had given the bird. And to David: "She must be in her thirties now."

"Probably." Then his anger and anxiety burst out. "What difference can it make about her? About Donaldson's wife? About any hang-over from that rotten time? They're gone, all of them. He's here. He's safe and happy. He's strong and fine. That's enough."

In the lower hall Dick was taking off his overcoat.

"Smells like chicken, Minnie," he said, into the dining-room.

"Chicken and biscuits, Mr. Dick."

"Hi, up there!" he called lustily. "Come and feed a starving man. I'm going to muffle the door-bell!"

He stood smiling up at them. Very tidy in his Sunday suit, very boyish, for all his thirty-two years. His face, smilingly tender as he watched them, was strong rather than handsome, quietly dependable and faintly humorous.

"In the language of our great ally," he said, "*Madame et Monsieur, le dîner est servi.*"

In his eyes there was not only tenderness, but a somewhat emphasized affection, as though he meant to demonstrate, not only to them but to himself, that this new thing that had come to him did not touch their old relationship. For the new thing had come. He was still slightly dazed with the knowledge of it, and considerably anxious. Because he had just taken a glance at himself in the mirror of the walnut hat-rack, and had seen nothing there particularly to inspire — well, to inspire what he wanted to inspire.

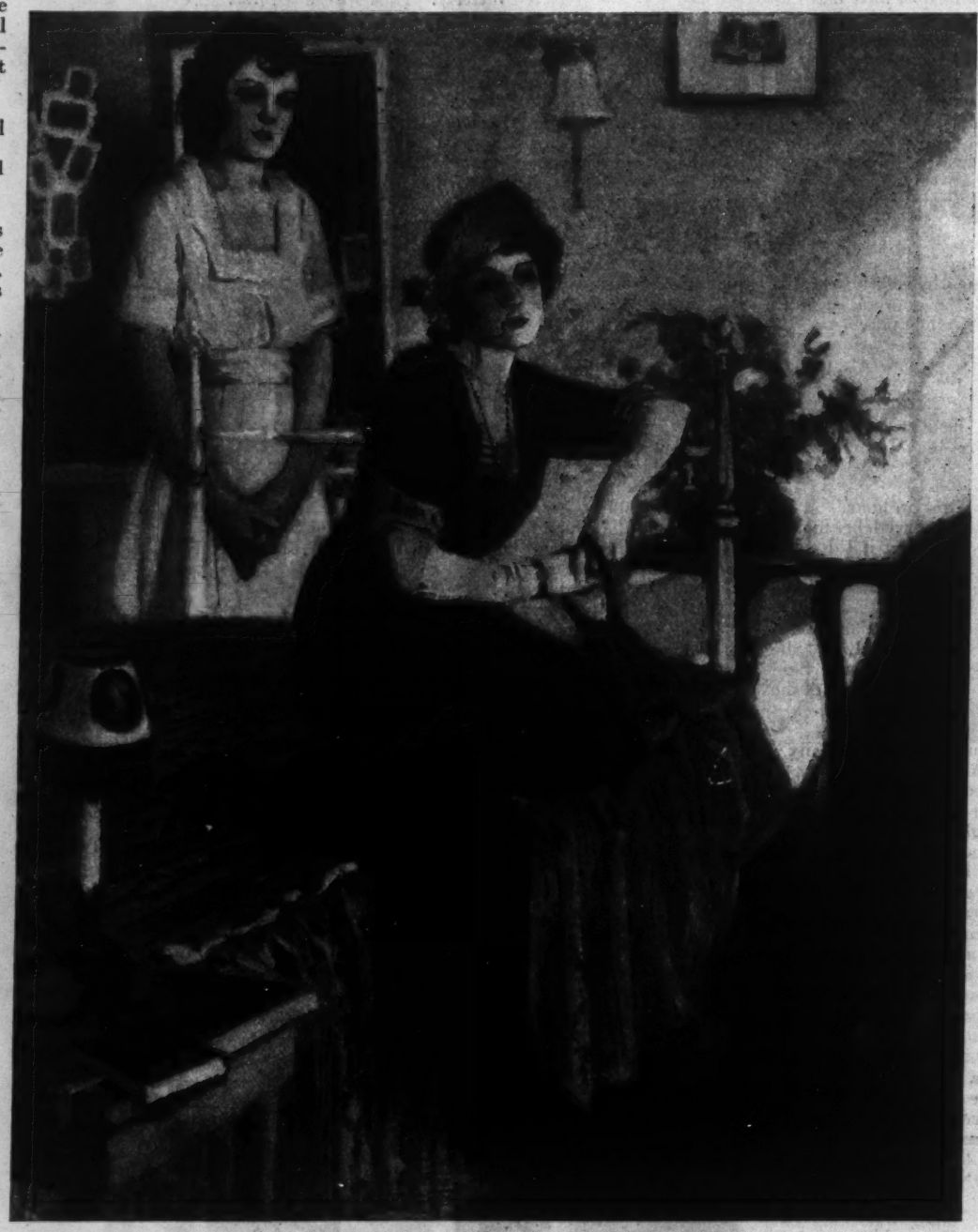
At the foot of the stairs he drew Lucy's arm through his, and held her hand. She seemed very small and frail beside him.

"Some day," he said, "a strong wind will come along and carry off Mrs. Lucy Crosby, and the Doctors Livingstone will be obliged hurriedly to rent aeroplanes, and search for her at various elevations."

Doctor David sat down and picked up the old-fashioned carving knife.

"Get the clubs?" he inquired.

Dick looked almost stricken.



She turned to Nina. "I've hardly spoken a dozen words to him in my life. But remember this. When I do find the man I want to marry, I shall make up my own mind — as you did"

"I forgot them, David," he said guiltily. "Jim Wheeler went out to look them up, and I — I'll go back after dinner."

It was some time later during the meal that Dick looked up from his plate and said:

"I'd like to cut office hours on Wednesday night, David. I've asked Elizabeth Wheeler to go into town to the theater."

"What about the baby at the Homer place?"

"Not due until Sunday. I'll leave my seat number at the box office, anyhow."

"What are you going to see, Dick?" Mrs. Crosby asked. "Will you have some dumplings?"

"I will, but David shouldn't. Too much starch. Why, it's called 'The Valley', I think. An actress named Carlysle, Beverly Carlysle, is starring in it."

He ate on, his mind not on his food, but back in the white house on Palmer Lane, and a girl. Lucy Crosby, fork in air, stared at him, and then glanced at David.

But David did not look up from his plate.

The Wheeler house was good, modern and commonplace. Walter Wheeler and his wife were like the house. Just as here and there among the furniture there was a fine thing, an antique highboy, a Sheraton sideboard or some old cut glass, so they had, with a certain mediocrity, their own outstanding virtues. They liked music, believed in the home as the unit of the nation, put happiness before undue ambition, and devoted their lives to their children.

For many years their lives had centered about the children. For years they had held anxious conclave, about whooping cough, about small early disobediences, later about Sunday tennis. They stood united to protect the children against disease, trouble and eternity.

Now that the children were no longer children, they were sometimes lonely and still apprehensive. They feared motor-car accidents, and Walter Wheeler had withstood the appeals of Jim for a car for a half-dozen years. They feared trains for them, and unhappy marriages, and hid their fears from each other. Their nightly prayers were "to keep them safe and happy."

But they saw life reaching out and taking them, one by one. They saw them still as children, but as children determined to bear their own burdens. Jim stayed out late sometimes, and considered his manhood in question if interrogated. Nina was married and out of the home, but there loomed before them the possibility of maternity and its dangers for her. There remained only Elizabeth, and on her they lavished the care formerly divided among the three.

It was their intention and determination that she should never know trouble. She was tenderer than the others, more docile and gentle. They saw her, not as a healthy, normal girl, but as something fragile and very precious.

NINA was different. They had always worried a little about Nina, although they had never put their anxiety to each other. Nina had always overrun her dress allowance, although she had never failed to be sweetly penitent about it, and Nina had always placed an undue emphasis on *things*. Her bedroom before her marriage was cluttered with odds and ends, cotillion favors and photographs, college pennants and small unwise purchases — trophies of the gayety and conquest which were her life.

And Nina had "come out." It had cost a great deal, and it was not so much to introduce her to society as to put a family recognition on a fact already accomplished, for Nina had brought herself out unofficially at sixteen. There had been the club ballroom, and a great many flowers which withered before they could be got to the hospital, and new clothing for all the family, and a caterer and orchestra. After that, for a cold and tumultuous winter, Mrs. Wheeler had sat up with the dowagers night after night until all hours, and the next morning had let Nina sleep, while she went about her household duties. She had aged, rather, and her determined smile had grown a little fixed.

She was a good woman, and she wanted her children's happiness more than anything in the world, but she had a faint and sternly repressed feeling of relief when Nina announced her engagement. Nina did it with characteristic *sang froid* at dinner one night.

"Don't ring for Annie for a minute, mother," she said. "I want to tell you all something. I'm going to marry Leslie Ward."

There had been

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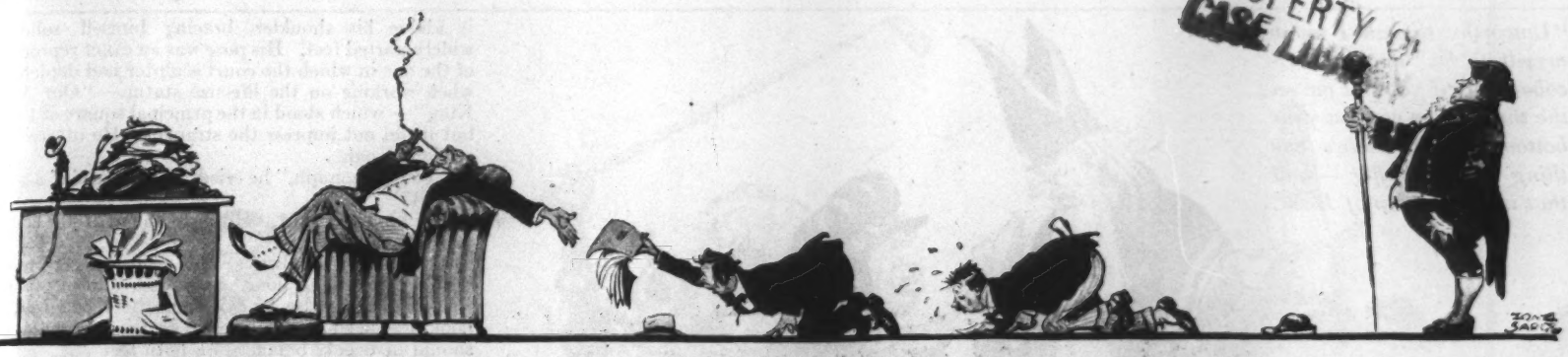

The Coming of Gowf

Wholesome Sidesplitting Fun—Opera Comique at its Best

by P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

Prologue

AFTER we had sent in our card and waited for a few hours in the marbled anteroom, a bell rang and the majordomo, parting the priceless curtains, ushered us in to where the editor sat writing at his desk. We advanced on all fours, knocking our head reverently on the Aubusson carpet.

"Well?" he said at length, laying down his jeweled pen.

"We just looked in," we said humbly, "to ask if it would be all right if we sent you a historical story."

"The public does not want historical stories," he said, frowning coldly.

"Ah, but the public hasn't seen one of ours," we replied.

The editor placed a cigarette in a holder presented to him by a reigning monarch and lit it with a match from a golden box, the gift of the millionaire president of the Amalgamated League of Working Plumbers.

"What this magazine requires," he said, "is red-blooded, one-hundred-per-cent. dynamic stuff, palpitating with warm human interest and containing a strong, poignant love-motive."

"That," we replied, "is us all over, Mabel."

"What I need at the moment, however, is a golf-story."

"By a singular coincidence, ours is a golf-story."

"Ha! Say you so?" said the editor, a flicker of interest passing over his finely-chiseled features. "Then you may let me see it."

He kicked us in the face, and we withdrew.

"What does he think he's doing?" asked the King. "It is called Gowf and is a species of savage religious ceremony, your Majesty"

The Story

On the broad terrace outside his palace, overlooking the fair expanse of the royal gardens, King Merolchazzar of Oom stood leaning on the low parapet, his chin in his hand and a frown on his noble face. The day was fine and a light breeze bore up to him from the garden below a fragrant scent of flowers. But, for all the pleasure it seemed to give him, it might have been bone-fertilizer. The fact is, King Merolchazzar was in love, and his suit was not prospering. Enough to upset any man.

Royal love-affairs in those days were conducted on the correspondence system. A monarch, hearing good reports of a neighboring princess, would dispatch messengers with gifts to her court, beseeching an interview. The princess would name a date, and a formal meeting would take place: after which everything usually buzzed along pretty smoothly. But in the case of King Merolchazzar's courtship of the Princess of the Outer Isles there had been a regrettable hitch. She had acknowledged the gifts, saying that they were just what she had wanted and how had he guessed, and had added that, as regarded a meeting, she would let him know later. Since that day no word had come from her, and a gloomy spirit prevailed in the capital. At the Courtiers' Club, the meeting-place of the aristocracy of Oom, five to one in *pazazas* was freely offered against Merolchazzar's chances, but found no takers: while in the taverns of the common people, where less conservative odds were always to be had, you could get a snappy hundred to eight. "'For in good sooth,'" writes a chronicler of the time on a half-brick and a couple of paving-stones which have survived to this day, "'it did indeed begin to appear as though our beloved monarch, the son of the sun and the nephew of the moon, had been handed the bitter fruit of the citron.'"

The quaint old idiom is almost untranslatable, but one sees what he means.

As the king stood somberly surveying the garden, his attention was attracted by a small, bearded man with bushy eyebrows and a face like a walnut who stood not far away on a graveled path flanked by rose-bushes. For some minutes he eyed this man in silence, then he called to the Grand Vizier, who was standing in the little group of courtiers and officials at the other end of the terrace. The bearded man, apparently unconscious of the royal scrutiny, had placed a rounded stone on the gravel and was standing beside it making curious passes over it with his hoe. It was this singular behavior that had attracted the king's attention. Superficially it seemed silly, and yet Merolchazzar had a curious feeling that there was a deep, even a holy meaning, behind the action.

"Who," he inquired, "is that?"

"He is one of your Majesty's gardeners," replied the Vizier.

"I don't remember seeing him before. Who is he?"

"Unworthy though I know myself to be," declared Ascobaruch, "if you put me on the throne, you can bet your bottom pazaza there's one thing won't suffer — and that is the worship of Hec!"

The Vizier was a kind-hearted man, and he hesitated for a moment.

"It seems a hard thing to say of any one, your Majesty," he replied, "but he is a Scotchman. One of your majesty's invincible admirals recently made a raid on the inhospitable coast of that country at a spot known to the natives as S'nandrew's and brought away this man."

"What does he think he's doing?" asked the king, as the bearded one slowly raised the hoe above his right shoulder, slightly bending the left knee as he did so.

"It is some species of savage religious ceremony, your Majesty. According to the admiral, the dunes by the seashore where he landed were covered with a multitude of men behaving just like this man. They had sticks in their hands, and they struck with these at small round objects. And every now and again . . ."

"Fo-o-ore!" called a gruff voice from below.

"And every now and again," went on the Vizier, "they would utter the strange, melancholy cry which you have just heard. It is a species of chant."

The Vizier broke off. The hoe had descended on the stone, and the stone, rising in a graceful arc, had sailed through the air and fallen within a foot of where the king stood.

"Hi!" exclaimed the Vizier.

The man looked up.

"You mustn't do that! You nearly hit his serene graciousness the king!"

"Mphm!" said the bearded man nonchalantly, and began to wave his hoe mystically over another stone.

INTO THE king's careworn face there had crept a look of interest, almost of excitement.

"What god does he hope to propitiate by these rites?" he asked.

"The deity, I learn from your majesty's admiral, is called Gowf."

"Gowf? Gowf?" King Merolchazzar ran over in his mind the muster-roll of the gods of Oom. There were sixty-seven of them, but Gowf was not of their number. "It is a strange religion," he murmured. "A strange religion, indeed. But, by Belus, distinctly attractive. I have an idea that Oom could do with a religion like that. It has a zip to it. A sort of fascination, if you know what I mean. It looks to me extraordinarily like what the court physician ordered. I will talk to this fellow and learn more of these holy ceremonies."

And, followed by the Vizier, the king made his way into the garden. The Vizier was now in a state of some apprehension. He was exercised in his mind as to the effect which the embracing of a new religion by the king might have on the formidable Church party. It would be certain to cause displeasure among the priesthood: and in those days it was a ticklish business to offend the priesthood, even for a monarch. And, if Merolchazzar had a fault, it was a tendency to be a little tactless in his dealings with that powerful body. Only a few mornings back the High Priest of Hec had taken the Vizier aside to complain about the quality of the meat which the king had been using lately for his sacrifices. He might be a child in worldly matters, said the High Priest, but if the king supposed that he did not know the difference between home-grown domestic and frozen imported foreign, it was time his majesty was disabused of the idea. If, on top of this little unpleasantness, King Merolchazzar were to become an adherent of this new Gowf, the Vizier did not know what might happen.

The king stood beside the bearded foreigner, watching him closely. The second stone soared neatly on to the terrace. Merolchazzar uttered an excited cry. His eyes were glowing, and he breathed quickly.

"It doesn't look difficult," he muttered.

"Hoots!" said the bearded man.

"I believe I could do it," went on the king feverishly. "By the eight green gods of the mountain, I believe I could! By the holy fire that burns night and day before the altar of Belus, I'm *sure* I could! By Hec, I'm going to do it now! Gimme that hoe!"

"Hoots!" said the bearded man.

It seemed to the king that the fellow spoke derisively, and his blood boiled angrily. He seized the hoe and raised it above his shoulder, bracing himself solidly on widely-parted feet. His pose was an exact reproduction of the one in which the court sculptor had depicted him when working on the life-size statue — "Our Athletic King" — which stood in the principal square of the city: but it did not impress the stranger. He uttered a discordant laugh.

"Ye puir gonuph," he cried. "Whit kin' o' a staunce is that?"

The king was hurt. Hitherto the attitude had been generally admired.

"It's the way I always stand when killing lions," he said. "'In killing lions,' he added, quoting from the well-known treatise of Nimrod, the recognized textbook on the sport, 'the weight at the top of the swing should be evenly balanced on both feet . . .'"

"Ah weel, ye're no killing lions the noo. Ye're gowfing."

A SUDDEN humility descended upon the king. He felt, as so many men were to feel in similar circumstances in ages to come, as though he were a child looking eagerly for guidance to an all-wise master — a child, moreover, handicapped by water on the brain, feet three sizes too large for him, and hands consisting mainly of thumbs.

"Oh, thou of noble ancestors and agreeable disposition," he said humbly. "Teach me the true way."

"Use the interlocking grup and keep the staunce a wee bit open and slow back and dinna press or sway the heid and keep yer ee on the ba'!"

"My which on the what?" said the king, bewildered.

"I fancy, your Majesty," hazarded the Vizier, "that he is respectfully suggesting that your serene graciousness should deign to keep your eye on the ball."

"Oh — ah!" said the king.

The first golf lesson ever seen in the kingdom of Oom had begun.

Up on the terrace, meanwhile, in the little group of courtiers and officials, a whispered consultation was in progress. Officially, the king's unfortunate love affair was supposed to be a strict secret. But you know how it is. These things get about. The Grand Vizier tells the Lord High Chamberlain: the Lord High Chamberlain whispers it in confidence to the Supreme Hereditary Custodian of the Royal Pet Dog: the Supreme Hereditary Custodian hands it on to the Exalted Overseer of the King's wardrobe on the understanding that it is to go no further: and, before you know where you are, the varlets and scurvy knaves are gossiping about it and the society journalists have started to carve it out on bricks for the next issue of *Palace Prattlings*.

"The long and short of it is," said the Exalted Overseer of the King's Wardrobe, "we must cheer him up."

There was a murmur of approval. In those days of easy executions it was no light matter that a monarch should be a prey to gloom.

"But how?" queried the Lord High Chamberlain.

"I know," said the Supreme Hereditary Custodian of the Royal Pet Dog. "Try him with the minstrels."

"Here! Why us?" protested the leader of the minstrels.

"Don't be silly," said the Lord High Chamberlain. "It's for your good just as much as ours. He was asking only last night why he never got any music nowadays. He told me to find out whether you supposed he paid you simply to eat and sleep, because if so he knew what to do about it."

"Oh, in that case!" The leader of the minstrels started nervously. Collecting his assistants and tiptoeing down the garden, he

Presently a sound caused the Princess to turn and she perceived a godlike man hurrying toward her, pulling up a sock

The King, having missed the ball for the twenty-sixth time, spun round angrily on the minstrels. "Get out!" he roared. "What in the name of Belus and Hec do you mean by starting that stuff when a man's swinging!"

took up his stand a few feet in Merolchazzar's rear, just as that much-enduring monarch, after twenty-five futile attempts, was once more addressing his stone.

Lyric-writers in those days had not reached the supreme pitch of excellence which has been produced by modern musical comedy. The art was in its infancy then, and the best the minstrels could do was this — and they did it just as Merolchazzar, raising the hoe with painful care, reached the top of his swing and started down.

"Oh, tune the string and let us sing
Our godlike, great, and glorious king!
He's a bear! He's a bear! He's a bear!"

There were sixteen more verses, touching on their ruler's prowess in the realms of sport and war, but they were not destined to be sung on that circuit. King Merolchazzar jumped like a stung bullock, lifted his head, and missed the globe for the twenty-sixth time. He spun round on the minstrels, who were working pluckily through their song of praise.

"Oh, may his triumphs never cease!
He has the strength of ten!
First in war, first in peace,
First in the hearts of his countrymen!"

"Get out!" roared the king.

"Your Majesty?" quavered the leader of the minstrels.

"Make a noise like an egg and beat it!" (Again one finds the chronicler's idiom impossible to reproduce in modern speech and must be content with a literal translation.) "By the bones of my ancestors, it's a little hard! By the beard of the Sacred Goat, it's tough! What in the name of Belus and Hec do you mean, you yowling misfits, by starting that sort of stuff when a man's swinging? I was just shaping to hit it right that time when you butted in, you . . ."

The minstrels melted away. The bearded man patted the fermenting monarch paternally on the shoulder.

"Ma mannie," he said, "ye may no' be a gowfer yet, but hoots! ye're learning the language fine!"

King Merolchazzar's fury died away. He simpered modestly at these words of commendation, the first his bearded preceptor had uttered. With exemplary patience he turned to address the stone for the twenty-seventh time.

That night it was all over the city that the king had gone crazy over a new religion, and the orthodox shook their heads.

We of the present day, living as we do in the midst of a million marvels of a complex civilization, have learned to adjust ourselves to conditions and to take for granted phenomena which, in an earlier and less advanced age, would have caused the profoundest excitement and even alarm. We accept without comment the telephone, the automobile, and the wireless telegraph, and we are unmoved by the spectacle of our fellow human beings in the grip of the first stages of golf-fever. Far otherwise was it with the courtiers and officials about the palace of Oom. The obsession of the king was the sole topic of conversation.

Every day now, starting forth at dawn and returning only with the falling of darkness, Merolchazzar was out on the Linx, as the out-door temple of the new god was called. In a luxurious house adjoining this expanse the bearded Scotchman had been installed, and there he could be found at almost any hour of the day fashioning out of holy wood the weird implements indispensable to the new religion. As a recognition of his services, the king had bestowed upon him a large pension, innumerable *kaddiz* or slaves, and the title of Promoter of the King's Happiness, which for the sake of convenience was generally shortened to The Pro.

AT PRESENT, Oom being a conservative country, the worship of the new god had not attracted the public in great numbers. In fact, except for the Grand Vizier who, always a faithful follower of his sovereign's fortunes, had taken to Gowf from the start, the courtiers held aloof to a man. But the Vizier had thrown himself into the new worship with such vigor and earnestness that it was not long before he won from the king the title of Supreme Splendiferous Maintainer Of The Twenty-Four Handicap Except On Windy Days When It Goes Up To Thirty — a title which in ordinary conversation was usually abbreviated to The Dub.

All these new titles, it should be said, were, as far as the courtiers were concerned, a fruitful source of discontent. There were black looks and mutinous whispers. The laws of precedence were being disturbed, and the courtiers did not like it. It jars a man who for years has had his position all cut and dried — a man, for instance, who, as Second Deputy Shiner of the Royal Hunting-Boots, knows that his place is just below the Keeper of the Eel-Hounds and just above the Second Tenor of the Corps of Minstrels — it jars him, we say, to find suddenly that he has got to go down a step in favor of the Hereditary Bearer of the King's Baffy.

But it was from the priesthood that the real, serious opposition was to be expected. And the priests of the sixty-seven gods of Oom were up in arms. As the white-bearded High Priest of Hec who, by virtue of his office was generally regarded as leader of the guild, remarked in a glowing speech at an extraordinary meeting of the Priests' Equity Association, he had always set his face against the principle of the Closed Shop hitherto, but there were moments when every thinking man had to admit that enough was sufficient and it was his opinion that such a moment had now arrived. The cheers which greeted the words showed how correctly he had voiced popular sentiment.

Of all those who had listened to the High Priest's speech, none had listened more intently than the king's half-brother, Ascobaruch. A sinister, disappointed man, this Ascobaruch, with mean eyes and a crafty smile. All his life he had been consumed with ambition, and until now it had looked as though he must go to his grave with this ambition unfulfilled. All his life he had wanted to be King of Oom, and now he began to see daylight. He was sufficiently versed in court intrigues to be aware that the priests were the party that really counted, the source from which all successful revolutions sprang. And of all the priests the one that mattered most was the venerable High Priest of Hec.

It was to this prelate, therefore, that Ascobaruch made his way at the close of the proceedings. The meeting had dispersed after passing a unanimous vote of censure on King Merolchazzar, and the High Priest was refreshing himself in the vestry — for the meeting had taken place in the Temple of Hec — with a small milk and honey.

"Some speech!" began Ascobaruch in his unpleasant, crafty way. None knew better than he the art of appealing to human vanity.

The High Priest was plainly gratified.

"Oh, I don't know," he said modestly.

"Yessir!" said Ascobaruch. "Considerable oration! What I can never understand is how you think up all these things to say. I couldn't do it if you paid me. The other night I had to propose the Visitors at the Old Alumni dinner of Oom University and my mind seemed to go all blank. But you just stand up and the words come fluttering out of you like bees out of a hive. I simply cannot understand it. The thing gets past me."

"Oh, it's just a knack."

"A divine gift, I should call it."

"Perhaps you're right," said the High Priest, finishing his milk and honey. He was wondering why he had never realized before what a capital fellow Ascobaruch was.

"Of course," went on Ascobaruch, "you had an excellent subject. I mean to say inspiring and all that. Why, by Hec, even I — though, of course, I couldn't have approached your level — even I could have done something with a subject like that. [*Continued on page 57*]

Searching for the Key

Lincoln as *by* Harvey *and* Edward

"It was impossible for Lincoln to carry his enormous burden of responsibility without dependence on a higher power"—Reading the Bible to his son Thomas, familiarly known as "Tad", who died while his father was President

LINCOLN, to all his biographers, was the riddle and the Sphinx. He was "morbidly ambitious" yet "morbidly cautious." He was "the gloomiest man I ever saw", and "the jolliest man I ever saw." He "was one of the most uneven, eccentric and heterogeneous characters." He had "no method, system or order in his exterior affairs", but "while outside of his mind all was anarchy and confusion, inside all was symmetry and method." When J. G. Holland, in search of material for his "Life of Lincoln", went among Lincoln's friends and neighbors in Springfield, he was told that Lincoln "was the most cunning man in America, and that he had not a particle of cunning in him; that he had the strongest personal attachments, and that he had no personal attachments, at all; that he was a man of indomitable will and that he was a man almost without a will; that he was a tyrant, and that he was the softest-hearted, most brotherly man that ever lived; that he was remarkable for his pure-mindedness, and that he was the foulest in his jests and stories of any man in the country; that he was a boor and that he was in all essential respects a gentleman; that he was a leader of the people, and that he was always led by the people; that he was cool and impassive, and that he was susceptible of the strongest passions." And so forth.

His biographers explain many of these incongruities in the historic image of the Great Emancipator as due to imperfections in the observer — as distortions in the mirror, rather than deformities in the man. They argue that the glass was malicious; or it was too small to give a comprehensive full figure; or it toned the image to its own tint and prejudice; or it caught Lincoln when he was impishly making a face. As a matter of fact, such contradictions were of the essence of Lincoln's character, and the glass was not at fault.

Take him on Sept. 22, 1862, when he called his cabinet together to hear his proclamation freeing the slaves. The stage was set for what is called "an historic moment", and all recognized it as historic. Two of his cabinet ministers wrote accounts of the meeting in their diaries, that night. As soon as the proclamation was issued, every detail of its preparation became of public interest; and the artist who painted "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation" spent six months in the White House making portrait studies of the cabinet ministers, talking with them about the scene that he was picturing, and putting down the daily notes from which he subsequently wrote his book on the "inner life of Abraham Lincoln." Altogether, it was one of the most conspicuous passages in Lincoln's career, and it is the one of which we have the fullest record.

He opened the meeting by reading to the cabinet not a chapter from the Bible — as Bishop Fowler and others have believed — but a comical page from "Artemus Ward: His Book", which the humorist had sent him. He knew the importance of the moment. He was about to announce devoutly that he was determined to free the slaves because he had promised God that he would free them if the Union armies were victorious at Antietam. He was prepared to face the opposition of his cabinet members, a majority of whom he knew were set against issuing the proclamation. Yet, confronting this opposition, pledged to action by a covenant with God, at one of the most solemn crises of his official life, he began by reading Ward's ridiculous account of how a visitor to his wax works attacked the figure of Judas Iscariot "and caved in Judassis hed." And this nonsense "he seemed to enjoy very much", as the Secretary of the Treasury wrote in his diary.

"Lincoln came to have an unconscious reliance on his great height and strength"—Bernard's statue in Cincinnati emphasizes these physical characteristics

What is one to make of such behavior? What was humor's part in Lincoln's life? Was it merely a very human weakness, as most of his biographers seem to feel? "In the chief drawer of his cabinet table," writes his friend Henry C. Whitney, "all the current joke books of the time were in juxtaposition with official commissions lacking only his final signature, applications for pardons from death penalties, laws awaiting executive action, and orders which, when issued, would control the fate of a million men and the destinies of unborn generations." Was his humorous prologue to the emancipation proclamation merely such a grotesque juxtaposition of the sublime and the ridiculous? Or was he unconsciously using his humor as an instinctive device to disarm the opposition which he knew he was facing? Did he use his humor to elude enmity, to gain goodwill? Did he have, as the basis of his humor, the same unconscious conviction of inferiority that made Mark Twain a humorist?

Having laid aside Artemus Ward, he "took a graver tone." He recalled to the cabinet that he had discussed with them, several weeks before, an order freeing the slaves, which was not issued at that time because a majority of the meeting had objected to it. He proposed to issue it now, because he had promised God that if the rebel army were driven out of Maryland he would free the slaves. And the rebel army had been driven out. He said: "I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say, without intending anything but respect for any of you . . . I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him. But though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any

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to the American Mind

Exhibit B

O'Higgins

H. Reede M.D

other put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

The mixture of determination and humility in this statement is significant. In Lincoln's first election campaign as a candidate for the Illinois legislature in 1832, when he was twenty-three years old, he began some of his speeches, "I am humble Abraham Lincoln" — consciously taking advantage of his apparent inferiority in order to get under his opponent's guard. He used the same device, now, to disarm those members of his cabinet who, he knew, felt themselves superior to him. It is a device that seems to be commonly recommended to the conscious mind by a subconscious feeling of inadequacy. The determination is conscious, the humility subconscious. The mixture of the two was characteristic of Lincoln.

Characteristic, too, was his delay in bringing the matter of emancipation to an issue. He had first submitted his proclamation to his cabinet, on July 22, 1862. Two months went by before he made his covenant with God (September 16-17, 1862) while the battle of Antietam was being fought. On September 18, the rebels withdrew from Maryland. Four days later, he told the cabinet of his promise to God and his determination to fulfil it, and then he immediately issued the proclamation — to take effect January 1, 1863.

This sort of cautious deliberateness was an early trait of Lincoln's. In a text-book on Greek Syntax which bears his signature, he copied out, on the fly-leaf, the admonition "Deliberate slowly, but execute promptly", which he had found in the Greek text. The advice appealed to him because he had that virtue of patient intelligence. Such patience is not to be acquired by an act of will. It is a by-product of the dialectic habit of getting set in one's conclusions before attempting to persuade others. It is a delay in the dressing-chamber of the mind where the thought is intelligently prepared before it is allowed to confront criticism. And the delay is usually due to an unconscious lack of self-confidence.

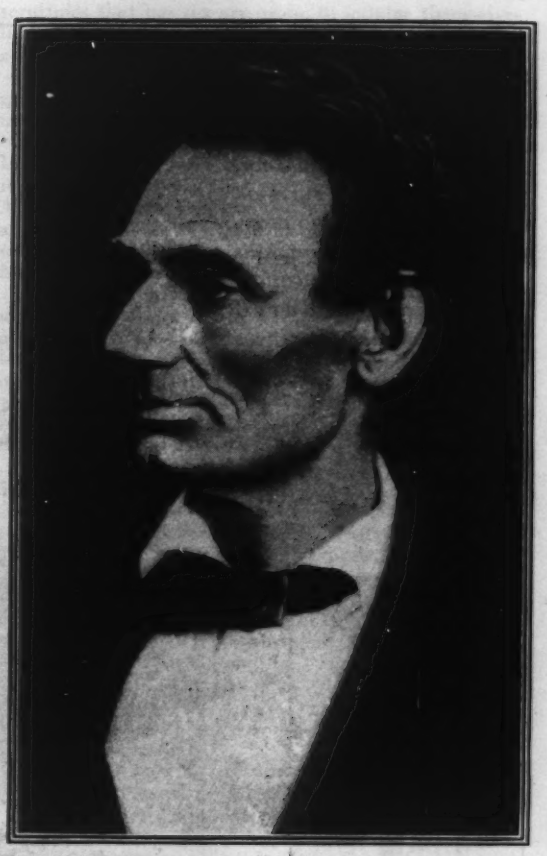
THE CAREFUL logic of his argument to the cabinet is a product of the same trait. So is the form of his Gettysburg speech which, for all its emotion, proceeds like a series of deductions in a proposition of Euclid. And when, in that speech, he said that the nation at its birth had been dedicated to "the proposition" that all men are created equal, he betrayed the origin of his logic in his deliberate study of Euclid as a training in preciseness of thought and clearness of expression. His very precision and careful lucidity are symptoms of the unconscious feeling of inferiority that speaks so emotionally in the long vowel sounds and soft melancholy consonants of his prediction: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here." The contrast between the coldness of the logic and the emotionalism of its utterance is characteristic. One is of the conscious intelligence, the other of subconscious impulse.

It would seem probable then, that many of the incongruities of Lincoln's character might be traced to a conflict between those qualities of his temperament that were controlled by conscious intelligence and those that were more directly inspired by a subconscious reaction. But to chart them clearly it would be necessary to find their beginnings in the instinctive mind of his childhood; and there we are blocked by the fact that Lincoln was determinedly secretive about his early life because of its poverty and hardships, and that he did not emerge into any clear recorded notice until he was twenty-one.

We know that his mother, Nancy Hanks, was "a shouting Baptist", a sect which carried into the wilderness the Puritanism of New England tempered by the addition of religious ecstasy as a proof of salvation. William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, writes of her that she had married at twenty-three, was slender, with dark brown hair and grey eyes, and that she had "a marked expression of melancholy which fixed itself in the memory of any one who ever saw her." According to the Hanks family she was "a good Christian woman." She died when Abraham Lincoln was nine years old. "Stoop-shouldered", says Herndon, "thin-breasted, sad — at times miserable — groping through the perplexities of life, without prospect of any betterment in her condition, she passed from this earth." She died saying to Abraham and his sister Sarah that she hoped they might live "as they had been taught by her, to love their kindred and worship God."

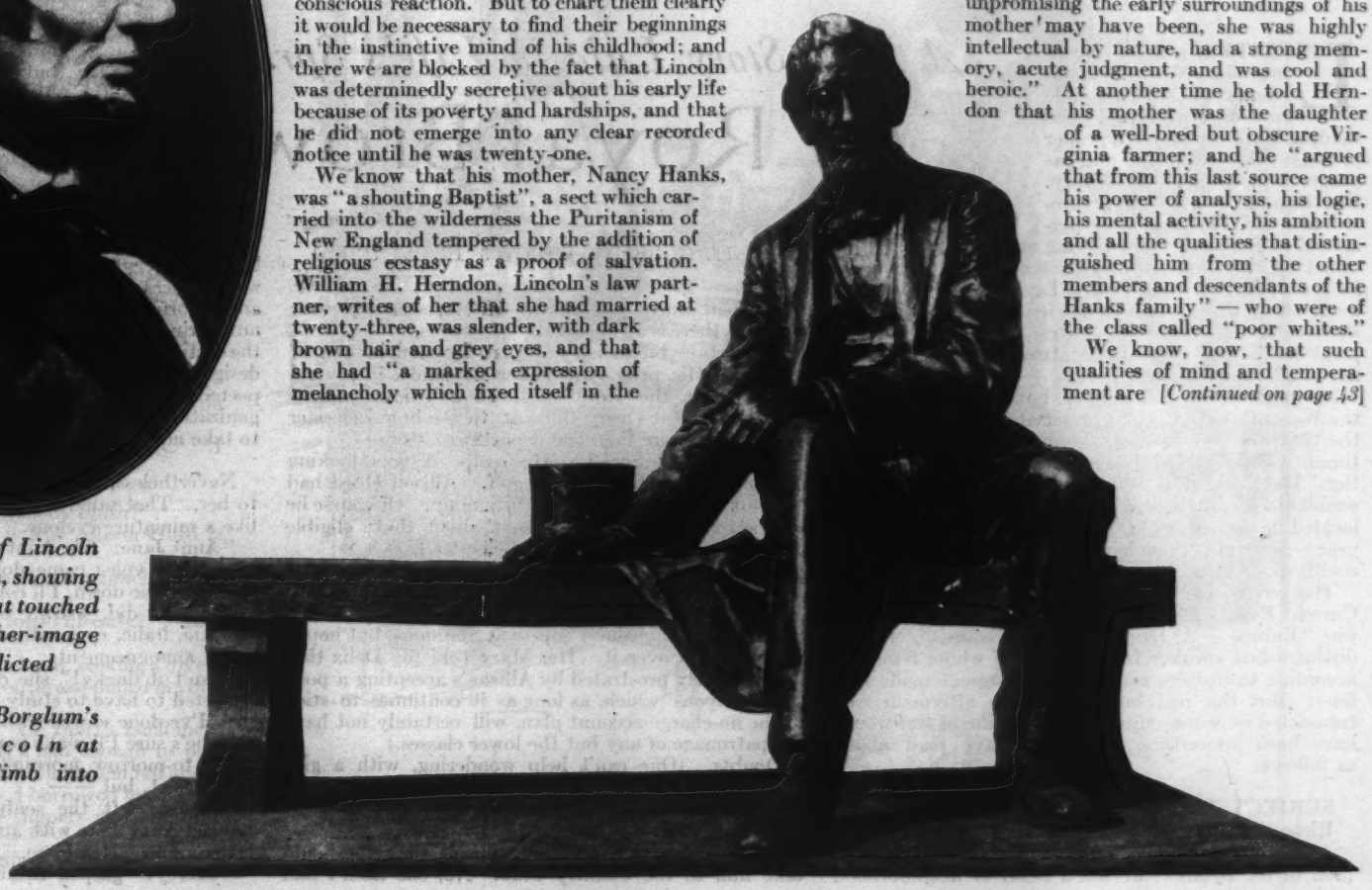
Lincoln told Herndon, in 1851, that "whatever might be said of his parents, and however unpromising the early surroundings of his mother may have been, she was highly intellectual by nature, had a strong memory, acute judgment, and was cool and heroic." At another time he told Herndon that his mother was the daughter of a well-bred but obscure Virginia farmer; and he "argued that from this last source came his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity, his ambition and all the qualities that distinguished him from the other members and descendants of the Hanks family" — who were of the class called "poor whites."

We know, now, that such qualities of mind and temperament are [*Continued on page 43*]

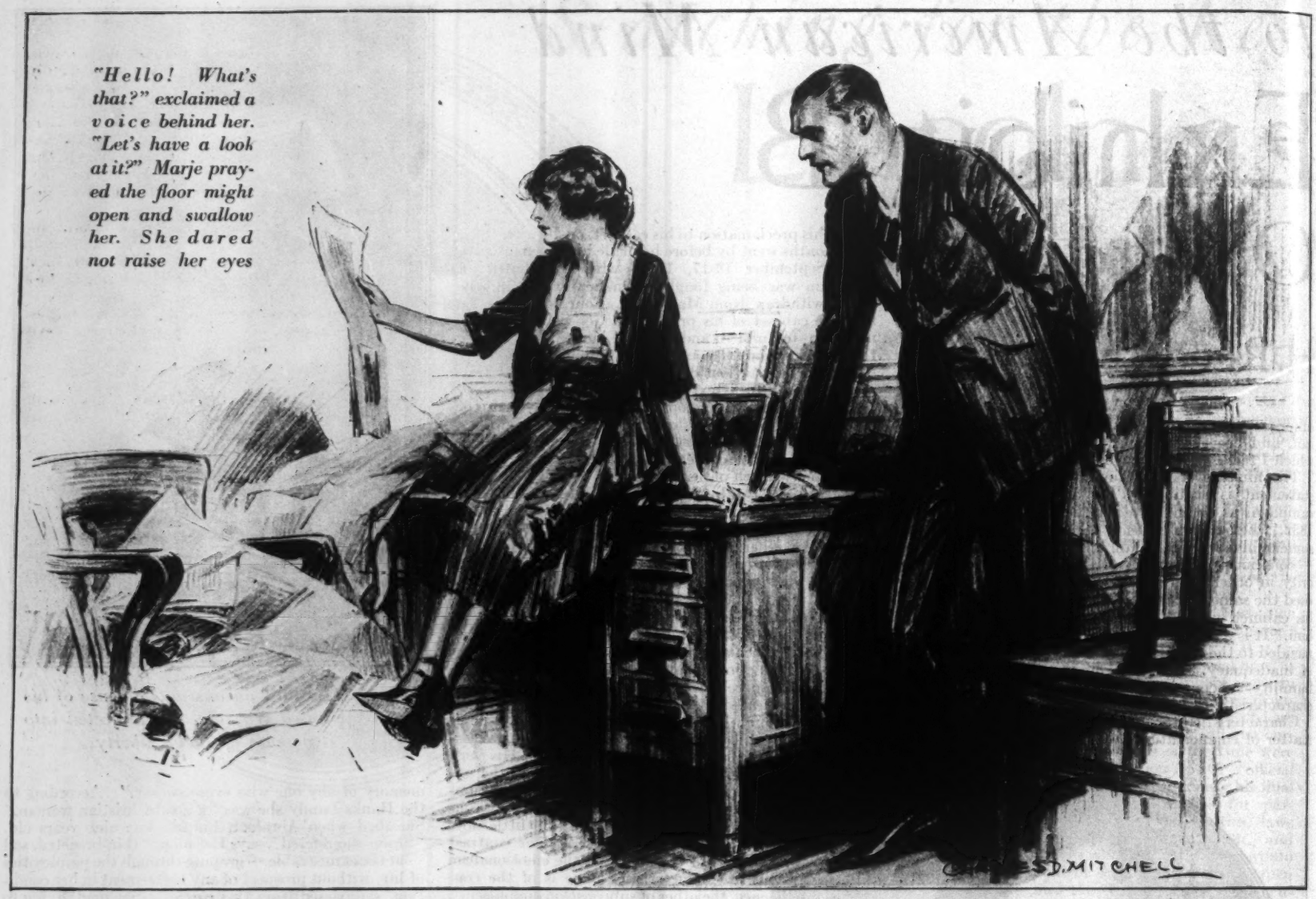


It was Lincoln's unconscious defense of his own oppressed self that was projected into a defense of racial liberty

Above—A photograph of Lincoln which is very little known, showing the melancholy image that touched all who saw him—a father-image of mercy to the afflicted



The children play about Borglum's eloquent statue of Lincoln at Newark, New Jersey, climb into its arms and prattle to the silent figure



"Hello! What's that?" exclaimed a voice behind her. "Let's have a look at it?" Marje prayed the floor might open and swallow her. She dared not raise her eyes

Lyons *and* Miss Mouse

A Love Story Laid in Life's Springtime

by Royal Brown

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

LEICESTER, a most charming old New England county seat with a double row of century-old elms shading Main Street, has a proper pride in its antiquity, and as proper a pride in its modernity. The balance is ever nicely preserved. No visitor is ever permitted to escape without having at least viewed the tablet which commemorates the scalping of Nathaniel Leicester, in 1747, and visited Leyland's, the department store which, though ancient elms shadow its show-windows, draws its wares from the world's great marts and presents an atmosphere that would not shame Fifth Avenue.

No organization in Leicester, however, quite equals the Women's City Club in preserving the traditions of the past and yet keeping thoroughly abreast of the times. The first October meeting, each year, is Settlers' Day, and it is a matter of pride that the descendants of all the original inhabitants that can be located be present, even though — as was the case last year — several of them have to be motored in from the county-poor farm.

The second meeting of this organization is always Current Events Afternoon. This last year the subject was "Europe — A Dispassionate Diagnosis", with a distinguished speaker from Boston of whose remarks, according to custom, many of those present made outlines. But the real business of the afternoon was transacted over tea cups and an outline of *that* would have been interesting. It would have read about as follows:

SUBJECT: Leicester's new department store.

Richard Lyons, the proprietor.

Age. (Not a day over thirty surely.) Antecedents. (Son of *the* Lyons — he has a chain of neighborhood department stores, you know. He starts one wherever he thinks there is an opening.)

Prospects — Financial. (I just dropped in out of curiosity. His prices are under Leyland's in several things. But the store is not so well done and, as Charles says, it's very difficult to see how Leicester can support more than one department store.)

Possibilities — Social. (He really is good-looking and plays a good game of golf. Allison Hurd had him out to the Country Club Sunday. Of course he will be rushed; there's no doubt about that; eligible young men are *so* scarce in Leicester.)

Allison Hurd, the Lyons' advertising manager.

Common Report. (Her mother was terribly against her taking that business course at Simmons, but hoped she would get over it. Her Mary told my Delia that she is utterly prostrated by Allison's accepting a position at Lyons' which, as long as it continues to stick to the no-charge-account plan, will certainly not have the patronage of any but the lower classes.)

Doubts. (One can't help wondering, with a girl, whether going into business is just a whim or whether she really means it. Especially when a girl is as attractive as Allison.)

Suspicions. (It is rather significant that she should take him to the Country Club. No, she hasn't had him up to the house, as yet, but that's because of her mother. Mrs. Hurd is such a stickler for family, you know, and his father started as a bundle boy and they say his mother was a cash girl.)

In all of which, it will be noted, gossip concentrated on two names. This was as it should be. Richard Lyons bade fair to become a personage in Leicester. Allison Hurd already was; for her to actually enter business was a picturesque and colorful event. As for Lyons' other employees, numbering a hundred or so, *they* were merely fulfilling the destinies for which an all wise Creator had obviously designed them. *They* were the sort of people one expected to work for a living. Even as democratic an organization as the Women's Club could not be expected to take notice of the going to work of Marjorie Morse.

Nevertheless, if it was no event to Leicester, it was to her. That same afternoon she burst into the house like a miniature cyclone.

"Aunt Jane: Oh, Aunt Jane!" she called. Then as her aunt's voice came down from above she added, "Don't come down, I'll come up."

This she did, soaring over the stairs. Breathless, ecstatic, italic, eyes aglow, cheeks pink, she made the great announcement.

"Isn't it ducky!" she concluded. "Just think! I expected to have to study ages yet. But the principal says I've done so well with my typing and stenography that he's sure I'll make good. I'm going there the first thing to-morrow morning. Of course it isn't really certain yet, but — —"

Marjorie left the sentence in the air, while she hugged Aunt Jane with an impetuosity that shook the latter's spectacles loose.

"Mercy!" gasped Aunt Jane. "Learn to restrain

yourself, child! You might have broken my spectacles! Did you wipe your feet? I spent all morning — — "

"I'll brush up," promised Marje, unabashed. She knew that although Aunt Jane was gray and gaunt and her tongue acid, her heart was not. "And I'll buy you a dozen specs. Oh, I could simply dance. Come on, let's shimmy — — "

"Stop! Stop, I won't. Marjorie!"

But Marje, small and slim though she was, had surprising strength. Only the slamming of the front door saved Aunt Jane's last vestige of dignity. Marje freed her to rush down to greet her father with the great news.

"Well, well!" he commented. "Now I can retire to a life of ease!"

Marje, however, was busy arranging a stage setting. She swept the center table clear and moved a chair up to it.

"You sit there," she directed, "and pretend it's a spiffy mahogany desk. Then your private secretary says, 'The new stenographer is outside, sir.'"

Marje paused for breath, as he obeyed.

"Now I come in. You must look very critical and businesslike. And ask me a lot of questions, you know — — "

"Can you spell cat, Miss?" interpolated her father.

"You aren't the least bit proud — or impressed!" she accused.

"I am. Proud as Punch and impressed as — — "

"The dickens," suggested Marje, joyously, and sailed into his lap.

"Oh, I say," he protested, "if this is what the school teaches as the proper method to approach a prospective employer — — "

"Silly!" said Marje, rubbing her cheek against his. Then she added, "I do hope he's not the awful cutting sarcastic kind. If he is I'll die!"

NO ONE who could have seen her then would have thought that likely. But that was because Marje at home and Marje abroad were totally different persons. There are many, many girls like that; girls who, among strangers, lose all the glow and animation they have with those they love and who love them. It is as if some unkind fairy had, at birth, laid a hateful spell upon them that makes them shrink instinctively and efface themselves against new backgrounds. And although it was not Richard Lyons, but Allison Hurd whom she had to face, she nearly died anyway.

This her father never suspected, and Aunt Jane would have snapped, "What poppy-cock!" But Letty Sawyer knew!

"The trouble with you, Marje," she told her, commenting on Marje's confession with the utter frankness of a best girl friend, "is that you're too darn shy. You shut up like a clam when a man speaks to you. That doesn't get you anywhere — — "

"I don't want to get anywhere," retorted Marje, with dignity.

"Try that on somebody else's piano," remarked Letty. She paused and eyed Marje critically. "You really aren't bad-looking. And anyway, it isn't looks that count. Look at Mildred Grozier. She's as homely as a hedge fence, but the men all fall for her, just because she baby-vamps them."

To that Marje made no reply. Letty, standing before Marje's mirror, turned her head first this way, then that.

"I think I'll have it taken three-quarters face," she murmured, referring to photographs to be taken in anticipation of Christmas. Then she added abruptly, "Mr. Lyons is awfully good-looking, isn't he?"

Marje nodded what might be construed as an admission of this.

"They say half the girls have a crush on him," Letty went on. And coolly enough ventured, "You haven't, I suppose?"

Marje looked startled — and almost lovely. "I should say not!"

"Then why are you blushing so?"

"You're enough to make anybody blush!"

Letty ignored that. "Is it true Allison Hurd is trying to grab him?"

"I don't think she'll have to try much," said Marje, honestly.

"You mean she's got him roped already?" Letty's tone was eager.

"He likes her," Marje evaded and, seeking a diversion, found one. "Isn't there a thread pulled in your sweater?"

"Egypt's Queen — where? Oh that! Lend me a thread and needle, Marje. It's bad enough to pay all outdoors for things without having them fall apart the first time you wear them. I borrowed ten dollars from Dad for a pair of silver slippers and the first time I wore them the heel — — "

This-wise, Letty, her mind deftly switched, rambled on while she took the stitch in time that would save nine. Then, discovering it was after five, she rushed away to meet her latest, leaving Marje to her own devices. And so Marje sat, her small chin propped up in her fists, her dreaming eyes turned toward the western windows which framed the spreading glory of sunset. The house was very still. Her father was taking his Sunday afternoon nap down-stairs, Aunt Jane had gone to pay a call.

"She is just the sort," mused Marje, "that *would* attract him."

In that there was no trace of envious criticism. Long before she had become Allison Hurd's personal stenographer, Marje had admired her. This was not surprising, Allison Hurd had been an outstanding figure in Leicester ever since, when she was but six, she had eluded her groom and, calmly riding her Shetland pony into the Leicester National Bank, had peremptorily demanded money "for candy, please."

Exploits as spectacular were what her life was made up of. Marje wasn't the only girl outside Allison Hurd's particular circle who had for her the sort of crush to which distance only lends enchantment. But in Marje's case, association had only made this the stronger. Allison Hurd had been very gracious to her.

"If I were a man," Marje's thoughts ran on, "I'd be crazy enough about her to die!"

The clock down-stairs struck six, reminding her that Aunt Jane would be home soon and that she had promised to start supper. She rose, but paused to switch on the light. Then, poised in front of her mirror, she gave herself one of those passionately critical scrutinies that her sex are prone to indulge themselves in at odd moments, but never more than when twenty and — unsought!

Brown hair, soft and wavy — but just plain brown; gray eyes, with straight lashes; a straight little, slightly uptilted nose and a mouth that was — oh, miles too big! So she saw herself, with profound dissatisfaction. If she could have been granted but one wish just then, it would have been that she might be exactly like Allison Hurd; to look like her, with really blonde hair and wonderful violet eyes, and to speak and carry herself with that blessed assurance which is bred by just *being* Allison Hurd.

The wish was so poignant that for an instant she saw herself Allison Hurd — Allison Hurd laughing up at Richard Lyons, standing by her desk. But the next instant she was just Marjorie Morse, blushing so furiously that she hastily turned away from the mirror — which was a pity, for otherwise she might have glimpsed herself as her father and Aunt Jane and even Letty often saw her, but as her mirror never, never did.

"Of all the silly idiots!" she informed herself, and started down-stairs.

The rattling of stove-lids in the kitchen, unwontedly vigorous, awakened her father. He rubbed his eyes and comprehended the deepening dusk.

"Er — hum," he yawned. "Must be 'most supper-time."

He lay there, however, in that comfortable lethargy that follows a nap. The front door opened and closed; he heard Aunt Jane's voice.

"Not a light lit! And supper not started, I suppose," she grumbled.

She collided with a chair. He heard her grunt and smiled comfortably.

"To be an Aunt Jane and not be able to say a good round 'Damn' must be a trial at times," he thought.

Then, from the kitchen her voice again: "Just as I thought! I suppose you've been out gallivanting around — — "

"No. I've been in my room all afternoon," answered Marje.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," retorted Aunt Jane, characteristically. "After being cooped up

Marje's eyes were passionately pleading, but Allison was not to be deterred. "I congratulate you," she said, "on your seizure of opportunity"

Letty, leaning over the banisters, whispered a last word of advice to the panic-stricken Marje: "Don't get rattled if he looks surprised. It will only be because he never realized what a perfect peach you are!"

all week. And such a lovely afternoon, too! That Allison Hurd just went by, with Mr. Lyons, on horseback. Wearing pants, too. I should think that if she *must* wear them weekdays she'd have respect enough for her Maker not to wear them on Sunday."

She removed her hat and coat and turned to Marje, cutting bread.

"Give me that knife," she commanded. "You always cut it too thick. They were talking about you. I couldn't catch just what they said — —"

Startled, Marje surrendered the bread-knife without protest. "Why, Aunt Jane!" she exclaimed. "You—you must be mistaken."

"Seems to me," commented Aunt Jane, "that sitting in your room gives you considerable color. As for my not knowing what I'm talking about, I guess I have ears."

Ears she unquestionably had — ears which, as she was wont to announce, God had made to hear with and not to be covered up with wads of hair — and, Marje's doubt to the contrary, they had heard accurately. Richard Lyons, riding by, had noticed Marje's home and had been moved to comment on the inevitable hominess of such old white Colonial cottages, sheltered by dignified old elms.

"Oh, that," Allison told him, with the smile he was beginning to wait and watch for, "is where Little Miss Mouse lives."

"Little Miss Mouse?" — he looked puzzled.

"My stenographer," she explained. "Her name is really Morse, but I call her that. She's just out of business college and so shy that she trembles every time I speak to her."

"They are apt to take their first positions seriously," he commented. "Would that they would keep on that way!"

"That's not the whole of it. She has a crush on me. Think of that, sir!"

Letty would have instantly dubbed that vamping and waited, eagerly, for his reactions to it.

"I can well believe it," he said.

Letty would also have approved Allison Hurd's next move.

"Let's gallop," she said. "I'll race you home."

As Letty would have put it, it's a good thing to keep 'em guessing.

Now as to that, Allison Hurd assuredly had Richard Lyons guessing. In so far as what might be termed her purely feminine campaign went, he would have freely admitted that her presence in Leicester was making his own there much more enjoyable. As to her presence in the store, he — well, there were moments when the purely feminine campaign managed somehow to interfere with dispassionate discussion of her advertising campaign.

This very afternoon she had given him an opening. She had asked him how he liked the store's Sunday advertising. He had paused, choosing his words.

"Don't tell me it's cut and dried — and conservative," she challenged, quickly. "I know it — but so is Leicester."

HER eyes had met his with smiling confidence. He hesitated but an instant and then surrendered absolutely, yet again.

"Of course you are a better judge of that than I," he acknowledged.

This appeased her, yet failed to silence doubts that were beginning to beset him. In that last glorious gallop he managed to distance these, but when he bade her good-bye, and turned to the Leicester Inn at a pace that gave his sweated mount chance to cool, they overtook him again. When he reached his room, the light he switched on revealed him sober and harassed. The Sunday papers were spread over the center table as he had left them, open to his advertisements. He knew them almost by heart by now, yet they drew his eyes again. His glance ran over the various items and stopped at:

"SMALL CHILDREN'S DE LUXE FROCKS OF GEORGETTE, TULLE AND ORGANDIE—A WONDERFUL VALUE AT THIRTY DOLLARS."

He stood there, hands thrust in his pockets, considering this. The frocks had been a gamble, he really believed they were far too expensive for his trade. And that, paradoxically, had driven him to buying them.

"Some merchants," he had often heard his father declare, "say that in a poor neighborhood they can sell only cheap merchandise. To my way of thinking that is a big mistake. I myself sold waists for twenty-five dollars in my first store, though my predecessor had never had the courage to stock anything higher than five dollars."

The frocks, as beautiful as they were costly, had been a challenge therefore. But now he mightily wished he had let it pass.

"They may go," he thought, "but it was a fool stunt to take a chance right now when I need every cent of capital."

Leicester would have wondered at that. The general impression there was that, as his father's son, Richard Lyons had unlimited resources. But Richard himself knew better.

"Remember," his father's last letter had read, "that I always decide in advance exactly how much I'm willing to gamble on a store's success. I make the sum as small as I can because I believe in making the manager put the store across on the capital allotted for the purpose. In other words he is in the position of a merchant who starts out with his credit exhausted by stock and fixtures. Not until the store has made money itself does he get any more from the general treasury. I believe in every tub standing on its own bottom."

This Richard had already heard times enough to know by heart. That his father should embody it in a letter might therefore seem gratuitous, but he knew otherwise. He smiled grimly.

"I suppose there would be sort of a comedy touch in a lot of children's *de luxe* frocks knocking this tub off its bottom," he thought. Then he swept the papers together, bundled them up and stuffed them in the waste-basket. "Well, I'll know where I stand by this time to-morrow," he decided.

Even sooner than that he knew. At eleven o'clock the next morning Marje saw him pass by and enter Allison Hurd's office.

"Please prepare a special ad for these frocks *de luxe* for the morning papers," he directed. "I don't care what space you use — I want to move them."

She looked up at him, her brightly-colored face amused. "I don't believe," she assured him, cheerfully, "that *dynamite* would move those frocks."

Richard frowned, without realizing it or that her expression had swiftly changed. "It seems to me that if there is anything in advertising — —"

Her eyes were chillier than he had ever seen them, but no chillier than her voice. "Advertising," she informed him, "will make people buy what they want or need. It won't cram goods they don't want down their throats and no *sensible* person expects it to."

That, of course, was no way for an employee to talk to her employer. But Allison, as she wished him to remember, was no ordinary employee. She was perfectly willing to resign then and there, if he wished her to.

He didn't. He stood there still frowning. "It means a lot to me just now." He paused, and then, hoping to enlist her interest he went on. "Confidentially these frocks, with business conditions as they are, may prove the straw that will break the camel's back."

But Allison, still very much outraged, refused to yield an inch. "You should have thought of business conditions when you purchased them," she retorted. "And not try to make *me* the scapegoat."

Now neither realized that he had left the door ajar or that Marje sitting just outside, could not but hear everything they said unless she clapped her hands over her ears.

"O — h!" she gasped, involuntarily.

The next instant she hastily dropped her eyes to her typewriter. Richard had emerged. But he had no eyes for her anyway. He looked like a young man who is making a tremendous effort to keep himself from saying something he might later regret, and little stenographers, hectically at work, were outside his ken. He passed rapidly and Marje, catching her breath, saw what she had written.

". . . in view of existing business conditions we do not feel that a further advance in your rates is equitable and therefore beg to say that oh it's awful! Awful!"

This, she realized, would never do. She must keep her mind on what she was doing, although it *was* awful, simply awful!

The buzzer beside her desk made her jump; she snatched up her note-book and pencil and rushed into Allison Hurd's office. For the first time the latter failed to greet her with that gracious smile that always forged fresh chains.

"A letter to Mr. Lyons, please," she directed and began forthwith.

[*Continued on page 40*]

A New Type of Detective—
A Mystery Story in a New Costume

The Signed Masterpiece

by

Frederick Irving Anderson

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

The Dresden china "widow" descended the steps and entered her brougham. She was dressed in full mourning of a rich correctness—her small feet encased in trim boots, which she displayed by a modishly short skirt

NO. 142, on the south side of the street, was a high-stoop, English-basement dwelling, a survival of that commodious Van Bibber era of only yesterday, when Manhattan was still a native island, and its inhabitants retained elbow-room and a sense of substantial living. Most of the town, in these parts, had taken the gentle hint and moved north. But No. 142 and a few other stalwarts with shiny plate-glass windows, scoured door-steps and pull-bells, still held their ground, with supercilious apartment houses and gilt hotels jostling them on both sides and in the rear.

No. 142 was occupied by the widow of Amos P. Huntington. The departed, a drab, inoffensive little person, had only once achieved newspaper notoriety, when he accidentally blew himself into Eternity while compounding synthetic rubber. The relict was a little Dresden china affair; as evidence of her quality, she drove a smart plum-colored brougham, drawn by a smarter pair of roached hacks of a water too luxurious for this day and age; and on the box, when she was a-wheel, sat a coachman and footman in plum-color, two stern, middle-aged males, close-shaven and showing that curious prison pallor acquired by upper-class servants who spend most of their days in the semi-obscurity of old-fashioned entresols, and below-stairs.

This former fashionable segment of the town had begun its migration from a side-street just below the Park some years before. One by one the brown-stone residences on the north side, the sunny side, which faced No. 142 and its few brave companions, had been converted into red-brick stables with sharp roofs, cottage windows, and wide doorways. For a brief period the *ancien régime* had been forced to inhale ammonia and horse-liniment, and to witness the capers and antics of the highsteppers of the superior class of equines, led off every afternoon by their cockney grooms to the Park paths to rack and amble for the benefit of digestions of overfed masters and mistresses.

Then the superior horses disappeared, and in their stead came superior artists, who raised north lights over the old haylofts, filled the air with the odors of turpentine and wet clay, and for the most part, dined unromantically in the pastry-shop around the corner. Then the city like a rank forest encroaching on a forsaken meadow wiped the artists and their studios out of the picture, and set up in their places unsightly garages, and machine-shops for sick motors. The sunny side of the street became slippery with grease from leaky oil-pans, the air thick with the odor of gas and rubber. At the curb, at all hours of the day and far into the night, diseased insides of broken-down automobiles strewed the sidewalks, while begrimed mechanics tinkered and tested. Through all these vicissitudes the old guard hung on grimly; No. 142 and its companions, by protest, seeming to grow more immaculate. Mrs. Huntington, in addition to these aggressions on her domestic peace, had suffered the further indignity of being dragged from her sheltered grief into open court by the insurance guarantors of her husband, who maintained that any one so temerarious as to tamper with synthetic rubber could have but one motive — suicide. Twice the little widow had won the sympathy of the jury who, in two suits, had awarded her the full amount of the claim, a quarter of a million dollars.

Directly across the street, in No. 143, was a machine shop which in grime, odor and noisy clamor differed in no respect from its neighbors. An observant person might have noted, with some stirring of curiosity, that all of its mechanics were young, stood six feet, and weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Unknown and unsuspected, No. 143 was of the police; it was one of that series of carefully masked dead-falls which that arch man-hunter, Deputy Parr of Center Street, had planted in unexpected corners throughout the city.. Crime is sporadic, nevertheless it is also regional and vocational. Here, through his minions, he eavesdropped on the night-birds indigenous to Automobile Alley; in Broad Street he maintained a bucket-shop, manned with mammoth messenger boys and clerks; in Maiden Lane a platinum refinery, whose wrinkled old alchemist could tell him at a moment's notice the chemical signature of any batch of platinum in existence; in Fourth Avenue he had a two-by-four office among the brokers of raw silk, a commodity that attracts thieves as honey draws flies; and in Central Park West he conducted, under an able lieutenant, a spook parlor for table-tilting and slate-writing, where occasionally a wire got through from the "other shore." Many a poor wight languishing behind bars wonders, but will never know, how he came so summarily to his doom. It was simple enough, merely getting acquainted, being neighborly.

At ten, of an early winter morning, a car of some consequence came to a jerky sputtering stop, sighed and died, at the curb in front of No. 143. The driver, a man of six feet, weighing, say 185 pounds, got down, opened the hood, and stood regarding his ailing motor with the forlorn look of a medico whose patient has gone beyond his skill. A red-headed mechanic, six feet of height, 185 pounds of weight, came out, evinced sympathetic interest, put his head under the hood.

"The Chief," said the driver, bending down and speaking in the mechanic's ear, "wants a report on Number 142."

The mechanic reconnected a high-tension wire with a spark plug, thus restoring the consequential power to its full faculties, if an emergency arose. He tore a blue ticket in two, along a line of perforation, handed one half to the chauffeur with the remark, "No tickee — no washee", and tied the other half by a stout cord to the windshield of the automobile. The chauffeur strolled away to a back-room haunt of chauffeurs and mechanics, to while away a few hours getting acquainted. The mechanic resumed tinkering, meantime studying out of the tail of his eye that respectable domicile opposite, No. 142, vaguely speculating on what turn of the weather-cock in Center Street had brought the Dresden china widow under the surveillance of the police.

An hour later Mrs. Amos P. Huntington descended the steps and entered her brougham. She had small feet encased in trim high boots, which she displayed by a modishly short skirt; her complexion was very white, her eyes blue, and her hair of that peculiar shade of mahogany which can be retained only by unremitting attention; she was in full mourning, of a rich correctness that suggested one of those fashionable specialty shops in the next block just off the avenue, that devote themselves exclusively to the millinery of grief. Her footman wrapped her in moleskin and mounted the box; her mincing pair moved off in perfect step, as if in time to the tinkle of some antique gavotte. At this moment the red-headed mechanic, scratching his auburn thatch with a grimy set of fingers, seemed to come to the decision that a trial run was necessary. He started his hypochondriac motor, and rolled along in the wake of the plum-colored brougham, bending a sympathetic ear as if to catch some symptomatic murmur from the engine.

At Columbus Circle, that eternal whirligig of traffic, the traffic signal fell against the plum-colored brougham and the horses came to a stop, snorting motors on all sides instantly piling up with the fecundity of a log-jam. The attention of a man in a brown derby on the sidewalk was arrested by the flapping blue ticket on the windshield of the motor directly behind the brougham. He halted at the curb, and casually catching the eye of the red-headed mechanic, he took off his brown derby — though it was freezing weather — and mopped his forehead. The red-headed mechanic answered by blowing his nose in a red bandanna, and turning, stared abstractedly at the plum-colored brougham. The traffic sluices opened, the jam started to move. But the red-headed mechanic had lost interest in the plum-colored brougham. He turned east, and in ten minutes was back to No. 142.

"Does any one follow, William?" asked the Dresden china widow in her telephone.

"No, ma'am," responded William, the footman, speaking out of the corner of his mouth, without moving his lips, into the receiver at his shoulder. "There was one," he added, encouragingly. "The mechanic opposite — but he turned off."

Mrs. Huntington did not permit herself to be lulled by a sense of security. For twelve years she had been most circumspect. During those twelve years she had never driven out without inquiring, sooner or later, "Does any one follow, William?" There had been occasions which seemed to the capable William to hold forth a promise. But these promises were never fulfilled: always the particular person or vehicle that had attracted the suspicious scrutiny of William lost itself in the ceaseless shuffle of the city street, much as the red-headed mechanic, who had momentarily aroused William's interest, was now lost.

THAT afternoon two studious young men, bearing heavy instruments, called at No. 142 to test the electric meter. This task having to do with slide-rules and logarithmic calculations, shiny instruments were spread out on the basement stairway with the interested servants watching and now and then obligingly handing the two scientists, by request, tools whose nickel-plated surfaces had been especially prepared for finger-prints. The next day telephone linemen asked for and received permission to pass through the house to the roof to untangle wires. An inspector for the water department, a most entertaining fellow, inspected taps for leaks. A dispute having arisen in some obscure quarter as to encroachment on the building line, a young man must enter and open every window from the inside to measure the protruding sills with a rule. Once, when he was leaning far out of a drawing-room window, he asked politely over his shoulder would Mrs. Huntington please pass him his magnifying glass, which the little widow did graciously, picking it up quite unconsciously in the hand in which she held her lace handkerchief. In departing he offered her his fountain pen to sign his call-slip, but, not seeing the gesture, she used her own pen instead. There were other callers at the basement door, all civil, and outwardly at least, simple. By the end of the week a complete dossier of No. 142 was in the hands of Mr. Parr. It had to do with the mistress and her *ménage*, down to microscopic details. If she had nursed a fancied sense of sanctified privacy, she would have been horror-stricken to know how simple it had been for Parr's camera-eyed sleuths to turn No. 142 inside out and upside down, in the process of preparing Mr. Parr's dossier. In only one point had they failed: they carried away nothing bearing the imprint of the pink finger-tips of the pathetic widow herself, although her household had been most obliging in this respect. Later, when the magnifying glass was used in Center Street, it yielded only a hazy replica of her fine lace handkerchief.

The graceful little woman, clothed in a cloud of black, entered, weeping. "Lift up the curtain, Sophie," said Deputy Parr, with elation. "This is where you stop for the night"

"I know it is the fashion," said Deputy Parr, settling himself in his favorite elbow chair by Oliver Armiston's desk, "to assign us cops the rôle of solid ivory, in modern detective drama. A thick cop always makes a hit!" He shot a venomous gleam at Oliver who, running his fingers through his single gray lock, looked up from his work, but did not deign to reply. "Some bright young man," went on Mr. Parr ponderously, "might make a name for himself, by endowing one of us with a glimmer of brains." He selected a cigar for himself from the pasteboard box by Oliver's elbow. "I realize," he said, nipping off the tip with his finger-nails, "that there is a popular prejudice against it. But it could be done — it could be done."

He struck a match with a single magic twist in the air, applied the light, and drew a few meditative puffs, eyeing Oliver through half-closed lids.

Armiston, the extinct author, was merely another phase of Deputy Parr's amazing versatility. For the most part Parr practised logic, not intuition. Through long experience of the habits and resorts of the creatures he hunted, he set his traps in what he knew to be good game country. Then he retired to wait for some prowling creature to spring them. But occasionally his traps yawned empty; not so much as the snap of a dry twig rewarded his longest vigil along well-known runways. Then, like his prototype, the savage hunter, he would withdraw stealthily to consult his Medicine. Armiston occupied this position. Armiston had been a weaver of tall tales, thrillers. On one occasion he had been too realistic: a cunning thief had actually copied Oliver's fiction into fact, with murder as its outcome. The ensuing sensation had driven the hectic author into retirement. Here the argus-eyed deputy found him. If fiction could be done into fact, then why not fact into fiction? So reasoned the very practical deputy of police.

His method was simple. An insoluble mystery or a hesitating dénouement aroused the dormant faculties of the extinct author as the clang of a gong revives a pensioned firehorse. Parr would dress the stage for Oliver, with characters and scenery, ring up the curtain on a frozen plot — and in his most ingratiating manner invite Armiston to "go to it." The results had, occasionally, been startling. They always, to the matter-of-fact policeman, bordered on the mystic. Oliver's imagination, once aroused, had an uncanny fecundity.

Now the deputy, with a sigh of too much girth, picked up his left foot, encased in a Number 12 boot, and deposited it on his right knee; he tapped the sole significantly — it was a new sole, a very slab of a sole, spiked into place, designed for wear, not stealth.

"It cost me two seventy-five," he said lugubriously. "It used to cost fifty cents. Even the price of detecting crime has gone up. Sole leather!" he exclaimed with some vehemence. "That's what achieves results in my business. Whenever I take on a new man, I look at his feet, not his head."

He paused. Oliver, by continued silence, seemed to reserve judgment.

"As a matter of fact," said Parr, confidentially, "we don't detect crime. Crime detects itself."

"It's too bad the perpetrators aren't so obliging," put in Oliver.

"But, my dear fellow, they are — that's just the point," said Parr, expansively.

"They detect themselves, Parr?"

"Oh, absolutely. Inevitably. That is — eventually. The element of time enters, of course. We simply wait," explained the policeman blandly. "Sooner or later every crook comes home to roost.

I have a man sitting on the door-step waiting for him." Parr smiled childishly.

"You must admit it requires some intelligence on your part to pick the right door-step," said Armiston.

"Not at all!" retorted Parr. "That's the least of our worries. They give us the address." He chuckled. Armiston returned to his ciphering. He had the hurt air of a credulous child who had been imposed on.

"Every dog has its flea," said Parr, nodding solemnly to the fat Buddha in the corner of the study. "Every crook has his squealer. I have never known it to fail, Oliver," he said, turning to Armiston; "if I ever caught up with the squeals that fall on my desk every morning I would close shop and call it a day." He added gruffly: "I haven't had a day off in twenty years."

"How about the lone-wolf — the crook without a pal?"

Parr sniffed contemptuously.

"He brags," he said tartly. "Squeals on himself. On himself or the other fellow — it's all the same, in the long run. Failures? We have no failures. Unfinished business, yes. Sooner or later somebody blabs — blabs to me! That's what I'm here for!" He jabbed his chest fiercely. "Let me illustrate," he went on gravely. "Did you ever hear of Sophie Lang? I suspect not. She was before your time."

Armiston shook his head; the name meant nothing to him. But it had a tang, either in its accidental combination of letters, or in the way Parr pronounced it that suggested inherent possibilities. The man-hunter became mellow in reminiscent mood.

"In the old days," he said, "we used to assign our bright young men to the Sophie Lang case. It was like sending a machinist's apprentice for a left-handed monkey wrench, or a quart of auger holes. There wa'n't no such animal." He laughed.

"Oh, ah! A legendary crook! I say, that's beautiful!" exclaimed Oliver, cracking his knuckles.

"Legendary is right," assented the deputy. "None of us ever saw her. We knew her only by her works. When we came a cropper, we'd say 'that's Sophie.' When something slick was turned, we'd say 'that's Sophie.' We used to say that Sophie signed her serious work, like any other artist. Well, finally," said Parr, thrusting his hands into his pockets and stretching luxuriously, "we filed Sophie away as 'unfinished business'."

He fixed his fierce little eyes on Armiston, and waited. Armiston, too, waited.

"Sophie's turned up," said Parr softly.

"In bracelets!" ejaculated Armiston.

"Not yet — but soon."

"A squeal?"

"Certainly. What else? Haven't I been telling you?"

"But who — who squealed?"

Parr assumed a hurt look.

"'Who?'" he repeated. "How the devil do I know? What the devil do I care? An anonymous letter." He grunted. "They drop on my desk like the gentle dew from heaven. If they stopped coming, I'd be out of a job. As it is," he added, with a queer smile, "I am assigning myself, in my old age, to the Sophie Lang case. Do you get the humor of that, Oliver? But this time she ain't no impossible animal. Sophie — —" he paused for effect. "Sophie is Mrs. Huntington."

"The widow — the insurance widow?"

Parr nodded slowly, his eyes gleaming.

Armiston eased himself back in his chair and said disgustedly:

"You don't believe that, Parr."

"I am certain of it."

"I've been meeting her around for years. She's — she's eminently respectable," protested Oliver.

"Sophie would be," agreed Parr.

Armiston found Parr's complacency irritating.

"Is there anything to suggest Sophie?" he demanded.

"There's that quarter of a million dollars," chuckled Parr.

"Forget your feet, Parr," said Oliver sarcastically. Then, with sudden inspiration: "Has she signed it? You say she does — or did."

"There isn't a flaw in her case," said Parr. "That's her usual signature. Limpid. She's beaten the insurance people twice, your sheltered little widow. They put the burden of proof on her. It wasn't any burden — for Sophie." He guffawed. "She hasn't got the boodle yet — they are marking time for another appeal. They'll only get themselves disliked, for picking on a poor helpless female. Helpless female is good!" And Parr fairly shook with mirth.

"Have you looked her up?" demanded Armiston.

Sophie handled her telephone with the utmost delicacy — they had tapped that, of course. Her nimble mind drew a picture of a big bare room with a lazy man in a blue uniform, receivers strapped to his ears, seated at a desk

was emphasizing the passage of time, with dull sedate thuds. Suddenly as if to recall the two men, it began to intone the hour. Toward the end of its count of noon, a little gilt magpie of a clock on the mantel woke up and joined in briskly. The deputy looked at his watch; and from his watch to Armiston whom he regarded with a pleased smile. Oliver was abstractedly brushing his white lock with contemplative fingers. Helping himself to a fresh cigar, the deputy of police guessed he would be moving.

"Does any one follow, William?"

The sheltered widow smiled almost wistfully, as she whispered the inquiry through the speaking tube.

"The mechanic from across the street, ma'am," replied William out of the corner of his mouth, without moving his lips. The faithful sentry added that the red-headed mechanic was on foot this time. "Now he passes under the red cigar sign."

"Drive slowly," commanded the bereaved woman. "Don't hurry him."

But the red-headed mechanic, who, of course, had no idea that he was the object of so much thoughtfulness on the part of his widow, straightway began to lag; he discovered an interest in window-shopping, particularly in those windows displaying tires of renovated rubber, of which there were many in this neighborhood. Shortly he found what he sought, for he entered a shop — and that was the last she saw of him for this time.

But that same afternoon, when she was about to turn into the Avenue (at that misty hour of winter twilight when the street lamps awake with sickly blinks, and gorgeous limousines, whose interiors present charming Romney groups of women and children, move hub to hub in opposing tides) she picked him up again, in her "busy-body" mirror. Mrs. Huntington's prancing pair were brought to a prancing stop at the Avenue corner, ready for their cue to join the ceremonial procession, when the red-headed mechanic (exercising another sick car) pulled up behind, his bumper grazing milady's wheel felloes. In the mirror the cut of his jib fairly screamed his origin and purpose, to the experienced eyes of the widow. Police! No doubt of it! Now abruptly the avenue stream broke in two at the traffic signal, opening the sluices for the cross currents. William whirled his whip smartly, the stylish pair danced on their tender toes, and slowly wheeled into their place in the parade. The flutter of the motor sounded behind.

"Careful, William — pocket him!" cautioned the lady.

"He's gone, ma'am — gone cross-town," confessed the disconsolate William.

Now suddenly Sophie Lang became all alert. Like a wily old fox that has been idly scratching fleas, waiting for the hunt to come within mouthing distance again, Sophie now instinctively gathered her faculties, aware of a pleasing thrill. [*Continued on page 60*]

"Naturally. Everybody has looked her up. Clean slate. Too clean! That's Sophie. Sophie doesn't react to the ordinary methods," the deputy said. "That's why I've come to you. I thought maybe you'd like to undertake a little psychic research."

Lowering his tones instinctively, with a cautious look around for eavesdroppers, the deputy explained that he conducted a spook establishment under an assumed name in Central Park West merely for the purpose of occasionally availing himself of the spook service. He revealed to Oliver that the nefarious crew that deal in things relating to the "other shore" maintain a nation-wide clearing-house for their clientele which, for the trade, will dig up the unsavory past of any poor unfortunate on the face of the earth. But they gave Mrs. Huntington a perfect Sunday-School card.

IN ADDITION to this he himself had been prying into the seams of the sanctified privacy of No. 142 for the last week — with no results. Except for the one negative fact that the pathetic widow had avoided leaving the imprints of her pink finger-tips on his carefully prepared recording instruments, the record was blank. Parr volunteered the further information that he had just entered a new line of business — window-cleaning. One of his best operatives was weekly polishing No. 142. Then there was the red-headed mechanic and his satellites — and (unknown to the latter) two casual loafers haunting the block. Sophie's time was pretty well accounted for.

"What's her line, Parr?" asked Armiston when Parr finished.

"Anything. Sophie isn't squeamish," said Parr. He added with a vacant stare: "I've got a paper-weight in my museum collection, with some human hair on it — and some finger marks. I've always thought I'd like to see Sophie's finger-prints." He arose, and began buttoning his coat, looking down on Armiston smiling. "There are a certain number of obvious things I might point out to you," he said. "But I won't. They might obstruct the psychic machinery." He had his little laugh.

There was a full silence. The fire crackled on the hearth, the grandfather's clock at the head of the room

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In reverent memory
of
Franklin Knight Lane

Non omnis moriar magna pars
mei libitinam vitabit

"Jump In or Get Out"

WE HAVE restricted immigration because the new immigrant has generally failed our expectation and his opportunity.

The very groups raising loudest voice against the closing gate are chiefly responsible for it. Their refusal to assimilate, an ever-increasing tendency to import old-world customs and transplant old-world habits and a considerable inclination to encourage the worst aspects of radicalism, are alone holding their kinsmen across seas.

For fifty years, we have annually increased our alien content meanwhile witnessing a corresponding decline in naturalization.

The bulk of these recent folk did not come to America to make homes. The most of them are lone males from the least enlightened sections of Europe. They seldom marry our women and the fewest send for their own. No responsibility ties them here. The sole inducement that drew them and that holds them is the wage scale.

They care nothing for our past because it does not concern their future. Their compelling interest in our country is momentary and monetary. With no investments at stake and no families to inherit the consequence of community hurt, any quick-quack system that serves personal profit usually enlists their support.

There's no benefit to America in people who regard it simply as a purse or an experimental station for undemocratization.

As we count expanding ghettos and unnational settlements, we tremble to think by what a narrow margin native control manages to prevail.

We shall continue to welcome sincere partners for our common enterprise, but we won't share any longer with folk who decline to invest fealty and veins in the undertaking.

Self-defense forces us to check the regardless dilution of population. Otherwise we shall soon find ourselves a minority influence in the control of our own affairs.

Congress has tardily enacted a very wise and extremely important measure. Further and stricter regulation should promptly follow, including a competent Americanization Act which will not only require knowledge of our language and our laws, but likewise carry a definite period within which foreigners shall take the oath of allegiance or leave.

The melting pot won't function again until its ultimatum is "Jump in or get out."

Bitter Pottage

THE Treaty of Versailles turns Germany into a national penitentiary where all must stint and drudge out indemnity.

The sentence falls upon the living and the unborn — reaches into every pocket — cuts a slice from every loaf — cramps comforts — restricts ambitions and brands an entire commonwealth with the mark of Cain.

This is the price that Justice sets upon unfaith and vandalism and the taking of women in slavery.

So ends the Pied Piper of Potsdam's grisly dance across Europe.

A haughty and prosperous race is now Pariahed — stripped of pride and place — great markets and vast holdings gone — left without a fort or a fleet or an unmortgaged asset.

Here is the bitter pottage for which Prussia bartered commerce and dominions and credit. For this she slew her youth and broke her maidens' hearts. For this she betrayed progress.

But —

It is not in the cards to crush Germany; civilization can ill afford to lose her energetic intelligence. However much revenge may whet the butcher knife, even France does not plan to kill the goose whose golden eggs must ransom her from insolvency.

The Allies thoroughly know the resources of the vanquished — resources to be calculated more in terms of skill and morale than present physical wealth.

Germany is far richer than her financial statement suggests — rich in coherence — unhandicapped by treasonable schisms. She has no racial problems — no sectional feuds. There is but one speech and one quality of thought in the land.

Her folk are standardized units — interchangeable parts, with identical methods in every department of production — ineradicably disciplined — habituated from childhood to prompt and orderly processes.

The country is physically intact; there are no devasted regions — her plant is in the pink of condition — obsolescence has not affected its capacity. Throughout the conflict which destroyed whole areas of enemy factories, Germany's incomparable fabric of machinery remained inviolate.

The extraordinary record of her armies is not less notable than the achievement of mills and shops and arsenals, furnishing, under the sternest economic handicap, wherewithals not only for provision of national forces, but in large measure the requirements of Austria and Turkey as well.

With these cunning and competent tools, millions of the highest skilled and best organized craftsmen alive are already fighting as zealously to ransom the Republic as they once battled for royal aggrandizement.

The debt will be met.

Empires and Other Trifles

SUCH havocs as passingly scratch and bruise the earth's skin, never disturb the inexorable schedule of the little folk forever sifting and recomposing Mother Soil.

Yonder in tropic seas, master masons unaware of czars and confusions keep spreading their patient bodies over the ocean floor — steadily building new lands to cradle and nurture unborn races.

Heat and moisture and silt and clay; bone-dust and gas-stuff and trickles of oil, filtered and cooked in the laboratories of eternity, pledge you wherewithals for any enterprise.

Time, tide, fire and tool incessantly transform the surface of the world and as regularly the obscure servants of reconstruction break down cells and tissues, process carrion and rubbish, clarify it, sort and blend it and hold it in readiness for fresh generations.

To-morrow as yesterday, a weed shall suck its sap from the lymph of a king and the chiseled stone that Fame once swept with golden lips shall nudge a cobble on the highway.

The tree 'neath which young Abel pranked is now a flask of dye and all that remains of Helen's loveliness, a rose petal.

Empires and jungles alike are trivial episodes to be finally indicated by random bits of strata or traced with a microscope.

The rate of exchange and to-day's stock quotations aren't nearly so important as worry would have you think.

Evolution is conscious of no interruptions in her very definite and progressive plans.

Provide the ideas and furnish the energy to promote them and the exhaustless futures will find capital in the raw for new breakfast foods or the re-creation of Asia.

Copyright by Herbert Kaufman, June-July, 1921

The Wasted Generation

David is Confronted by the Problem—"Shall I Go to Her with a Memory Between Us?"

by

Owen Johnson

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

"I hope to God you did it because you love him," said David. "He is quite capable of killing you. I give you warning"

SERGEANT DAVID LITTLEDALE, veteran of the French Foreign Legion, was back in America on furlough. The day before as he had stood on the deck of the ship steaming into New York harbor he felt like taking off his hat "and waving it madly." To-day he was depressed. Things at home seemed out of focus. Did his America feel its responsibility, did it appreciate the meaning of what was taking place in Europe?

And there were other doubtings and wonderings in David's mind. The one woman that he had ever loved — ever could love he felt — had departed from his life after he had known her only a week. On the last day on ship Mlle. Duvernoy (Bernoline) came to him to say good-bye. She was heavily veiled as on that first day on ship board when he met her and knew intuitively that she was a woman bowed down — broken, almost — by some great sorrow. All during the voyage he had sought to break through the mask; sometimes he thought he had succeeded, only to see her retire behind a barrier of impersonality.

On that last day she had thanked him for his kindness and loyalty. "It is a memory I shall always retain of an American gentleman. Now I am going to appeal to your loyalty and chivalry. I am going to ask you never to see me again."

He saw that she was suffering and that she was conscious of the pain she was inflicting. She continued:

"*Mon ami*, I shall not disguise from you that, had I the right, your devotion would mean to me the greatest happiness in the world."

David was stunned, shocked. "Bernoline, you are right," he said, "there can be no question of friendship between us. You have done a brave thing. I wish I could do a big thing. I cannot."

"Are you going to make it harder?"

"What can I do when you ask me like that?" he said helplessly. "I promise."

It was thus that they had separated. He saw her leave the dock in a carriage, heard her murmur "God be with you." She had given her address to the driver as St. Rosa's Convent.

David went home to his family — to his father, who was ill, his mother, his sister Molly, and his brother Ben — dear old Ben who by means of a whipping, personally applied, had saved him from a worthless girl in the early days. And there was Anne Brinsmade, a boyhood sweetheart. His first meeting with her after his home-coming was at a ball, and David was not in a good humor; this show of frivolity, contrasted with the graver things that he had so recently experienced, revolted him. He was rude to her.

The most serious problem he had to meet concerned Ben — Ben who had saved David from designing hands only to fall prey to designing hands himself. For Letty, a girl with whom David had become entangled in his pre-war days in Paris, was now Ben's wife. How much did Ben know? Should David greet Letty as a stranger or as an old friend?

Ben answered the question by asking David frankly if he had not known and loved Letty. "She was in my crowd, we all loved her," David had replied.

As they were returning to the house from a walk, David saw Letty's face at a window, watching them. What must she have undergone while awaiting the meeting? David's diary continues:

WHEN we entered she was consummately at ease. She did not appear to notice us, but once I caught her glance in the mirror — watching Ben.

I went on up-stairs and there in the old play-room the tension I had been under snapped and my nerves went bad and, as I was doubled up, shivering and shaking, Molly found me. It must have frightened her out of her wits to come upon me without warning, for by the time the spell was over she was in my arms weeping her heart out.

"Oh, Davy — you aren't going back — like that."

"Nonsense! It's almost over — only — once in a while when something excites me."

"You've been talking to Ben," she said, straightening up. "Davy, I don't like her. And, what's more — Ben isn't happy!"

What could I say? I couldn't look into my dear little sister's clear eyes and counsel her to accept Letty with an open heart . . .

I went back presently and joined the company. I knew that in public I must pay my brother's wife some attention. To avoid her would be confession. She had quite recovered and was her own malicious self again.

"Do you know, David, that you have neglected me shamefully?" she said, aloud. "You were more gallant in Paris."

I made some lame excuse — I do not remember what I muttered and, avoiding any intimacy, turned the conversation to common acquaintances. I cannot remember a more hideously disagreeable hour in all my life. Not that there was left any flicker of the old infatuation. The image of Bernoline had cleansed me of the old fever. I looked at Letty and wondered that I could meet her eyes without a tremor. She felt this, I know, and did not like the sensation for, despite the danger of the situation, her voice at times took on the old caressing tone and her eyes sparkled with the desire of enticing. Our conversation was necessarily banal in the presence of others. It was not until they started to go that I found myself alone with her.

"I hope to God you did it because you love him," I said, without premeditation.

"And if there was any other reason, Davy?" she said, softly.

"He is quite capable of killing you. I give you a solemn warning."

Her fur slipped to the ground and, as I recovered it, she said, aloud:

"Thank you, my brother-in-law, and you will be sociable, and run over?"

Ben had come up as we were speaking but her quick ear had detected his approach.

The interview has left me quite in the dark. Why has she done it? Is she in love with Ben? Is there any change in the inner woman? Can she be held wholly and loyally by a man with whom she cannot trifle — before whom she is genuinely afraid? Was it the dramatic revenge that tempted her? Or was it just the

instinct of social self-preservation — the fetich of the great god, respectability — which dominates all such women? For, protest as they may, no matter how they rage against conventionalities — flout them openly or secretly — in the heart of each lawless woman, whether her situation be sheltered or ruthlessly exposed, is the slumbering veneration of the thing called respectability. Once past the thirties, it becomes an obsession. Perhaps, after all, it was the safe haven of respectability that Letty sought, at the end of a few adventurous years. Perhaps it was a combination of all these motives. But, of one thing I am certain — Letty is afraid of her husband . . .

December.

My first Sunday has come and gone. All day I have been looking at myself and at my home with a new revelation of values. Strangely enough, I never before perceived its significance. France and another civilization has suddenly thrown it into a clearer relief, and all the while the words of Bernoline return to my memory. What a contrast!

At eleven o'clock we departed to Sunday worship; Ben and my mother to the Unitarian Church; Aunt Janie to the Congregational, with father; and Molly and myself to a Presbyterian service, accompanied by the servants. No scene is more typical of what we are — a group of individualists bound together by mutual tolerance. Are we a home, I wonder, or simply a shelter over a group of lodgers for this night or for many nights? Of course, it is not fair to take us as typical of America. Yet we are typical of one thing, a developed type of traditional New England. This morning, as I sat in the old pew, with Molly by my side, I thought with a little tightening of my heart that even in the coming days of suspense when I shall be back at the front my family will not be united in its sorrow.

THE WHOLE contrast between our two civilizations, French and American, is here — the family. Thinking on this to-night, I understand Bernoline better. The sense of duty that dominates her life and makes sacrifice so easily possible is the sense of family solidarity. Love of the mother, respect for the authority of the father, companionship with the children — it is a France in miniature, and that greater love of country is but a tradition of family pride.

I do not think we have this strongly disciplined sense of duty nor this unquestioning acceptance of sacrifice. How often children are but accidents and sometimes strangers under the same roof. In my own case — what is my father to me? Do I know him as well as I know the boy I roomed with at school, I wonder? There is hardly an opinion we share or an outlook on life which we could understand together. He has hardly ever really discussed anything with me, as though instinctively he divined I would take an opposite view.

I don't say what should be. Yet to-night, perhaps because the sense of loss of a dear and necessary presence accents my own loneliness, I can visualize another type of home — the home of Bernoline — and wonder . . . After all, there is something that touches my heartstrings in the thought of the generations succeeding each other, standing for the same ideal of conduct, the same loyalty to a conception of state and faith, passing down the same standard from father to son and guarding it in reverence. Governments change as one changes his hat, waves of paganism, materialism and doubt come, and pass, but so long as the family faith is untouched France will be found equal to its past. Order, stability, discipline — the sunken cornerstones of the national consciousness are all in this conception, and I think to understand this is to understand why there was no miracle in France's answer in the month of August, 1914.

Yet, I have no doubt now of America's answer when the call is clear; only we will respond from different motives. If the sense of duty is not developed here by old traditions, there is a man's pride in doing what free men should do. It will be a great voluntary impulse — something that has come down to us from our strong free, battling ancestors of Jutland — of those who sang of heroic deaths and defied the tempest and the perils of the forest, who never bowed to king or conqueror — the fierce disdainful strain of Saxon manhood. I am not afraid of this heritage when stirred by the test of war — but in peace . . .

What is the basic impulse, then, that moves through our Anglo-Saxon civilization? It is the relation between man and woman, and this conception of love as heroic is of the origins of our race. Christianity did not exalt women. In the days of the Berserkers and the sea-rovers, man and woman clove together in partnership and kept their faith. So, to-day, the children in the house are but waiting the touch of destiny, free agents, held by no family tradition, impatient for life to open to them. Under all the sentimentalism of our literature and art, there is this abiding instinct, the need of love that shall come as a directing purpose. Each child, in the imagination of boy or girl, holds as his right to give his heart where it pleases him, no matter what the wrench or what the sacrifice, as the beginning and the meaning of life. In this instinct to determine our own existence as children in our father's house, we remain fierce and rebellious, as our Saxon heroes who served but feared neither their gods nor their masters. We do not inherit our homes: we create them.

"Of course, I did not expect that in all this time you wouldn't have fallen in love," said Anne, as she turned suddenly and started up the ravine. David hurried after her, seriously alarmed at her reckless flight

MY LITTLE sister, who hangs on my arm and comes to me with her confidences, knows deep in her heart that this is not her home. To-morrow she will look in the eyes of some stranger and, despite all our entreaties, pleadings, warnings, put her hand in his and follow him into the outer world. No wonder that we have colonized the earth, when each of us has in him the soul of the pioneer. And now that I have written this, I think I understand why I cannot do what would be so easy for a Latin to do. Marriage to us is not a formula, but a need of our hidden spiritual self, the meaning of our existence. No — I can never turn to Anne, even in the instinct of self-preservation, with a divided memory!

Everything separates me from Bernoline. In our basic conceptions of life — she in her clear outlook of faith, and I in my driven questionings — she in her unquestioned acceptance of duty, I in my rebellion against aught which means the immolation of self on the altar of convention; we are as distant as though she stood at the threshold of a hundred years and I at the close. A civilization and an age intervene between us. Yet, why, knowing this, despite instinct and will, have we been powerless to turn away? Is it, I wonder, because the thing is so utterly hopeless, forbidden, destructive, that the instinct of Eden draws us irresistibly to our destiny?

Yesterday I read in Maeterlinck's "Life of The Bee" that strange and terrible chapter of the Nuptial flight which, in its fearful mystery of love and death, reveals to us the mysterious origin in nature's purpose of our human seeking. How little we foresee in the first quickening ecstasy of our beings the destiny of tragedy toward which we move. How little, in that one clear, untroubled afternoon, when all the beating frenzy in me grew still and peaceful with the knowledge that I was loved, did I divine that the rapture which held me was but the prelude to life denied and a happiness remembered. Mystery of good and evil! How often this puzzling thought returns like a cloud across the vista of my life!

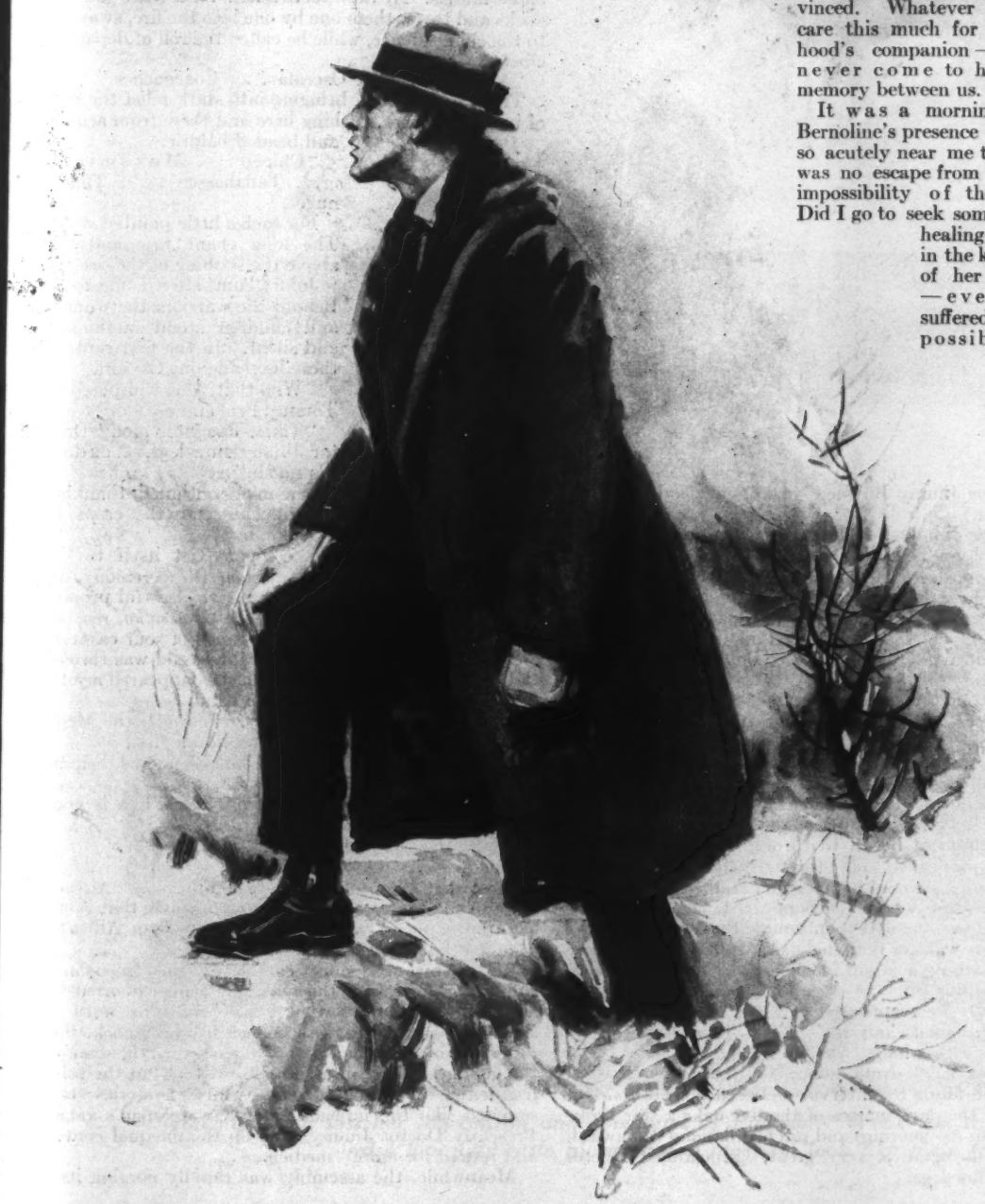
The thing I cannot struggle against is silence — this blank wall of silence that I cannot seize and yet which fastens about me and shuts out all hope. If I could but see her, talk to her, write to her! But between that and nothingness is my promise. Yesterday, in my loneliness and rebellion I wrote her — a wild, incoherent letter, imploring her to release me from a promise beyond my strength to keep. I sealed it and addressed

it — refusing to listen to anything but the fever and the revolt that burned through every fiber of my being. I rushed out of the house and down to the village, with only one thought — to end the suspense, to be done with my conscience by an irrevocable act. And then I came back, slowly, with lagging steps, beaten, the letter destroyed. Why? Because, in all the checkered path of my life, there is one memory inviolate. No matter what I have done, and bitterly regretted, no matter what I may come to in some middle-aged sophistry — I once have reached an ideal of myself. The ideal that she, Bernoline, created of me is a heritage that cannot be touched. Whatever in its tyranny this memory demands of me, I shall in the end obey . . .

MY MOTHER is away for a few days, attending a conference in New York. I have spent the afternoon down at the village, astride a keg of nails in Kittredge's grocery, puffing at my pipe, questioned and questioning. And as this is my America, that I wish so passionately to believe in, I shall try to set down my first impressions. The crowd gravitates about the stove, dividing according to three generations. Two or three venerables, with privileges of the heat, arrive at one and depart at five. They rarely volunteer an opinion but, sitting with their hands out to the stove, their heads a little inclined, their eyes follow the lips of the speaker, and they wag solemnly at the arguments. If they interject themselves into a discussion it is in monosyllables, to correct a date, to register a laconic approval or dissent, giving back echoes like the whitened ruts themselves. The present has passed them by, the pace confuses them — they have a certain look of blank incomprehension. One, though, is quite a character — Uncle Ted Skinner — and when he is present there is always a battle of wits. Once, as he was toddling along, young Higgins saluted him.

"Hi, there, Uncle Ted, ye don't seem to be goin' as fast as ye used to."

"Mebbe, young feller, it's because I ain't so fur to go."



I remember an incident in my boyhood. A little Airedale bitch called Fraggles had become so wild that at a conference of the powers we had decided on sending her away to a veterinary. The sentence was duly carried out, and Fraggles departed in the last days of autumn, while we children howled our grief in the nursery. The next we heard of her, she had escaped and taken to the woods some twenty miles away, where she was living like a wild animal. The winter passed and then the spring, and one day Fraggles came, scratching at the door, weary, savage, and caked with mud. The door opened, she flew to her old post under the blue sofa by the fireplace. Six months had passed — outcast from home and humanity, yet, at the hour when the tea-cakes were brought in, she crept out of her hiding place and lay at the feet of Aunt Janie just as though it were only yesterday.

At times I feel strangely akin to that little bedraggled outcast. I have fallen back so easily into the familiar routine that all the other life seems incredible. Have I ever really lived in the wet and slime of the trenches, pillowed on a foul blanket, and is it possible that in a few short weeks the moving finger of fate will return and touch me again? It is so far off, so obscure, fainter than a dying echo — only the memory of Bernoline is vivid and acute with the power to pain.

Against this memory I struggle day and night. There are times when I combat it fiercely in the instinct of self-preservation — when I try to reach down into my heart and tear out the thing that aches. At others, I yield to a fool's paradise and delude myself with impossible solutions that deceive me but for an hour.

Yesterday, in my desperation, I went over to the Brinsmades'. I went, deliberately, to see Anne. Why, I do not know. For Anne, I think, loves me, and, despite all my reason, all my will to escape from my destiny, I do not, I cannot love her as she deserves to be loved. Perhaps, if I had not met Bernoline . . .

I went, hesitating and undecided. I came away convinced. Whatever comes, I care this much for my boyhood's companion — I shall never come to her with a memory between us.

It was a morning when Bernoline's presence had been so acutely near me that there was no escape from the blank impossibility of the future. Did I go to seek some strange healing comfort in the knowledge of her suffering — even as I suffered without possibility of hope? The instinct of love is, I suppose, so fiercely primitive in us that under its tyranny we are subjected to some moral atavism. All the primitive passions that have swayed us from the dawn of time are suddenly let loose and, with the leaping impulse toward possession, comes the instinct to hate violently or to desire slavishly — the joy that comes from the feeling of being able to cause pain, to turn against another all that we suffer from the one we love. Girl or courtesan, I have seen women pour out treasures of sacrifice to one man and at the same time act savagely, incomprehensibly pitiless to an unwelcome lover.

Not that all this was in my thought. Far from it. I went, brooding and restless, without impulse but to escape from myself. I drove over that afternoon, after telephoning my coming.

My first glance as she came toward me gave me a guilty feeling, yet one of some compensating happiness.

"There's a house-party, but I got rid of them," she said, giving me both her hands. "Do you know, Davy, you have waited a long time to come."

"I have wanted to, many times."

"Really, and honestly?" she said, looking me very seriously in the eyes.

"Of course."

My heart smote me as I met her glance. One word from me had brought back the comrade of other days, from her hair to the stout walking boots. All the artifice had been so evidently offered up on the altar of my criticism that I could not help saying:

"Now I remember an old friend."

She laughed at this and her eyes sparkled but there was a retort on her tongue.

"It's quite hopeless to try and please you — and I who fondly believed I was going to make such an impression on you with my grand manner!"

"Now, Miss Flattery, you don't take me in like that. There were others present, and — you didn't know I was coming."

"Father told me," she said, abruptly. "Let's get out of this hothouse atmosphere. How about a ramble into the glen, there's not much snow. Shall we?"

"Agreed."

Well bundled up, we struck out over the frozen swamps for the solitude of the hills and as we went a curious diffidence fell between us.

"David, it's you who are the stranger," she said, suddenly. "You are changed — very much changed."

"In what way?"

"Your eyes are terribly critical of things you don't like. You — you rather intimidate me. Please be a little kind in your judgments."

"I am not aware — "

"Yes, you have changed. Before, I often wondered how you would turn out — you might have gone so many ways. You have been tested and you have found yourself. Only, Davy, in finding yourself, I think you have forgotten a little the way you have gone and are apt to be without much indulgence toward others."

Now, the directness of this analysis and its point quite startled me.

"DO YOU think I am like that?" I said, wondering.

She nodded decisively, twice.

"And dreadfully direct. You can't conceal what you feel."

A memory returned, and, also, a possible explanation.

"What I said that first night hurt you?"

"Terribly."

"You attach too much importance to a chance remark."

"Don't."

I stopped short in my lumbering explanation.

"Don't talk to me like that," she said, looking at me with a little frown above her eyes. "Davy, in the old days there was nothing but absolute honesty between us, no nonsense. I have known many men since you went, naturally, some who attracted me — one or two, very much . . . "

"Naturally," I said, but, to my surprise, with a certain instinctive resentment.

"But no one else to whom I could talk, frankly and openly, as I always did with you. Don't change that, because — " she hesitated, " — because, Davy, you can help me to see clearer in many ways, and — and I shall always be to you the one person to whom you can tell anything. Davy, memories, the real memories, I think, are the things to hold on to in this world."

Her words went through me like a knife — so near were they to my own fate. It was all that I could do to fight back the tell-tale moodiness I felt rising in my face, for I knew her eyes were on me.

"I really need to talk to you, Davy," she said, as I did not answer, and there was such a plaintive note in her voice that, to cover my unease, I held out my hand and said with an appearance of bluffness:

"All right; the old alliance is renewed."

"Absolute honesty?"

[*Continued on page 58*]

A Love Problem that is Solved by the Doctrine of "Self-Determination"

A Matter of Medicine

by

Robert Husted Chambers

Illustrations by J. C. Shepherd

John Tom rose to his full height, six magnificent barbaric feet of Seminole. "Me big chief," he asserted arrogantly

"Ah-h-h!" sighed the crowd in awestruck unison. The medicine-man squatted on his hams and rested on his laurels. He drew forth a handful of little painted sticks and threw them one by one into the fire, swaying to the elfin cadence, while he called the roll of departed chiefs.

"Miccanopee . . . Osceola . . . Coacoochee."

The fire blazed up, bringing into stark relief the row of impassive faces, flashing here and there from armlet and beaded baldric.

"Chipco . . . Moxomicco . . . Tallahassee . . . Tustenugee."

For each a little painted stick. The long chant rose and fell above the sobbing of the drums.

John Tom stirred uneasily. Behind the warriors the women and children stood motionless and silent. In the first rank of these he made out the girl.

"Who that?" he whispered to Tommy Broken-nose.

"Tana, daughter along Doctor Jimmy Bow-legs. You talk too much."

The voice of the Medicine-man continued, thanking Hisakitamisi, the great spirit who sends the crops to satisfy the hunger of his children.

When he finished, the company set itself to the serious business of eating. Soon the ceremony degenerated into a gastronomic contest of awful proportions. Women brought fresh kettles of *sofka*, roasted game, dried fish, melons, and mounds of sour cassava-bread and palmetto-cabbage. More wood was thrown on the fire, bottles of blockade whiskey appeared mysteriously and passed from hand to hand.

John Tom ate with the others. Presently the Medicine-man came over and sat down beside him.

"Me hear you kill 'em tiger," he hiccoughed, helping himself to a section of alligator-tail.

"The medicine of Doctor Jimmy Bow-legs is good *ojus*," replied the other diplomatically.

"Some day you be big chief."

"Yes, sure," said John Tom.

The prophet regarded him in silent approval. Already in his drink-sodden brain plans were forming that would have both pleased and gratified John Tom Alligator if he had known them.

Before they were fully completed, the "medicine" got in its effect, and the maker of magic pointed his nose skyward and yowled like a tree-lynx until he awoke a real wild-cat in the near-by hummock, that raised its voice in sympathy. Somewhere in the shadows the goblin-laughter of a screech-owl took up the echo, frightening a whooping-crane into hysterics that sounded like the unwinding of a watchman's rattle. Presently Doctor Jimmy gave up the unequal contest and retired for more "medicine."

Meanwhile, the assembly was rapidly gorging itself

IT WAS the night of the Shot-caytaw, the Dance of Green Corn, and Yellow Tiger's band of Okechobee Seminoles celebrated, as their ancestors had done, the ancient custom, handed down from Creek and Choctaw in the days before the belts that bound the Great Confederacy were broken and the ashes of its council-fire scattered to the four winds.

John Tom Alligator squatted in the Hunters' Circle with both hands in a kettle of *sofka*, eating much and boasting between mouthfuls,

"Tiger, me kill 'em. Me big chief *ojus* — "

"Huh," grunted Billy Osceola, bolting the last remnants of a fox-squirrel and wiping his fingers on the hem of his soiled kilt.

"Tiger big *ojus*, me kill 'em," repeated John Tom loudly.

His remark was addressed to the assembly in general, but primarily intended to impress a girl who hovered shyly about the edge of the fire-circle which she dared not enter. As her eyes rested on John Tom, he began to expand, and become loquacious.

Since killing the panther, "tiger" in the local vernacular, he had become convinced that he was a person of considerable importance. Now was his opportunity to bring everyone else, especially the girl, to the same opinion.

A cross-eyed quarter-breed on his right sneered openly.

"Wild-cat, you kill 'em. Wyomee *ojus*, you drink 'em. Think little wild-cat big tiger then."

John Tom thought he heard a suppressed giggle from the shadows. He glared at the quarter-breed while he tried to think of some crushing rejoinder.

Billy Osceola came to the rescue.

"Doctor Jimmy Bow-legs make 'em good medicine along you."

"Doctor Jimmy Bow-legs' medicine, not need 'em," returned John Tom arrogantly. Because he could not strut sitting down, he rose to his full height, six magnificent barbaric feet of Seminole, in kilt and gaudy turban crested with heron-feathers.

"Me big chief," he asserted in a manner which plainly added: "And I dare anybody here to deny it."

THIS time the giggle was unmistakable. John Tom mistook it for one of admiration, and swaggered still more.

Billy Osceola plucked him by the fringe of his ceremonial belt.

"All sit down," he whispered. "Doctor Jimmy make medicine."

A witch-drum began to throb. An almost imperceptible movement ran through the circle as the prophet rose, covered his face and stalked majestically toward his hut, where he disappeared.

No one saw the little pantomime that took place beyond those walls of thatched palmetto. Doctor Jimmy was unearthing a jug of blockade whiskey and smiling quietly to himself.

Presently he reappeared declaring that the "medicine" was good, and the circle settled back on its haunches with a long "Ah!" of relief.

Another witch-drum joined the first, then a third broke out, filling the intervals between their beats.

Above the dark masses of the live-oaks a star broke loose from its moorings and pitched flaming earthward.

"My medicine is very great," proclaimed Doctor Jimmy Bow-legs.

into a state of quiescence. One by one the plumed and turbanned heads fell forward. The infernal throbbing of the witch-drums ceased. In the center of the fire, built in the form of a wheel, charred ends at the hub, half-devoured morsels of food and the dried entrails of garpike scorched and sizzled. The women and children slipped away without a sound. The bucks sprawled where they chose, snoring in chorus and out of harmony, all save the quarter-breed, who was still eating. John Tom slept quietly, with his head in the *sofka* kettle.

Presently the dawn began to touch the tops of the palmettos with gold and the long draperies of Spanish moss with silver, and gorgeous butterflies came out and chased each other through the sunlight.

It was the sensation of something crawling over his face that awakened him. He sneezed and opened his eyes in time to see an enormous lizard whisk into the palmettos with a flourish of sky-blue tail.

For several minutes he lay motionless, still torpid from over-stuffing, unable to collect his scattered thoughts, inwardly resisting a violent inclination to be sick.

Presently he rose and began to pick his way among the débris of the feast, toward the hut of Doctor Jimmy Bow-legs.

At the door he was intercepted by a squaw, wizened and over-loaded with beads, who informed him that the Medicine-man was inaccessible, being engaged in secret communication with the Great Spirit.

As a matter of fact, he was sleeping off the effect of his debauch and his snores shook the cabin.

John Tom grunted and sat down to wait until the maker of magic should be at liberty to receive him.

The squaw withdrew. A tiny snake, gaudily ringed with black, red and ochre, crawled out and began to sun itself on the stump of a water oak. Around a sparkleberry bush a cloud of brilliant butterflies hovered until a cardinal bird darted at them like a streak of crimson, and they scattered, whirling away over the palmettos.

After a while Tana came out. As she passed she favored John Tom with a demure side-long glance. The devil of mockery lurked behind her dark eyes, perhaps something else which she did not know. Her trailing skirt brushed John Tom's moccasins but he did not look up. Only the banded elaps on the stump raised a short, venomous head above its coil and, seeing who it was, presently lowered it again.

Doctor Jimmy snored on. Properly speaking, of course he was not a doctor at all. His title was merely coincident with his occupation among a people with whom such words as "captain" and "doctor" are often part of the given name and signify neither the military nor the medical profession. He made and distributed "medicine" wholesale and retail, having learned the art from his father, who was called Alligator Doctor.

THE cardinal bird returned and fell to quarreling with its mate among the upper branches of a jack-pine. The noise aroused the maker of magic. The snores ceased; from inside the hut came the whisper of conversation, then the sound of moving household utensils. Doctor Jimmy was setting the stage to receive his visitor.

John Tom found him clothed and in a bad humor, squatting on a pile of palmetto fronds and rocking from side to side, while he intoned a monotonous chant.

He was making a devil-rattle, by dropping dried beans into an empty turtle shell bound with fibres.

"Great Spirit, tell me you here," said Doctor Jimmy.

"What you want?"

John Tom stood twisting his turban between his fingers, uneasy in the presence of so great a power.

"Big medicine, me want 'em," he said at last.

"Me make 'em," replied the other.

"Big medicine *ojus?*" doubtfully.

"What kind you want?"

"Hunter's medicine."

John Tom continued to mutilate his turban. Presently he asked:

"Doctor Jimmy big medicine-man *ojus?*"

"Yes, sure."

The turban was quite out of shape by this time. Its owner said:

"Squaw me think maybeso get 'em. Doctor Jimmy make medicine along that too?"

The maker of magic regarded him narrowly. He had plans of his own in which John Tom figured. Times were bad for honest sorcerers. To Immokalee, where his people went to barter their otter pelts, had come a white man who buttoned his collar behind and who had talked much to Doctor Jimmy's detriment. At home the younger bucks were already openly sceptical, and many had taken their trade to an upstart magician named Buster Wild-cat.

Doctor Jimmy was getting old. He was unwilling, perhaps unable, to support himself, and he looked about for a son-in-law. John Tom was his choice.

Outwardly unperturbed he began to fit a handle to his rattle. Presently he asked:

"Who you want?"

"Tana."

Doctor Jimmy drew a fibre through his mouth to moisten it.

"Can do," he said.

John Tom drew a long breath. The sorcerer went on.

"You not know everything along Tana. Bimeby ten moons ago, along mission-school me send 'em. Bad *ojus*. Bimeby she come back. Talk *ojus*, all same cat-squirrel she make 'em."

He took another mouthful of fibre and thought deeply. Then he added in purest Seminole:

"*Estahatkee holowagus loxee ojus.*"

John Tom nodded, agreeing that white men were no

Suddenly Tana lost her self-control and command of English. "What you tink? Tink me be squaw along you? Bimeby raise lots ugly little pickaninnies, maybeso look like their father! Ugh! Me not like"

good and that they lied too much. But his thoughts were on Tana.

"What she say?"

"Me not know. Talk along — " the Medicine-man paused and knitted his brows — "along *self-determination*."

"What that mean?"

"Mean she do what damn please."

"Ugh!" said John Tom. "All squaw do."

Outside, the cardinal birds had stopped quarreling. Doctor Jimmy rose and limped over to the door. As he opened it a flood of sunshine swept the cabin.

"You *hiepus* along Tana," he said. "Talk *ojus* you make 'em."

"You think bimeby all come good *ojus?*"

"Me know," replied the other.

So John Tom passed out into the sunlight while, in the crotch of a jack-pine overhead, the cardinal birds worked feverishly to finish their nest before the rainy season. To and fro they darted, and Doctor Jimmy watched them in silence for a little while, knowing that it is the nature of wild things to mate in the forest.

Then he sighed and went in to finish his rattle.

IN his own hut John Tom had begun to preen himself, standing first on one leg and then on the other, like a blue heron on a mud-flat. From time to time he gazed into a tarnished mirror above the doorway.

From a corner he disinterred his most cherished ornament, a nickel disc that had once been the bell of somebody's alarm-clock. Concluding that it needed polishing, he removed one of the dozen handkerchiefs about his neck and set to work.

The medicine arrived, contained in an empty cartridge case. The squaw who brought it demanded ten dollars, an unheard-of price, which he paid without protest.

When she had gone he hung the disc about his neck and stood for several minutes before the glass, lost in admiration. Then he swaggered out, looking for Tana, confident in himself and his medicine.

He found her by the river, up to her knees in mud, industriously bailing the paternal dugout.

"She purty *ojus*," was his first thought, as he sauntered up and struck an attitude against a water-oak. Presently he said aloud:

"Me big chief."

Tana went on bailing.

John Tom touched the cartridge-case in his belt and took a deep breath.

"Me big chief. Tiger me kill 'em, deer me kill 'em, money me make 'em. Bimeby me think maybeso squaw get 'em. What you think?"

The bailing-tin fell with a splash. John Tom held his breath and clutched his medicine. For a long time neither spoke; then the girl said quietly:

"I had not expected this. You see I never even thought of you that way, John Tom."

"Me know."

A scorpion fell from a cluster of Spanish moss above his head, and he crushed it instinctively. He made no sign of pain as the creature twisted and struck twice at his ankle. Perhaps he felt none.

Tana was speaking again.

"I shall never marry one of my own people; among the whites I would not marry even if I could. Sometimes I think the schools are bad for us children of the forest. They teach us to want so many things that we can never have."

"What that?"

"The great adventures of life. Independence, self-expression, self-determination."

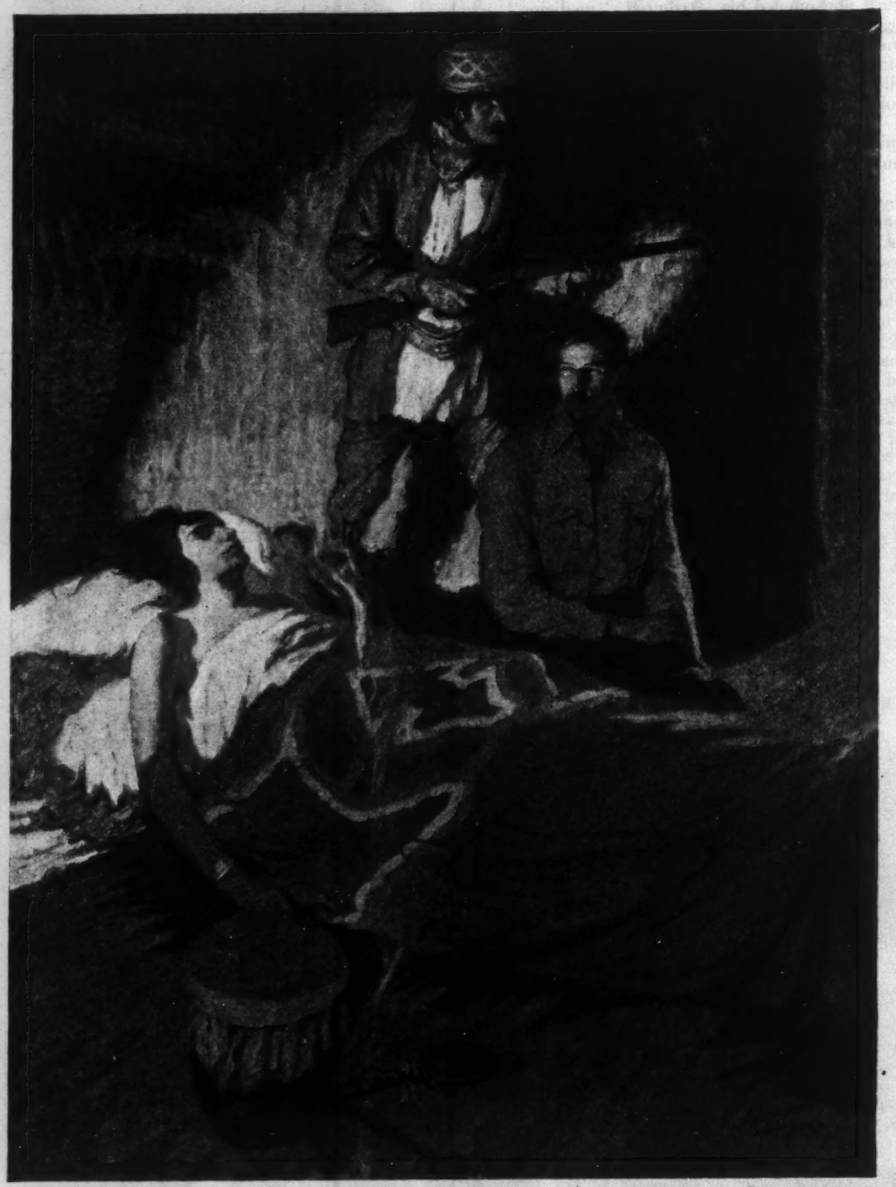
She was not looking at him now, but beyond, where the pale saw-grass rippled out to the horizon, seeing perhaps a vision that he could not, and knowing what he would never understand.

"The white man has done us nothing but harm. He brought his soldiers and took away our land, he brought fire-water and took away our reason, now he brings us books and takes away our happiness."

There was another interval of silence. Under John Tom's foot the scorpion squirmed, struck again and died. His face was a mask, only in his eyes strange lights flickered, perhaps the fever-fires that were already coursing through his blood.

"Me be good along you," he muttered.

"I know, but—well, it just isn't possible."



All night John Tom kept guard while the doctor fought with Death for the slim girl on the couch who raved and called her lover's name

"Maybeso me have littly bit chance?"

Tana shook her head. Then, guessing how she had hurt him, stepped forward and laid her hand on his arm. Somehow she did not like to hurt this man.

"I'm sorry," she faltered. "For—for both of us."

"Tana!"

She could have escaped then, if she had wished; instead she clung to him, looking up into his face, wondering what she would do if he kissed her. Then, when he did not, her anger blazed up suddenly. Simultaneously she lost her self-control and command of English.

"What you tink? Tink me be squaw along you? Cook food, make moccasins; bimeby raise lots ugly little pickaninnies, maybeso look like their father? Ugh! Me not like. *Holowagus* you *hiepus*."

His face betrayed no sign, even the eyes were blank and lifeless.

"Maybeso me think too much," he said dully.

For a long time he looked at her in silence, then turned and walked away, kilt swinging, crested head erect. In front of him a plover flushed and went twisting out over the saw-grass.

If he had looked back he would have seen a strange thing. For Tana had slipped to her knees at the foot of the water-oak and was sobbing quietly, her face pressed tight against the shaggy bark.

At the outskirts of the camp he came on Billy Osceola talking to a plump, dark-skinned girl, pretty if judged by Seminole standards, and not unattractive according to Anglo-Saxon ones. It seemed to him that the pair had moved a little farther apart as he approached. He stopped for an instant and tried to converse. Billy Osceola was polite but far from cordial, and he passed on toward his own hut, thinking.

An hour later Billy appeared and squatted silently in the doorway. John Tom, engaged in turning over a pile of traps in the corner, acknowledged his presence by a grunt.

Suddenly his friend burst out:

"What you think! Me get married *ojus* along Martha Tiger."

John Tom selected four traps and threw them aside.

"Me glad," he said simply.

"Good medicine you got 'em."

"Doctor Jimmy make good medicine along you?" inquired Tommy Osceola.

John Tom ripped the top from a box of cartridges and began to fill his belt.

"Doctor Jimmy his medicine, along hell can take 'em," he growled. "Big belly-sick me got 'em."

But the pain was not in his stomach, nor could it be cured by any medicine of Doctor Jimmy's.

"White man doctor by Immokalee now. Many say he good *ojus*."

"No want 'em," said John Tom briefly. He took his Winchester from the wall and tested the action.

"What you do?" inquired his friend.

"Me hunt."

"Big Cypress?"

The other nodded.

"ME *hiepus* along Chokoloskee. Big time *ojus* me have 'em. Take Martha Tiger along with," grinned the infatuated Billy.

"Me hunt."

John Tom continued his preparations. Billy Osceola began to dig a hole in the floor with his bare toes. Presently he struck coquina and desisted.

"You see Tana?" he inquired, looking up.

"Me not good enough," muttered John Tom, beginning to unroll his blankets.

Billy Osceola sprang to his feet with a sudden cat-like movement, and laid his hand on his friend's shoulder with earnest impulsiveness.

"No man good enough for woman he marry. Maybeso she marry him anyway. He not know why. You think bimeby long time. See then."

"Me think too much already. Go soon."

The pressure of the fingers on John Tom's shoulder increased imperceptibly. An Indian is seldom demonstrative, but when his friend spoke again there was a new note in his voice.

"Time go. Some day you know."

But John Tom only shrugged his shoulders.

That night he went away, poling up the pale mud-clouded Caloosahatchee with his traps, his Winchester and his thoughts.

Meanwhile the nest in the jack-pine progressed, and the crimson cardinal flashed about it like a living ruby.

For three months hard luck had followed him, sniffing like a gaunt-ribbed hound [*Continued on page 55*]

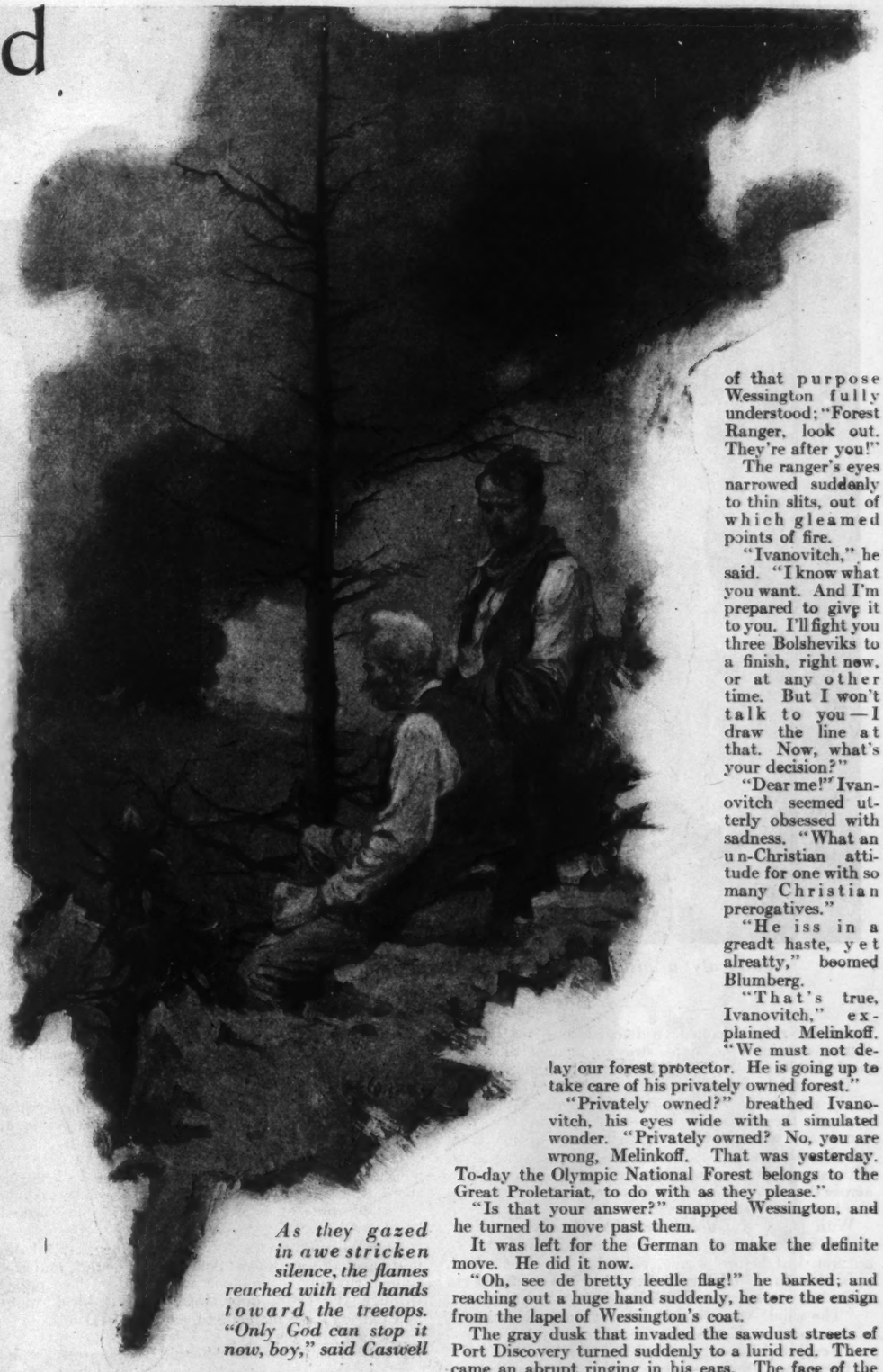
The Wind in the South

America in the Making, with Cross Currents of Love, Intrigue, Adventure

by

Edgar Lloyd Hampton

Illustrations by Lee Conrey



As they gazed in awe stricken silence, the flames reached with red hands toward the treetops. "Only God can stop it now, boy," said Caswell

WESSINGTON turned and hurried, he scarcely knew why, back across the deserted sawdust streets, through the gathering dusk, toward the trail that led to the ranger station. His brain was in a whirl; fear clutched at the very roots of his being; a feeling of utter helplessness possessed him.

For the welfare of the Olympic National Forest had passed suddenly beyond his control, into the hands of fate, or chance, misfortune, or what you will. Against the whim of this newly-risen force, the hand of man would be utterly powerless.

So he hurried breathlessly on. And hurrying thus, at the corner of the Last Chance Restaurant, he bumped, without warning, into a group of men coming along the street, and started back, staring at them vacantly.

There were three of them. They turned out to be Ivanovitch, Blumberg and Melinkoff. They paused, when they observed him, spread themselves out across his path, as if they had some ulterior purpose in view.

The ranger's mind caught a flash-light picture of the scene: the three men as they stood there for the moment, facing him; their truculent attitude; the gleaming of their eyeballs; the pallid expression on their faces — an expression of hate and gloating triumph; the red flags in the lapel of their coats. A woman came out suddenly, and stood in the open doorway of the Last Chance Restaurant, gazing out at them as they stood confronting each other there under the dim electric lights. In her darkly luminous eyes there was a strained look — a look of fear, wonder, expectancy; as if she understood. Pinned to the lapel of her coat, was a red flag.

Wessington moved to pass on, and observed Ivanovitch still blocking his path.

"You appear in a great haste this evening, my friend." The Russian smiled confidently.

"I am not your friend," snapped Wessington. "But I am in a hurry. You're standing in my way, Ivanovitch."

Ivanovitch, however, did not move.

"Quite a little breeze blowing, to-night," he continued, still with his smirking smile. "Rather disconcerting to the forest service — is it not?"

Wessington's voice grew suddenly sharp and cold, his manner supernaturally calm. Shrewder minds than these might have scented approaching danger.

"Is there anything you want of me, in particular, Ivanovitch?" he asked, patiently. "If not, then stand out of my way. I'm not walking around people to-night — at least not people of your sort."

"How rude we are!" moaned Melinkoff, with simulated grief. "Not willing to stop, even for a moment, to visit with old and trusted friends."

"One should not strain oneself, in troublous times like these," murmured Ivanovitch, fatuously. "God takes care of his chosen — fools, forest rangers, little children and capitalists alike."

Wessington caught his breath sharply and clenched his fists in an effort at self-control. They were badgering him; leading him on, striving to stir him to some act of violence, so that they might gain an advantage. And with a definite purpose in view. The nature of that purpose Wessington fully understood; "Forest Ranger, look out. They're after you!"

The ranger's eyes narrowed suddenly to thin slits, out of which gleamed points of fire.

"Ivanovitch," he said. "I know what you want. And I'm prepared to give it to you. I'll fight you three Bolsheviks to a finish, right now, or at any other time. But I won't talk to you — I draw the line at that. Now, what's your decision?"

"Dear me!" Ivanovitch seemed utterly obsessed with sadness. "What an un-Christian attitude for one with so many Christian prerogatives."

"He iss in a greadt haste, yet alreatty," boomed Blumberg.

"That's true, Ivanovitch," explained Melinkoff. "We must not delay our forest protector. He is going up to take care of his privately owned forest."

"Privately owned?" breathed Ivanovitch, his eyes wide with a simulated wonder. "Privately owned? No, you are wrong, Melinkoff. That was yesterday. To-day the Olympic National Forest belongs to the Great Proletariat, to do with as they please."

"Is that your answer?" snapped Wessington, and he turned to move past them.

It was left for the German to make the definite move. He did it now.

"Oh, see de bretty leedle flag!" he barked; and reaching out a huge hand suddenly, he tore the ensign from the lapel of Wessington's coat.

The gray dusk that invaded the sawdust streets of Port Discovery turned suddenly to a lurid red. There came an abrupt ringing in his ears. The face of the girl in the doorway of the Last Chance Restaurant went suddenly white as death.

Blumberg was struggling to his feet. He had gone down three times. His face was streaming blood.

The ranger pressed an automatic suddenly against the German's ribs:

"Blumberg," he said, "you're closer to the Great Beyond than you ever were before. That was the wrong flag. Pick it up, and put it back where you got it — but kiss it first. And don't be slow about it, or your new dawn will arrive before you finish!"

And Blumberg meekly did as he was bid.

Thus the thing ended, like a lurid situation in a yet more lurid drama. They turned and walked sullenly on down the thoroughfare. Wessington passed in haste on toward the trail that led to the lower ranger station. Once more the street of the mill town lay empty, the night devoid of human sound or presence. There was a single exception: the figure of a woman in the doorway of the Last Chance Restaurant! She

Suddenly a pistol was thrust into Wessington's hand and Katherine's voice spoke, just behind his shoulder: "Take it and kill him," she said. "He tried to kill you"

stood, or rather leaned, wide-eyed and motionless, staring out into the night, swaying against the door-jamb, holding on to it with tense, white fingers!

The wind had risen, now, to a half gale, blowing in glibly across the Strait from the North. Whistling through the dead grass, purring among the tiny spruce and alder, whirling up vast clouds of dust from the drouth-stricken earth, it pushed its vanguards, with an ever-increasing roar like an invading army, across the interval and up the mountain slopes through the tops of the tall timber.

With it, as it passed, went Wessington — falling, and rising again, yet ever tumbling onward like an autumn leaf before a gale, chilled to a silent dread, palsied with a medley of thoughts that refused to articulate — to arrive finally at the ranger cabin.

"The wind!" breathed Oakley, in an awed voice, as of one speaking in the presence of tragedy.

"Yes," said Wessington — "the wind!"

They stood staring at each other, white-faced, there in the gathering darkness, listening to the elements as they rose in a continually wilder orgy of sound.

"God! But the forest's as dry as tinder," said Oakley. . . . "Here; I found this pinned to the door when I came in."

Wessington took the missive and glanced at it:

"*Mr. Wessington. Don't go into the woods alone. They're after you!*"

He crumpled the note suddenly in a clenched fist and threw it from him.

"To hell with them all!" he said, disconnectedly. "It's God and the elements, now. . . . Is everything in shape, Oakley?"

"Yes; everything in shape," echoed Oakley.

Far into the night the great forest sighed and moaned above the ranger cabin, rocking itself back and forth, sobbing in a hundred wailing voices through the fir tops, whistling in shrill gusts through the elders, rising now and again to a shriek, in the roar of falling trees, the crash of dead limbs loosened by the gale. The vast Olympic Peninsula seemed filled with an endless lamentation, like a woman who has lost her first born and will not be comforted.

It came at three o'clock in the morning. Wessington, still clothed, had crumpled down upon his cot in an effort to steal an hour of sleep.

He awakened from a momentary lapse into unconsciousness; Oakley had stumbled over a chair in the darkness, and sprawled headlong across the couch.

"Light out over Port Discovery!" he barked. "Get up!"

But Wessington was already up; he had hit the middle of the puncheon floor with a bound, and continued running. Shoulder to shoulder they passed through the cabin door, into the blue-black night, and paused for a moment to get their bearings.

"DOWN to the Lookout!" said Wessington, groping in the darkness. "The mills must be on fire!"

Holding on to each other's arms they went stumbling down the trail.

As they issued forth together from among the trees, on to the out-jut of rocks and naked cliffs known as the Lookout, the great valley and the arm of sea stretched away below them like a panoramic picture, invisible now in the darkness.

Yet to eastward of where the town of Port Discovery lay, there arose a steady gleam of light which turned the darkness to a pinker glow, and paled the stars out over Fuca Strait. To westward of the town arose another light, and beyond this, along the line of sea, yet another, filling the heavens with a ruddy glow.

Even as they stood, spellbound, half-paralyzed, gazing out over the dark area, new points of light appeared at intervals — red tongues of flame began to lick the upper darkness, pushing their impudent gleams against the black sky, purpling the heavens in a lurid glare which momentarily increased. The diameter reached from East to West a distance of thirty or forty miles. The answer was unmistakable; the Olympic National Forest was burning in a dozen different places!

Wessington swept this scene with a single fearful, comprehensive glance.

"My God!" he said, with a sudden intake of breath, and turning ran headlong back toward the ranger cabin. . . .

In time, Wessington noticed, with a look of incredulity in his eyes, the hands of the clock on the wall of the ranger cabin. It was three-thirty in the morning. It hadn't taken long then, whatever it was — fifteen minutes, at the most.

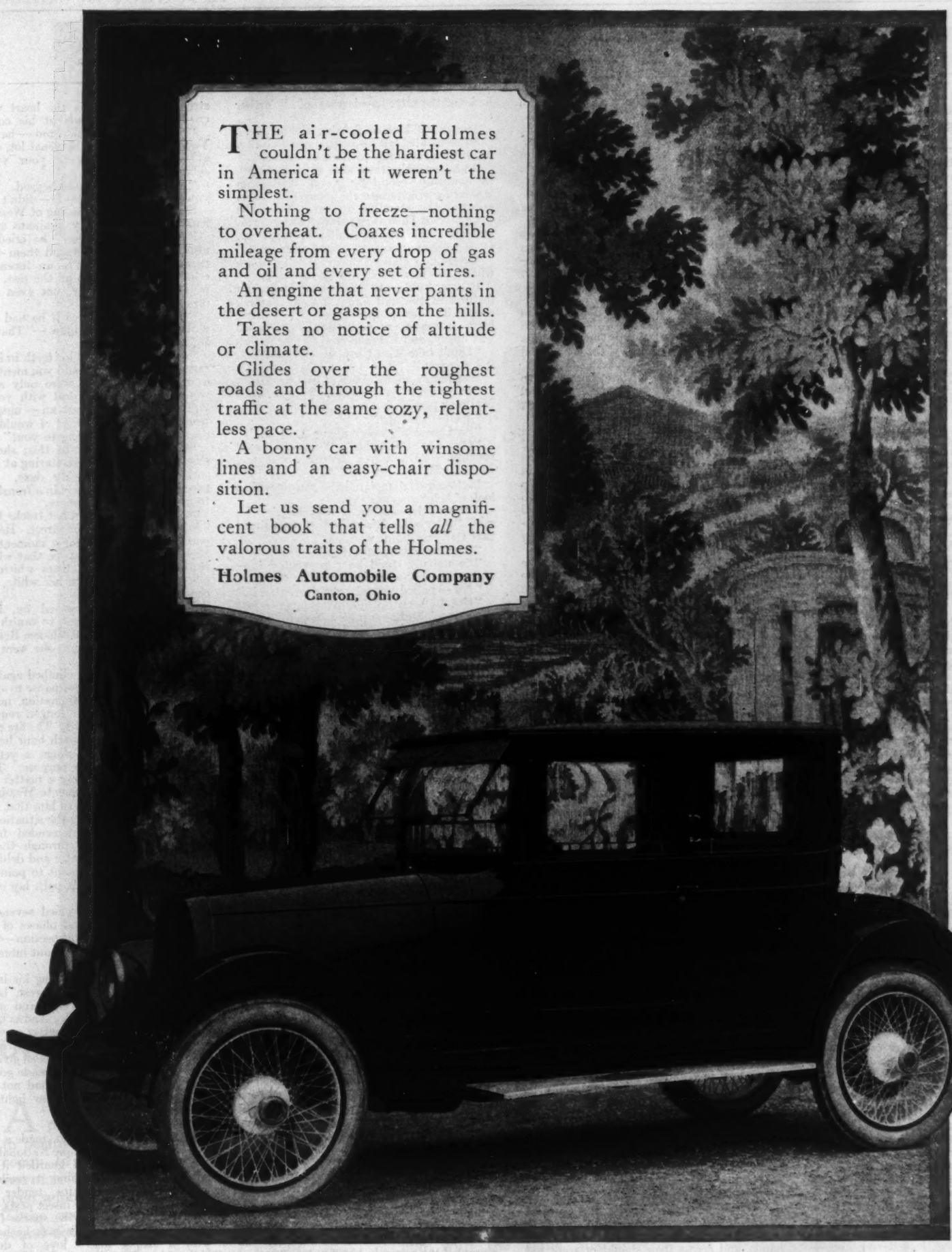
He stared dazedly about the room. In his mind there was a jumble of disconnected thoughts; he was striving to reassemble them, put them back into order. . . . Yes; Oakley was on the job; at the first alarm they had moved abruptly with the entire force toward the lower levels — gone to meet the menace. That was thoughtful of Oakley!

He noticed the telephone receiver still dangling at its cord's length. Mechanically he reached a hand and replaced it upon its hook. He had observed himself sitting there before the 'phone, lolling back against the wall, looking at the opposite ceiling. He must have been calling some one. . . . Ah! To be sure — Fort Casey! Yes; Casey was sending troops — yes, rush order: and Flagler — God, how McKibben had sworn about it, over the wire!

What an odd feeling that was in his head — a strangely dull feeling, like paralysis. Everything, for some little time now, had been subconscious — purely mechanical — was still mechanical, in fact. What was it all about? . . . Oh, yes; . . . the Olympic National Forest was burning — that was probably what it was — he'd hardly realized it before. . . . Well, in that event ——

He rose abruptly and, crossing the room to the wash-stand, plunged his head and face into a basin of cold water.

[*Continued on page 34*]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The Wind in the South

[*Continued from page 32*]

Presently — and it seemed as if days had intervened, though in truth it was but minutes — Wessington saw, huddled in front of him, the hundreds of men of the Port Discovery lumber crew. Although it was still dark, the East held a faint prophecy of dawn. They were assembled, with picks and shovels upon their shoulders, in the streets of Port Discovery.

Wessington, himself, was in the streets of Port Discovery — once more the fact seemed a complete surprise. Yet he remembered it all now, vaguely — as if there had been a temporary lapse in his mentality — remembered running, coatless, hatless, headlong down the trail, falling and rising, and falling again, yet still stumbling on, in his ears forever a dull increasing roar, before his horror-stricken eyes a growing light which rose in a dozen league-long pyramids to burst and blend against the northern sky in an unspeakably lurid menace.

And there was Caswell, like a minister of mercy — hat pulled over one eye, assembling the men, dividing them off into groups, barking out orders. And McBreen, swearing incessantly, feeding out picks and shovels.

And the men, too — there they were — grim, quiet, with sad and all but pathetic looks upon their faces. They had come in a solid body from the woods and mills, sick with the awful impending calamity, now that it was upon them — anxious to help.

And the strikers, many of them — those same men who, but a brief day before, had gone forth in the interest of a cause which they considered just, and so had been betrayed — were back now, standing about awkwardly and without comment — helpless, like men in the presence of death, reaching forth perfunctory hands for picks and shovels — begging dumbly for a chance to prove themselves worthy, now that it seemed all too late.

"Well, boy, it's come at last." Caswell pressed Wessington's arm sympathetically. "These men are awaiting your orders, Mr. Wessington. They'll go wherever you send 'em; they're all good Americans."

Suddenly the paralysis was ended: Wessington was supernaturally calm. So, with the grimness of an officer arranging his company line for a final, hopeless charge, he laid his plan of battle, and issued his orders.

And, in time, they faded away, along the endless fire trails, to match their puny human might against the overwhelming odds of a fiend which other fiends had loosened to its task.

THE FULL light of day revealed, in a measure, the extent of the disaster. The holdings of the Port Discovery Lumber Company extended in a slender ninety-mile stretch along the south shore of Fuca Strait. Back of these lands, at an average depth of a couple of miles, in a line running parallel to the sea, stretched the northern edge of the Olympic National Forest.

From this line the Reserve extended in a continuous, thirty-league sweep, southward, descending in time to the waters of the Canal on the other side. The area comprised almost continuous timber — giant fir and cedar, spruce and hemlock, standing shoulder to shoulder, silent, age-old, and irresistible in potency.

Years of unremitting toil on the part of the timber crews, however, had denuded a portion of the Port Discovery holdings. These represented what is known as logged-over lands; they stretched, in a more or less ravished state, up and down the length of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, a tangle of windfalls, pitch-seamed logs and discarded tree-tops.

With the fiendishness of devils they had set their fires in this logged-over area — more than a dozen fires, at intervals of two or three miles.

Nature, herself, had furnished an altar for this weird offering to the gods of an insane purpose. The tangle of brush and windfalls supplied the fuel. The low-lying area was the huge furnace. A score of narrow canyons, creek and river beds, ascending through the standing timber to the distant summits, were the natural draft chimneys. A fire, once started in this tangle of dry underbrush, would quickly gather an irresistible momentum; so that whatever wind chanced to blow across Fuca Strait might catch and drive it full-grown, and finally at racehorse speed, on into the tall timber.

Out through the sawdust streets, in time, went Caswell and Wessington, making toward the upper areas, intent upon certain appraisals, grimly determined to know the worst.

At Eagle Rock Lookout they paused; here was a box seat from which might be viewed the ceremonies with a certain comprehensiveness of vision. Before them as they stood, the scenes of the forthcoming drama lay spread like a huge unwinding scroll — a painted picture, rising now, however, swiftly, into life and tense activity.

A GLANCE only was required to tell them that the fiends had set their stage with discretion, timed their deadly purpose with a singularity of forethought. Torch in hand they had awaited the wind. And the wind, like the ironic answer of fate, had come to their assistance; it blew now, and had blown for hours, a half gale, hot and dry, driving across the straits from the north.

Already the logged-over area was a vortex of raging heat, shooting forth myriads of pale active flames, which leaped high, and winked out suddenly, only to rise again farther on, many times intensified. Up from this writhing mass rose huge volumes of smoke, and from its redly inflamed throat a thousand voices roared in the cadence of an angry surf against resisting cliffs.

Creeping stealthily at first through the low-lying offal, furtively from heap to heap like a deploying army, its actions became momentarily more bold. From a crawling thing it became an upstanding menace; springing forth suddenly, here and there, in a headlong rush for a new objective. As the two men stood gazing in awe-stricken silence, it seemed to gather its reserves for the final charge. Leaping from the ambuscades, it ran suddenly upright, a horizon-long battle line, backed by the high winds from the Strait, laughing, jeering, mocking — leaping from the log heaps to the pitch veins of the dead snags; reaching with red hands toward the tops of the standing trees, to go thence on, and of its own volition, up the mountainside, as inevitable as the sunrise, as resistless as fate — like an implacable enemy driving upon its foe.

Silent and symbolic in its rising heat, stood the slow work of centuries, doomed forthwith to extinction. Within its easy path lay five hundred million dollars of the peoples' wealth, to vanish now — wink out and disappear in a space of a few tense hours, as a shrift to the lust of fools.

Somewhere, deep back beneath the silent trees of those majestic uplands, groveled hundreds of men, creeping like rodents over the dank earth, dynamiting the pitch snags; back-firing at the intervals; cutting with frenzied haste their pigmy fire trails along the creeks and rivers: flying in the face of doom — joking with Infinity, as it were. For their efforts would prove of no avail. The elements were against them. The hand of man was as chaff before this wind of certain destiny. "Only God can stop it now, boy; and he won't," said Caswell, laying an arm gently about Wessington's shoulder. "Yet we all know you did your best."

At ten o'clock in the morning, or near that hour, the transports nosed cautiously into the company pier and ran out their gangplanks. The troops from the forts had arrived. They filed across the staging and formed in companies along the sawdust streets, filling them from curb to curb with endless waves of olive-drab. Into their hands, and across their shoulders, went not army rifles now, nor hand grenades; but the ax and the hoe, the pick and the shovel, of man's more peaceful era. For their fight must be waged henceforth against another and a yet more implacable foe.

Wessington passed among them quietly, counting them off into groups, handing them forth their day and night of unremitting labor. His movements were without haste, his actions studied, his orders issued in a voice whose cadence neither rose nor fell, but was a dead monotone.

For why should he make haste now, what difference did it make? He had gazed from a vantage point down upon the tragedy, and he knew the utter hopelessness of all further effort.

Just as well keep on fighting, though. . . .

So he handed out his orders mechanically, assigned each group to its various tasks.

And, presently, they were gone, company by company, group by group, briskly up the yellow streets into the many foot trails, on into the standing timber. Thus the town of Port Discovery vomited them forth, and the vast woods swallowed them up. Once more the sawdust streets were empty.

Wessington glanced down casually to see who it was had taken him by the hand.

It turned out to be McBreen. The rough features of the mill foreman were marked, now, with lines of sympathy. Even more, his look was one of positive grief; his voice was husky, and it broke oddly as he spoke:

"Don't take it so hard, sir — I wouldn't, if I was you."

Wessington smiled down at him weakly.

"It wasn't your fault, you know," McBreen persisted.

"Well — perhaps."

"So I wouldn't worry about it, at all."

"Oh, I'm all right," Wessington said roughly. "Don't you bother about me, McBreen."

McBreen contemplated the ranger with a look of helpless sympathy.

"The rattlesnake's a gentleman, sir," he said, "after all. It's only the copperhead that strikes without warning."

"Yes; I know it, McBreen."

"So nobody could have prevented it — under the circumstances."

"No — nobody could have prevented it."

"Got to keep on fightin', though — just the same," McBreen added, hopefully.

"Yes. Just keep on fighting. . . ."

WESSINGTON proceeded on alone, deep in subjective thought, lost in his own grim contemplations. The mill town through which he passed was like a deserted house. No voices called from open doorways. No footsteps stirred the dust along its streets. Human contact now seemed a thing apart. It was like the sudden cessation of life; a strong man, dead in his youth — eternity itself awaiting its own conclusion.

In the offing the ships of the New Line came and went, driving on to their various ports of entry, freight-laden and fraught with a busy purpose. Yet Wessington observed none of these things. For his senses were dulled as with an opiate; despair gripped him as in a vise; the darkness of a certain doom had gathered thick about him.

To his ears, as he passed along, rose a medley of faint but ever-distant sounds: the bark of forest patrols; the heaven-filling roar of occasional dynamite; the distant crash of falling trees; the faint hallooing of men, the scuffle of a myriad feet rushing like mice along the narrow trails. The wind had died to a sullen grumble now, sobbed itself into a state of spent passivity; stormed itself into silence. Yet under the urge of its accumulated force, the great conflagration raged on, vomiting flames and smoke, leaping forth with an ever-increasing roar as it raced on toward its objective.

In the middle of the street he paused to pick up a bit of paper. It proved to be a scrap of Bolshevik literature — an echo of their screed:

"The day of the great proletariat is at hand. . . . The things that belong to the people they do with as they please. . . . This is the New Dawn. . . ."

A look of cynicism, of bitter hatred, crept across the features of the forest ranger.

Some one was crossing the street in his direction. He looked up in a single comprehensive glance. Then abruptly he crumpled the paper in his clenched fist.

She came quartering across the street toward him. Her face bore, as ever, that odd inscrutable look; yet it seemed changed, now, to something deeper, simpler — or more complex.

Vaguely he saw her standing there before him — knew that she was addressing him, felt her two hands reach out timidly and try to take his hand — and knew that he had thrust her rudely aside.

She began to speak; but the look on his face chilled her into silence. Thus she stood, holding out her hands toward him, palms upward, dumbly, beseechingly. And, being no more than human, Wessington struck her squarely in the heart with the cruelest, bitterest words at his command.

"So you have come, too — have you? You, of all the crooked, venal lot, to laugh at me, and gloat over your wonderful achievement?"

"Mr. Wessington," she begged. "You — you're wrong! . . . I — I — didn't — —"

Suddenly the pent feeling of Wessington's harrowed soul found voluminous speech:

"No, I'm not wrong!" he cried. "You urged them on, encouraged them — helped them to do it. You're an incendiary, a criminal — worse than all the rest. You've no honor, no integrity, not even common decency."

"Oh!" she gasped, as if he had in truth dealt her a physical blow — "That — that isn't fair!"

"Fair!" He ground his teeth in impotent rage. "Fair? Why should you mention such a word? Oh, if you were only a man I would know how to deal with you. But you're not! You're just an — unspeakable woman. Out of my way! I wouldn't even debase myself by talking to you!"

She made no reply to this; she simply stood, breath suspended, staring at him in a sort of droll-eyed, sickly daze. And he turned and hurried away, in a frenzied haste to get beyond her presence.

She twisted slowly in her tracks to watch him go, hurrying up the street. He did not pause, nor turn even for a moment to look back. Thus he did not see that wide-eyed, staring look, nor the tears which started presently running down her white, pinched cheeks.

Head bowed, she passed on, in time, haltingly across the street, to vanish through the doorway of the Last Chance Restaurant. She seemed to stumble as she went.

In time, Wessington climbed again to the Lookout. Yet he did not pause to study the scene with much discrimination, now. For discrimination was no longer required; a glance only was sufficient. The fire raged on, as before, except that each hour henceforth added strength to its wings, a yet greater force to its irresistible purpose. The case was hopeless: it was only a matter of time. These facts were apparent to Wessington at a glance; yet it seemed to him that he stood there for hours, conning the situation over.

After a while he descended from the Lookout, and walked through the forest. He walked with great care and deliberation, picking his way from point to point among the huge trees, as if his path lay over perishable objects.

In this way he traversed several miles, through many parts and phases of the Reserve, always with circumspection — moving, pausing to listen or gaze about intently, and then moving on again.

For Wessington was taking his last leave of the Olympic National Forest, bidding a final adieu to those scenes and memories soon to pass beyond recall. And as he moved along thus, thinking the matter over, it was borne in upon him finally, and irresistibly, that he had failed. He had been given a task to perform, and he had not made good; they had trusted him, and he had not fulfilled the trust. This was a new light on the situation.

HAD HE not, long ago, made a personal matter of the Olympic National Forest? Year by year he had guarded it, like a younger brother — building its trails and its lookouts, nurturing its tender second growth, warding off the insect pests, fighting back the camp-fires — the sparks from encroaching engines. This task he had loved with a strong man's love of duty and obligation. With him it was a question of honor. It had been his purpose to protect the Olympic National, if need be, even with his life.

But now, that purpose was at an end. Brute cunning had intervened. They were burning his forest above his head — wiping it out bit by bit, there within his view, and he was utterly powerless to avert the disaster. Thus was his trust betrayed, his mission ended, his honor a thing far best forgotten.

This line of reasoning led him inevitably, back to the instigators — those fiends who, in the aggregate, had made this horrid fruition possible. Their position in the matter had scarcely occurred to him until

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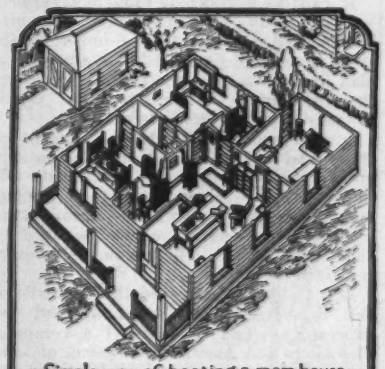

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now, for his thoughts, up to this point, had been wholly obsessed with the personal disaster.

Yet here, at least, was a phase of the question that remained still unsettled: How should these instigators be dealt with? What price should they be made to pay — for, of course, they should be made to pay! — Well, he'd see what could be done about it. A droll, half-formed purpose seemed struggling for recognition in the background of the ranger's thoughts.

At one o'clock in the afternoon Wessington entered the ranger cabin. He was still thinking the situation over disconnectedly.

The ranger cabin was deserted, no human life visible anywhere. Scattered about the room, in a state of sickly *dishabille*, were various garments and accoutrements. The entire room shrieked of some former owner who had abandoned it in great haste.

FROM a clutter on the top of the table Wessington picked a copy of a current magazine and stood gazing at it abstractedly, for his mind was occupied vaguely with another task. To his nostrils came continually the faint, pungent smell of burning timber; to his ears forever, like the voice of doom, the dull incessant roar of a distant conflagration.

He had been holding the note in his hand for some little time before he actually noticed it was intended for him. It had been lying on the table; Oakley must have found it, and put it there.

He puckered his brows and read it with a droll feeling of curiosity, an increased interest, amounting finally almost to a sense of elation. Its wording proved to be a little different from the others:

"*Mr. Wessington, please don't go into the forest, to-day. They'll get you sure!*"

He stood contemplating the missive, for a moment. Then he tossed it back into the heap of papers on the table.

"Ivanovitch!" he said, through clenched teeth. "Blumberg . . . Hell!" As if the terms were interchangeable.

With a slow motion, an act of studied deliberation, he twisted in his tracks to look at the opposite wall. Upon a nail against this wall, there hung a belt with holsters, out of which peeped the black butts of a pair of automatics.

Upon a time — before he entered aviation — he had been of the Master Engineer's grade. He had worn this belt, nights innumerable, under the blazing barrage, out over No Man's Land: he knew those forty-fives by their past achievements.

Turning, now, he crossed over to the wall and, lifting the belt from its hook, held it up and surveyed it critically. It carried many rounds of ammunition, in little individual pockets. Presently he removed the pistols from their holsters and sprang open the magazines. The weapons were both loaded. So he returned them to their holsters.

For the first time in twenty-four hours he smiled — suddenly, openly. The process revealed lines of even teeth, white like porcelain. Yet there was no mirth in the smile.

"Blumberg!" he said, under his breath. "Blumberg. . . . Ivanovitch. . . ."

Then, with a sudden definite motion, he buckled the belt about his waist, and went out.

It must have been after three o'clock. He had been walking, so it seemed, for hours, though without satisfactory results.

It had been reported — and not verified — that, following their debacle, the miscreants had repaired to the upper woods along the side of Lookout Mountain, with a plan in view to cross the Divide, pass down the tributaries that entered the canal toward the south, and thus escape.

It was rumored, too, that a number of those who had conducted night operations on Porcupine Ridge had been cut off, finally, by the flames which their various hands had kindled, and thus, through the irony of fate, or mischance, had perished by their own acts. This rumor, however, remained unverified.

It was likewise reported that a party of the Bolsheviki — unintentionally and unexpectedly — had encountered a company of soldiers and American workmen, at least some of whom were friends of Faulkner and Weatherford, in the fastnesses of Lost Creek Canyon. But here this report ended abruptly.

In any event they had vanished from the face of earth, at least from the vicinity of Port Discovery, with the belief prevalent that their route of exit lay westward toward Lookout Mountain and the Port Discovery gap.

Thus Wessington turned his footsteps toward Lookout Mountain.

His mind had cleared now to a keener appreciation of fact, passed from the cloister of his subjective thought back toward the light of grim reality. Yet his attitude held a certain apathy. His look was droll, curious, mildly expectant, as one who has met a sudden disaster the magnitude of which time alone can fully impress upon him. His senses were numb, as from a fresh gunshot wound.

Yet, somehow, in the back of his mind, there had risen a dull though unquenchable fire which sprang up and increased continually, consuming all thoughts save one — a lust for revenge; a growing desire to destroy the destroyers.

Round about him, as he went, toiled the thousands of fire-fighters, mixed in a medley of conflict — straining with tense muscles at resisting windfalls, tossing them aside; scraping the earth clean of rubbish down long devious paths, in an effort to check the menace where it crept beneath the trees; breaking thence suddenly at a quick command, to run like swift-moving battle-lines to meet and hold some new and more immediate onslaught. The gray-green depth of forest was blurred and splotched with lines of moving men in olive-drab, charging in freak formation.

Through this scene and its environment Wessington passed, beyond the last line of defense, beyond the clink of pick and shovel, the smell of sweat and smoke, the sound of human voices, up through the forest to the steeper acclivities, and into the silence that lay beyond.

He was on the uppermost fire trail, now, a mile or more above the nearest conflagration. Below him, through the occasional glades of forest, he could see the endless scroll of smoke, high-riding like the top of some huge circus tent — see the red-eyed menace leaping and rolling upward; hear, though fainter now in the distance, sounds like the aggregate roaring of a menagerie.

Yet he passed on, paying the situation no particular heed.

AND as he passed, there crept along the trail behind him — far behind, like some long-delayed shadow — a human form, a figure, which moved stealthily as he moved, paused crouching when he paused, yet like a shadow still pursued him continually. And upon the lower levels of Porcupine Ridge, paralleling the trail along which he traveled, there crept a group of indistinct objects, five of them in number, slinking from shade to shade, gliding craftily from tree to tree without sound or undue motion, moving in unison, keeping carefully abreast of him.

Yet these sinister shapes that seemed closing so persistently in upon him from flank and rear, passed as invisible to the distracted gaze of Wessington.

The trail ran parallel to the uplands, along the side of Porcupine Ridge. In time he knew it would descend to the Lost Creek basin, climb thence to the broad table-land of Port Discovery gap, crossing which it would ascend again sharply up the side of Lookout Mountain, and so continue on across the interval, laying a pigmy path against the creeping flames.

Mechanically he made his way along this trail. As he ascended to the level of the Port Discovery table-land, the presence which moved behind him crossed the interval that he had so recently crossed, and climbed the ridge on the hither edge. The group of shadows on the lower reaches of Porcupine Ridge crept down into Lost Creek basin and moved silently up the opposite acclivity toward the table-land of Lookout Mountain.

At the mouth of Port Discovery gap Wessington paused suddenly and dropped a hand to his holster. For a moment he stood minutely studying a strange-looking object dimly visible down the long vista of trees. It seemed suddenly to have invested itself with a face and hands, and a pair of shoulders. A shadow moved across it, and by this act it took on at once a yet closer likeness to that of a human being, half-crouching: it bore an odd resemblance to Ivanovitch.

Then the shadow passed, and the ranger returned the half-drawn pistol to its holster.

"They are not here," he said, half-aloud to himself, "they are not here."

The look in his eyes was reminiscently droll — staring into retrospection.

Presently he found himself upon the table-land of Lookout Mountain. It was a broad, flat back of earth, densely wooded, yet with open glades. It dipped, at its center, to a shallow basin a quarter of a mile wide. Its two sides extended in parallel ridges, like two huge fins, northward to an abrupt shoulder known as Eagle Rock, a half-mile distant. Along the center of the basin ran an ancient fire trail; like a broad, brown belt it stretched away between the twin ridges toward Eagle Rock, to drop thence over an abrupt declivity into the valley a thousand feet below.

Suddenly a new volume of smoke rose to the sky above the shoulder of Eagle Rock. The fire from the lower valley, racing up the steep mountainside, had abruptly topped the ridge. Looking down the half-mile avenue of tree trunks Wessington saw it emerge, leap with a burst of smoke and flame to the level, and there pause for a moment, as if gathering force for its further onslaught.

The case now became suddenly critical — one of immediate concern. If the flames should leap from the burning log-heaps to the resinous tops of the tall trees, their speed would be at once a dozen times accelerated, the menace vastly multiplied.

Yet Wessington did not turn back. Instead he passed on down across the interval, and, pausing beside a huge fir at the intersection of the fire trail, seated himself upon a fallen log.

Whereupon, the shadow which had traveled for so long a time delinquently behind him through the forest, crept up closer and yet closer, finally crouching among the young cedars a few yards behind his back — as if the sun had shifted suddenly or as if it had abruptly ceased to be a shadow. The group along the side of Lookout Mountain had emerged upon the table-land.

The roar of the conflagration grew suddenly more intense. The inevitable had occurred; the fire had become a "crown-fire", the flames had leaped to the pitch boughs of the fire; they were running through the tree tops toward Wessington, now, along the twin ridges of Lookout Mountain, gathering a quick momentum as they came.

Yet Wessington did not turn back, even now, nor make any effort to escape.

Meanwhile, what had become of those for whom he had so diligently made search hoping to fulfil that lust which men call "hate"? They were not here. No signs were available to show their passage over Lookout Mountain, or through the Port Discovery gap. Had they, then, escaped by some more devious route? And would he be compelled to seek them out — as he *would* seek them out — from their dingy, dank rooms in the side streets of the metropolis — hunt them through the streets like so many rats, and thus — —

A glad light leaped suddenly into Wessington's eyes:

"Ivanovitch!" he whispered, under his breath — and mechanically dropped his two hands to the pistol-butts.

They were coming toward him, hurrying along the fire trail between the twin ridges, from the direction of Eagle Rock. There were five of them. They must have been beyond the Rock, on the lower trail — so Wessington told himself — and the fire had driven them up; they were retreating before it, in an effort to escape by the Port Discovery gap.

They came on silently, yet rapidly. It was as if their plans had been formulated beforehand, and they were now simply carrying them out.

THIS, however, did not seem strange — for behind them roared the conflagration. By some freak of the wind it had caught the peaks of the twin ridges. It was running along these ridges now, in a manner to form a huge cupmouth, leaving the center, for the moment, undisturbed. Wessington noticed this fact with interest; they were hurrying out of this cup, which later might enclose them in walls of living flame.

He noticed, too, that their line of retreat must soon bring them near to where he sat. So he rose and, crossing over, stood, his back against a fretwork of small cedars, beside the giant fir-tree. He had learned this trick, long ago — this trick of standing beside another object. One was not so easily hit by promiscuous marksmen.

They evinced no surprise at seeing him there. When they had drawn to within a few rods of where he stood they paused, whispering tensely together for a moment — and then came on again.

Almost immediately he observed the whites of their eyes; noticed, too, the looks upon their faces. Their faces bore looks of triumph, gloating satisfaction. They were all armed with automatics. These they now carried in their hands. They could not have been more than fifty feet away, at the most.

It was Ivanovitch who spoke first apparently, now as ever, bent upon argument:

"Once more we meet our dear friend of the forest," he said, with a cynical smile.

". . . Once more, and for the last time," some one added.

"Strolling through the woods, enjoying his freedom."

"Freedom?" They laughed jeeringly at this: "We all enjoy our freedom — this is the day of freedom."

"Yes; the New Dawn."

". . . So he has nothing to do, now, but put out his forest fire."

They laughed again, uproariously, drunk with the new wine of discontent, having, in part, accomplished their purpose — intoxicated with their own emotions.

"That's right, let him put out his fire, first."

"Sure! Save his dear forest for the people. And then — —"

"*His* forest!" barked Ivanovitch — "*Our* forest, Skovoitch; the day of the masters is ended: the hour of the proletariat has arrived: this is the New Dawn! . . ."

IN THE course of a little time Wessington, looking down, noticed one of his automatics lying on the ground at his feet. The other was still in his hand. It was hot and smoking.

He glanced up wonderingly, expecting to see them still standing there before him. However, but two of the original five remained. What had become of the others?

He had observed, it is true, many sudden puffs of wind against his cheeks. Once he remembered there had come an abrupt pain in his side. And once he had felt himself jerked rudely, as if some hand had twitched him by the sleeve — the left sleeve. And beyond all this there was a strange, ethereal music — a sort of ragtime singing — in his ears. He felt deliciously dizzy.

In the back of his mind he remembered noticing Skovoitch, only a moment before, reach a sudden hand to an alder sapling, pulling it over with him as he went; and Kellerman spin slowly once around, and settle down gracefully in his tracks, like a sheet with the wind under it.

Yet at best they had all seemed blurred and indistinct as they paused there, confronting him; the whole transaction, in fact, had partaken of the luridly unreal — not unlike legerdemain.

The two who remained standing before him were Ivanovitch and Blumberg. They were reloading their automatics. Meanwhile, they came on toward him, grinning abnormally, like two huge hyenas.

Wessington raised his forty-five; the act was purely mechanical. He saw the red flag on Ivanovitch's breast, across the top of it, and pulled the trigger.

The automatic snapped. It was empty. He remembered, now, that they both had snapped several times, though it seemed to him more as if it were yesterday.

The two men laughed ghoulishly at this predicament.

"We can finish him now, at our leisure," he heard one of them remark.

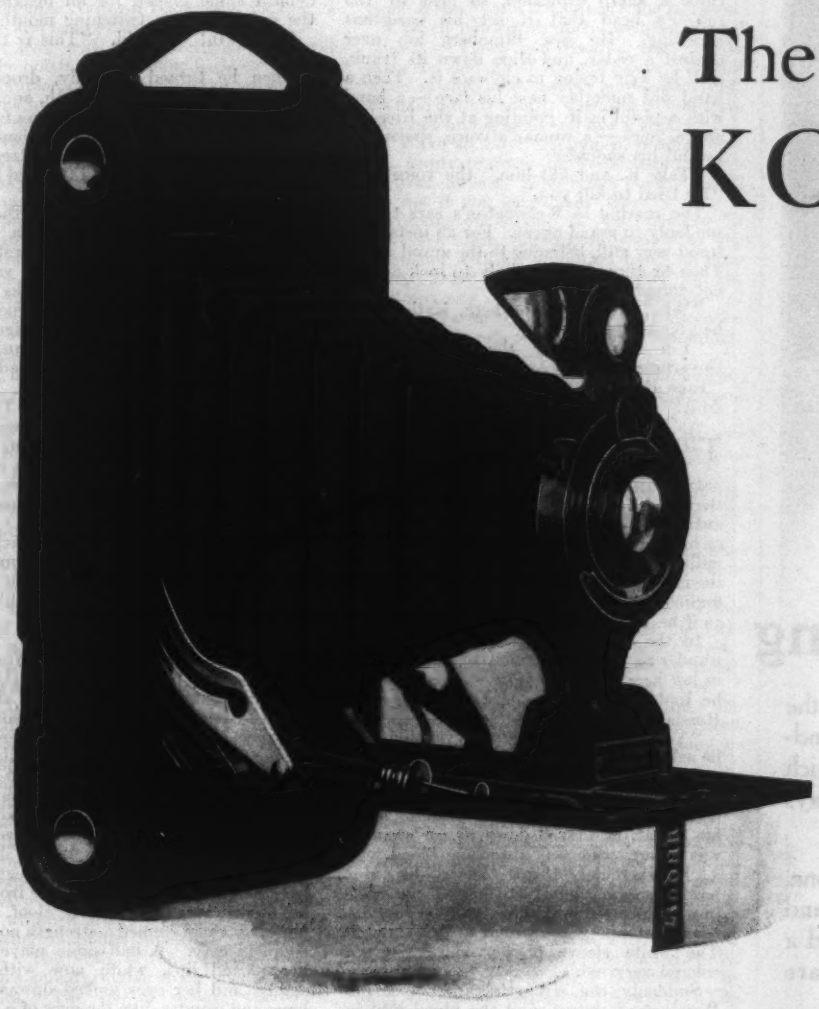
Yet he heard this remark but dimly. For Wessington seemed suddenly starting on a journey, moving in great haste away from Ivanovitch and Blumberg, through space, at a speed of many thousand miles an hour. He even looked back across the interval and, in a flash of white light, saw the three of them — Ivanovitch, Blumberg and himself — standing there, as if discussing some weighty matter. . . . How deliciously drowsy he was — drowsier than he had ever been before!

". . . We're close enough, now," he heard some one remark.

And, hearing these words, and feeling that they had a direct bearing upon his case, he decided not to leave, after all. This was no time to leave, something was about to transpire; he would remain for the ceremonies. . . .

So he dropped his remaining pistol, straightened suddenly, and threw back his shoulders, so that they would be sure to observe the tiny American flag on the lapel of his coat, and know without further question where he stood in the matter. And feeling much better now, he tried to look them squarely in the eyes.

But the Olympic National Forest was not yet done with sorcery: the earth and the sky seemed abruptly full of it. The shadow in the little clump of cedars had become sud-



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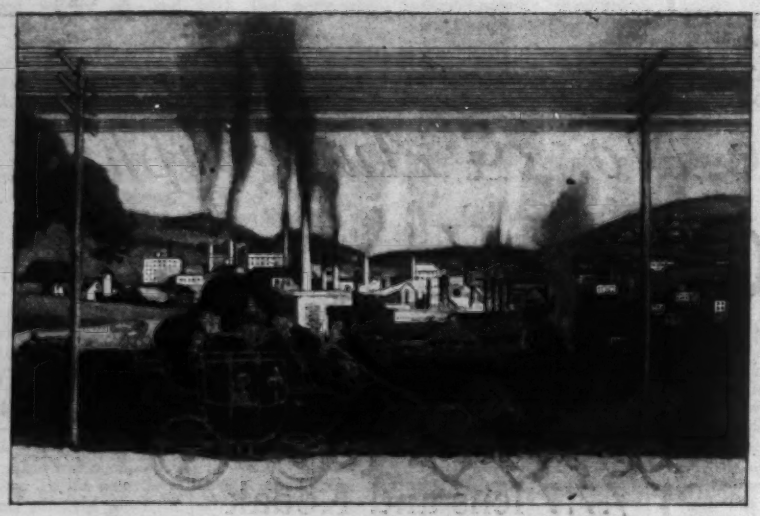

". . . places far apart are brought together, to the present convenience and advantage of the Public and to the certain destruction, in time, of a host of petty jealousies, blindnesses and prejudices, by which the Public alone have always been the sufferers."
From Charles Dickens' Preface to Pickwick Papers.

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Even romance of sixty brief years ago could not imagine the great advance heralded by the passing of the stage coach. The railway and telegraph were coming into their own; but the telephone had not been so much as dreamed about.

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denly animate; defying all laws of physics it moved up close to Wessington's elbow. Whereupon, everything lost its true proportion and happened simultaneously. There came a sharp explosion, so near to the ranger's head that it set his eardrums shrieking. He saw Blumberg lop over against a cedar, and slide down its trunk, as if he were trying to embrace it. Then a hand slid smoothly past his face — a hand with a pistol in it, pointing at the Russian, and a voice — a woman's voice, spoke just behind his shoulder:

"Take it, and kill him," the voice said. "He tried to kill you."

The roaring in Wessington's ears turned suddenly to grand opera. For an instant he stood very still, listening to the grand opera. Then he turned about dully to look at her, not comprehending.

"What are you doing here, Katherine?" he asked.

"I'm working for the United States Government — and you," the girl replied. "Take it and — kill him. I — can't quite do it!"

THIS STATEMENT seemed so matter-of-fact to Wessington — so entirely the natural and obvious thing to be done next — that he did not consider it necessary even to answer it. Yet, knowing that she was there at his side, and had been there perhaps for a million years, and feeling unusually flighty at the moment, he reached forth unsteadily and, finding her shoulder, leaned heavily upon it, as if he had special prerogatives.

In the course of a little while his eyes, wandering about, alighted upon the pistol in her hand. So, reaching up mechanically, he took it from her and held it upon the Russian.

"You — want me to — kill Ivanovitch?" he asked dully.

He heard no reply to this inquiry. She seemed occupied with other matters. So, presently, feeling her fingers fumbling about his throat, he looked down to see what she was about. She was absorbing blood, with a handkerchief thrust inside his shirt bosom, sobbing gently to herself the while, in a suppressed way, like a child that has been hurt but is too proud to cry about it. The white sleeve of her shirtwaist was colored very red.

Suddenly the strength came back into Wessington's bones, and the blood into his arteries again, so that he felt strong and resourceful. His eyes narrowed to thin slits, and there came a cold look into them like points of naked steel. For his mind had become suddenly filled with a droll and ironic purpose, a purpose so droll, and so ironic that it proved Wessington to be no less pitifully human than the rest of us.

"Ivanovitch," he said, "this is the New Dawn — *your* New Dawn. Turn and walk back up the trail!"

The eyes of the Russian opened suddenly wide and terrified at the ghastly horror of this situation; his body stiffened as if a high-voltage current had shot abruptly through it.

Thus he stood for a full half-minute staring, as if hypnotized, into the face of his adversary. But he discovered here no single ray of hope.

Across his face there passed a rapid conflict of emotions — hate, rage, fear, defiance, ending at length in a pitifully droll stare. Once he glanced down for a moment at the jammed pistol in his hand. Presently he twisted his head to gaze at the oncoming menace. Along the Twin ridges of Lookout Mountain came the flames, leaping high in the joy of conquest — closing in on either side. He stood for a moment staring wide-eyed back into this cauldron of flame. Suddenly he turned — and reached forth his two hands toward his opponent in a pathetically pitiful protest. But the eyes of the forest ranger continued to look coldly down the gun barrel at the red flag on the Russian's coat.

"The New Dawn, Ivanovitch. Don't try to dodge the issue."

So they stood there, for a moment, confronting each other, locked in a final argument — the epitome of a vast world-struggle risen and crystallized now into a closing climax.

Thus Ivan Ivanovitch, there on the tableland of Lookout Mountain, among the patient, speechless giants of the Olympic National Forest, made the final decision of his career. And, in the terse terms of American terminology, he proved himself a "good sport" at the last: a fatalist throughout his days, he remained a fatalist at the finish.

Straightening suddenly, he bent a clear-eyed, defiant gaze upon the man who stood blocking the path that led to his future human existence. The semblance of a cynical smile played for an instant about the corners of his twitching mouth:

"You win!" he said. "This *is* the New Dawn."

Then he turned suddenly, dropped his unloaded pistol in the footpath, squared his shoulders and, with head erect, eyes front and the look of a zealot on his handsome classic face, walked with the military tread of a conqueror back up the trail that led between the two flaming ridges.

Spent with the conflict of the hour, swaying weakly in his tracks, a look of tragic horror in his eyes, the forest ranger stood and saw him pass. On and yet on he went; his shoulders swayed with the rhythm of his tread; his form grew vague in the gathering haze and smoke, his figure slim and dwarfed in the growing distance. His footsteps now lay far within the advancing clutch of death. So he moved on. A cross wind, flying peak-high over the Peninsula from the Pacific, whipped suddenly eastward. Dipping, it caught the vanguards of the advancing flames, and with a shout of glee drove them merrily through the tops of the tall trees under which the Russian had just passed.

Thus Ivan Ivanovitch walked back up the trail to meet, in the chalice of smoke and fire, the thing that there awaited him. And the flames roared in behind him as he went.

Katherine Conover assisted Wessington, mumbling to himself inarticulately sometimes all but unconscious, back along the ancient fire trail, through the silent, circumspect forest, over the shoulder of Porcupine Ridge, down the dim hillsides, in time, to the road that led to the town of Port Discovery. Her arms beneath his armpits, her face against his deathlike face — tears sometimes wet upon his cheek — her heart beating against his heart, she urged him along, pleading, arguing, begging him back again to that conscious life from which he now held so exclusively aloof. Within her body there seemed a strength not born of common clay. A half-smile played across her parted lips, white now with human agony, and her eyes looked upward full of hope and wonder, like the eyes of a prophet, as she went along.

Thus they came, after the lapse of a million years, staggering, wavering blindly back and forth, holding on to each other like two drunken sailors returning from a joust — to the sawdust streets of the town, and finally thence to the office of the Port Discovery Lumber Company.

And she laid him down, there beside the porch of the company office, upon the cushions and blankets which the gods, and Caswell, had provided, and straightway crumpled into a faint, her touseled head reclining against the bottom step of the office porch. . . .

"Not dead, at all events!" breathed Caswell, bending over Wessington's prostrate form, a cool hand on the ranger's fevered brow.

"Only part dead," chanted the camp surgeon — "weak from loss of blood. . . . No bones broken. . . . Over in an hour, or two — if all goes well. . . ."

Wessington stirred suddenly, half rising on an elbow, and looked confusedly about:

"Olympic 567!" he mumbled, "Olympic 567! McKibben, send more troops; the forest is on fire!"

Then he sank back limply on the blankets.

THE FIRE in the Olympic National Forest still raged on, growing in intensity. Over the mountainside, up half a hundred trails, fought the army of men, hurling their puny might against its relentless force, only to be driven by the onrushing menace farther and yet farther up into the virgin forest. At every point the flames had reached the standing timber. Through this they now ran upright, unafraid, scurrying along the shallow draws, climbing the steep precipices, leaping from tree to tree, hurling their barrage of firebrands from hillside to distant hillside, laughing, shouting, singing as they went. For no force within man's scope could stem their onrush now; a million human hands could not prevail against their deadly prowess.

Lying, his full length upon the blankets in front of the mill office, his head upon the cushions, with faithful old McBreen hovering like a shadow in the background, Wessington heard the sounds of the conflagration; yet

he but vaguely comprehended, now, their significance.

For he was strangely of two minds. Dimly he heard the roar of leaping flames, the crash of falling trees, and knew that the Olympic National Forest was doomed to a sure and total extinction.

Yet ever with this knowledge came the deadly opiate, lulling him back to dullness and indifference. A trance-like stupor held him within its grasp, choked back each rising thought, refusing to let go.

In the presence of this strange dullness he felt no pain, and no responsibility. The earth and sky seemed suddenly still about him, as if awaiting the fulfilment of some strange and pregnant promise of the gods. Even the roar of the distant conflagration seemed to grow less and less, receding farther and farther away, sobbing itself, as it were, into a troubled sleep.

Thus an hour passed.

Yet Wessington did not realize the fact. He was out, once more, over No Man's Land, flying high, his hand upon the throttle, making straight for Berlin! . . .

And they were coming toward him — coming by the hundreds, bearing down swiftly upon him, to cut him off. Already he could hear the humming of their engines, the rising roar of a myriad of propellers.

They veered off now, to right and left, changing their course to let him pass between. . . . Ha! An old trick! — to catch him in a cross-fire, and thus end it all. . . . But he would not pass between! . . .

So, in this nightmare dream of his, he dipped suddenly a thousand feet to a new and lower level. And they passed on screaming above him — passed, and in a twinkling turned and surrounded him — diving in swift circles to enclose him within their trap. They were all about him now, circling in myriads just above his head. He could feel the rush of compact air against his cheek, — hear the popping of machine guns, the deep and continuous purring of their engines, just above his head. In a moment now — —

Suddenly, Wessington opened his eyes wide and stared upward. The limbs upon the maple above his head were jerking themselves recklessly back and forth. The leaves whipped madly up and down now.

Wessington pulled himself together, and sat up. The voice of the conflagration had sunk to a sullen grumble on the distant mountainsides. The veil of smoke, which for thirty-six tense hours had poured persistently southward in heat and flame through the tops of the Olympic National Forest, stood straight up against the sky now, and came rolling back like the huge black top of a circus tent, over Port Discovery.

Wessington leaped suddenly to his feet and stood swaying, a look of wonder and incredulity on his death-white face:

"Caswell!" he screamed. "The wind! — Caswell! The wind is in the south!"

Then he collapsed again, suddenly, in a crumpled heap upon the blankets.

Caswell came running down the front steps of the mill office. His hair stood out stiffly as he paused to look dazedly about.

High above the Olympic range towered the vast body of smoke, standing straight up in the air, rolling continually back upon itself, toward the north.

"The Chinook!" gasped Caswell with a sudden smother in his voice.

And so, in truth, it had come at last! — the sudden, the mysterious Chinook, hot and shrill, driving back the heat and smoke — breaking the long drouth, like an avenging hand of God, filling men's hearts with hope. It was blowing a half gale now, beating the fire back upon itself. It had come at last — and it had not come too soon!

Caswell paused abruptly, with suspended breath. There had risen a busy patter upon the shingles of the mill office; a drop of water slashed him sharply across the cheek. He held out his hand. Then his nerves gave way and he began to sob like a child:

"Wake up, boy!" he gulped, bending over the prostrate form of Wessington. "It's all over, at last. The rain's come. You'll get wet if you keep layin' here."

Wessington stood at the window of Caswell's office, holding on weakly to the casement, with his uninjured hand, an hour later. Dusk had begun to gather, yet the western sky still held its promise of light. Above his head the rain descended in a steady roll of sound upon the shingle roof.

Upon the hills of the Great Olympic Peninsula the fire lay soaked and dead, whipped finally into a stark submission.

Wessington drew a sigh of relief. It was all over, at last; the hand of Infinity had intervened: God and the elements.

Caswell poked a grinning face in at the door. "An old friend here to see you," he said, and withdrew suddenly.

She entered haltingly, with a look of misgiving. "I just wondered how you were getting on," she said, cheerfully.

"Getting on fine!" said Wessington. "Come here, Katherine. They won't let me walk around much yet, and I want to talk to you."

She came up close to where he stood.

"There's — there's something else I wanted to say to you, Mr. Wessington," she explained. "I — I just must tell you that I didn't — didn't know they were going to burn your forest."

"Of course you didn't know it!" Wessington declared, valiantly. "You wouldn't have let 'em do it if you had."

"I'm afraid I couldn't have helped it," she said barely above a whisper. "I kind of lost caste with them — toward the end."

"Those notices?" he inquired.

"Well — they found that out — that and other things. . . . I guess I'm not much of a Bolshevik — after all," she smiled wanly.

"Of course you're not a Bolshevik!" he said, with a vast display of tolerance. "You never were a Bolshevik! Didn't I know that all the time? You're just full of kindness, and goodness, human sympathy and — —"

He ran suddenly short of words.

"How good it is to see you smile again, Katherine," he added.

She looked up at him now.

"I guess it was a little too deep to rub off," she said, demurely.

"I guess it was," he echoed. . . . "By the way," he broke in irrelevantly, "you saved my life. It wasn't much, of course, yet it *was* considerate of you."

"I could hardly help doing that," she explained. "You see I — well, so many people against one — it wasn't quite fair — —"

"Was that the reason, Katherine?"

"Well — it was *one* reason," she hedged.

He had her by the hand now, drawing her toward him. And, with his uninjured arm — it was more than sufficient for the purpose — he drew her suddenly to him, and kissed her on the lips.

The End

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1921.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared B. G. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of McClure's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

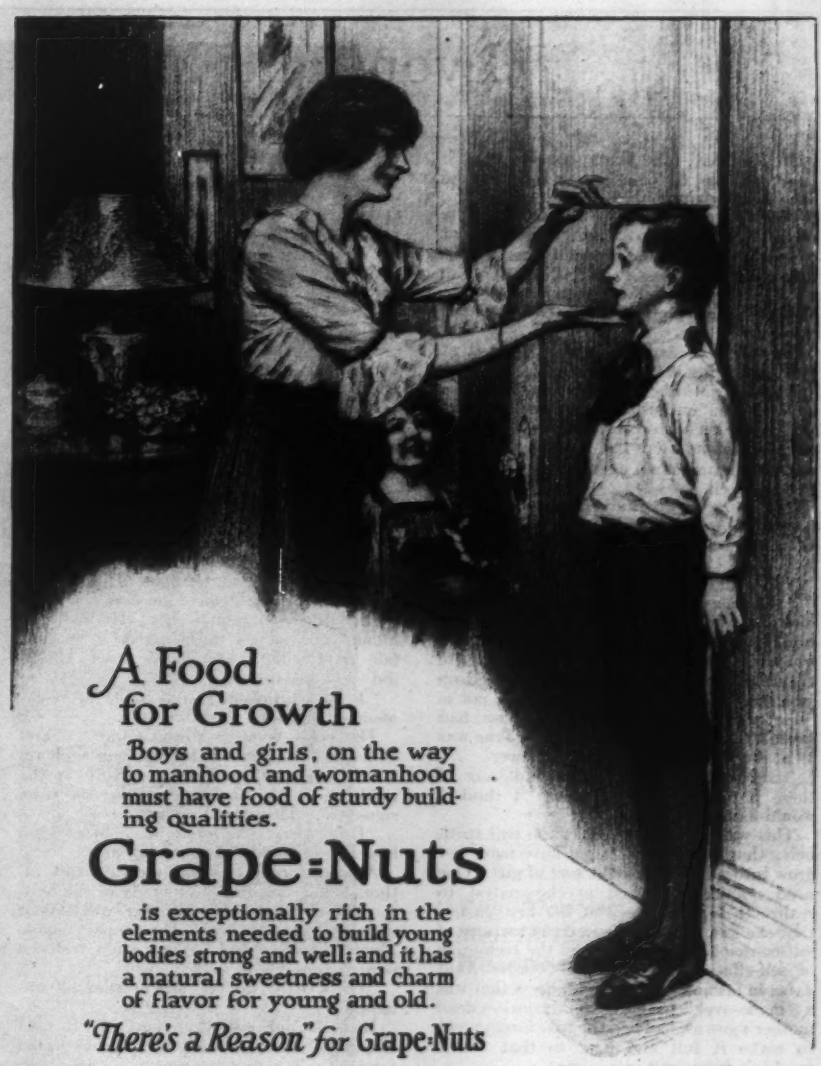
1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, McClure's Magazine, Inc., 25 West 44th St., New York City; Editor, Herbert Kaufman, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Edgar G. Sisson, 25 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Benjamin G. Smith, 25 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock) Herbert Kaufman, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Joseph Kaufman, Jay and Johnson Sts., Brooklyn, N. Y.; George L. Storm, Greenwich, Conn.; Eric H. Rose, London, England; J. F. Bresnahan, 19 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.; Arthur S. Moore, 27 Cedar St., New York, N. Y.; J. O'H. Cosgrave, 128 West 59th St., New York, N. Y.; Stephano Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.; Chas. E. Brickley & Co., 62 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Charles Farber, 1615 University Ave., Bronx, N. Y., nominee for B. K. Marcus.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. B. G. SMITH, *Business Manager.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Eighteenth day of March, 1921.
(Seal) Cedric E. Smith, Notary Public. My commission expires March 30, 1922.



A Food for Growth

Boys and girls, on the way to manhood and womanhood must have food of sturdy building qualities.

Grape-Nuts

is exceptionally rich in the elements needed to build young bodies strong and well: and it has a natural sweetness and charm of flavor for young and old.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

W. L. DOUGLAS

Retail Price Reduced $8.00 SHOES Quality of Material and Workmanship Maintained

Special Shoes Hand Workmanship $10.00 ‖ Special Shoes Stylish and Durable $6.00

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

THE STAMPED PRICE IS W. L. DOUGLAS PERSONAL GUARANTEE THAT THE SHOES ARE ALWAYS WORTH THE PRICE PAID FOR THEM

YOU CAN ALWAYS SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT

They are the best known shoes in the world. Sold in 107 W.L.Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W.L.Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

W. L. Douglas shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
150 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Lyons and Miss Mouse

——*Continued from page 20*

"I feel that everything considered it is best for me to offer my resignation as advertising manager — — "

Marje lifted startled eyes. Her lips were all formed for an involuntary protest, but Allison's expression stopped her. She dropped her eyes hastily and Allison went on:

"This I therefore do, with the request that it be accepted at your earliest convenience."

To which she added, "Please type it at once and bring it to me to sign."

Poor Marje! She had all the emotions of a silver screen enthusiast who sees her idol shattering her chance of happiness and not only cannot interfere but is suddenly swept into the drama as an agent to the widening of the breach.

"Of course he won't accept it," she assured herself. "And the frocks will sell and everything will be all right again."

NEVERTHELESS, when noon came she left her lunch untouched to go down and look at the fatal frocks. They hung displayed in all their glory, as delicately hued as a fairy's *trousseau*. Marje had been prepared to hate them, but the first sight of them opened up an almost forgotten vista into her own not so remote childhood. Then Aunt Jane had made all her dresses — and Aunt Jane was what is described as a good plain sewer.

"If I could have had a dress like one of these just once," she thought, "I think I would have died of pure joy!"

This was girlish hyperbole, the real truth being that such a dress might have made her grow into quite a different sort of girl. One need not be a fledged psycho-analyst to realize that it had been at her first parties that she had first experienced the tortures of self-consciousness and learned the technique of self-effacement. And all because Aunt Jane, in fashioning the muslin dress that was a "made-over" from one of Marjorie's dead mother's gowns, had had the wise forethought to make it full and long so that Marje wouldn't outgrow it in a hurry!

This Marje did not realize. But she did realize how a little girl, wearing a frock such as these, would feel at her first party.

"It seems as if they *must* sell," she said, unconsciously speaking aloud.

"Believe me, they don't!" remarked a salesgirl.

"They would," retorted Marje — but to herself, "if mothers remembered!"

This was the thought she took back to her desk with her. As she opened her lunch it grew on her.

"If somebody could only make mothers understand," she mused.

It was with no idea that she was any such somebody that she thrust aside her half-finished lunch and began to work out what was in her mind, but because paper and pencil had somehow become more of a necessity than sandwiches and cocoa. Her noon hour passed, but she still sat there, gnawing her pencil, the rudimentary copy of her first advertisement before her. She wondered if it was too silly to show Allison Hurd and decided that it was. But this did not deter her from ferreting out a Sunday paper and cutting out a picture of the frock used with the advertisement there and pasting it on her own copy.

"That looks better," she thought, holding it off at arm's length.

"Hello!" exclaimed a voice behind her. "What's that?"

Marje jumped, dropping her attempt to her desk, and sought hastily to conceal it. But it was too late.

"Let's have a look at it," requested Richard Lyons.

Marje prayed that the floor might open up and swallow her. But floors are seldom so accommodating. She dared not look at him. And she jumped again, when he exclaimed:

"This is something like! I knew she could do it if she tried. What size is she going to run it in?"

Marje, struggling for words that refused to come, was mercifully saved from answering.

"Run what?" demanded Allison Hurd's cool, assured voice.

Richard turned to her, his face alight. "This," he explained, holding up poor Marje's advertisement. "I'm tickled stiff with it."

"Indeed?" Allison's voice, that could compass the soft slurring gracious notes that made Marje's heart beat faster, was chill and edged now. "May I see it?"

Taken aback, he let her have it. She cast her eye over it and then let it slip to Marje's desk with a little contemptuous turn of her wrist.

"May I ask where you got it?"

Richard looked utterly bewildered. "Why — didn't you write it?"

"I should hope not. It's positively puerile."

Richard's eyes widened. "Why, she isn't even a good sport!" he thought. Then he turned back to Marje. "Who did write it?" he asked, abruptly.

Marje blushed miserably, she could not have spoken had her life depended upon it. But suddenly it dawned upon him.

"Why — you wrote it yourself!" he exclaimed.

"I should have thought," interposed Allison, "you might have guessed."

Richard's eyes went to her. He was only human and not yet thirty and so it was not fair to attribute his answer — as Allison did — to his breeding.

"I am surprised I did not," he commented, in a tone to match hers.

The color flooded Allison's face. "You will please remember that as long as I am advertising manager I am responsible in the public mind for what appears over the store signature. Therefore I prefer — — "

"I am sorry," he broke in. "But as you have already tendered your resignation — — "

Allison waited for no more. And, although her breeding was surely of the best, it cannot be denied that her office door slammed behind her. The impact made Marje jump — and apparently restored power of speech to her.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she murmured, unhappily.

Richard did not hear her. "I'll take charge of this," he told her, and departed forthwith, her first attempt at advertising going with him.

THE NEXT quarter of an hour was the worst Marje had ever experienced. Every sound from the inner office made her start. She dreaded the moment when Allison Hurd should reappear. And with reason. For when the door finally opened Allison Hurd swept — there is no other word for it — down upon her.

"The chauffeur will call for my personal belongings," she said, in a tone immeasurably aloof. "Please see that he gets them."

"Of course," assented Marje, hastily.

Her eyes, lifted to those of her offended goddess, were passionately pleading. But Allison Hurd was not to be deterred from characteristic use of what those who knew her best called her claws.

"And I congratulate you," she went on, "on your quick seizure of opportunity. I apologize for having underrated you in the past."

Marje said nothing, she could not. She felt absolutely sick. But after Allison had gone she thought, over and over again, "Oh how, *how* could she say such a thing!"

Those who knew Allison better would have realized that she had but begun. She went directly to the Country Club where, although it was now late November, she knew a considerable number of her own circle would be found. When they expressed surprise at seeing her there, at that time of day, she airily announced that she had left Lyons' and then put into circulation a deftly manipulated version of the episode that, before nightfall, had somehow managed to spread throughout Leicester.

Small wonder, indeed, that the headlines in the Leicester papers the next morning were of no importance compared to Lyons' advertisement. Everybody searched that out at once, to read:

"BE YOUR OWN LITTLE GIRL'S FAIRY GODMOTHER THIS CHRISTMAS.

"Once upon a time there was a little girl who always went to parties in somebody else's made-over clothes. One day the little girl next door took her into the spare room and showed her, spread out on the bed, the dress *she* was going to wear to the party the next day. The dress was pink georgette and it was accordion pleated. It wouldn't wear and wouldn't wash but it was the loveliest thing she had ever seen. That little girl has never wanted anything since so much as she wanted a frock like that.

And oh, how she longed for a fairy godmother!

"Even the littlest girl feels that way. When, in the fairy tale, the fairy godmother waves her wand and a beautiful gown drops on Cinderella's shoulders, every little girl thrills through and through, as she pictures *herself* in Cinderella's place. And if *you* have a little girl, you can make this the most wonderful Christmas of all for her. You can be *her* fairy godmother and give her a frock that will always be a beautiful memory, a frock that — — "

Others, presumably, read further. But Aunt Jane did not. "I did the best I could for you," she announced, dropping the paper. "I — I — — "

Marje's father looked up from his bacon and eggs. "To a mere man," he remarked, mildly, "that has a cryptic sound — — "

The abrupt departure of Aunt Jane, kitchenward, and Marje's instant pursuit, left him absolutely speechless and even more bewildered.

But Marje understood. "Of course you did!" she soothed, vigorously. "I — oh, I didn't mean it *that* way, Aunt Jane. Please don't feel so. You've done everything for me. I — I wish I'd never written that old ad. Everything has gone wrong, just because I didn't mind my own business."

To that, one may be sure, Richard Lyons would never have agreed. That very morning Marje, looking up, saw him smiling down at her.

"I felt it in my bones that you had hit the exact note," he assured her. "And the way those frocks are moving out of the store proves it. I wish now I'd stocked twice as many."

"I'm — I'm glad," Marje managed to articulate.

"Of course," he added abruptly, "you know we pay for suggestions — — "

"Oh, I'd rather not be paid for it," protested Marje hastily. To her, somehow, it seemed almost like blood money.

Richard considered her, plainly puzzled. "Then let's put it this way. Suppose you" — he smiled again — "be your own fairy godmother and take your choice of any frock or gown we have in stock?"

This absolutely demanded acknowledgment. "Thank you," murmured Marje, and, as he nodded and passed on, she began to type furiously.

"He probably thinks I'm an awful fool," she thought. "Oh darn!"

The word immediately, she realized, should not be spelt with a single *m* even under these circumstances.

The episode was ended — and yet it wasn't. Richard Lyons so far ignored the precedent established by fiction at least as to appoint in Allison Hurd's place not Marje, but a young man named Jefferson Allen — whom he took over from another store in the Lyons' system. He did, however, tell his new advertising manager that that little Miss Morse had ideas worth listening to. "Keep an eye on her," he suggested.

THIS, young Mr. Allen, a stranger in a strange place, was more than willing to do. Indeed, during the afternoon of his second Sunday in Leicester he decided to drop in on her. And so it was that an enthralled Letty and an utterly appalled Marjorie, saw him approaching the front door.

"You sly puss!" exclaimed Letty. "You never told me a word about him!"

"There must be a mistake," Marje gasped. "I — oh Letty, don't go — — "

"Catch me butting in," retorted Letty. "It's me for the back door."

So Marje, deserted, passed through an ordeal that might have been worse had not Mr. Allen been one of those who are perfectly content with an audience. He was satisfied to have Marje as just that, and to graciously include her father and Aunt Jane when they appeared later. Then, as graciously, he permitted himself, without too much persuasion, to be prevailed upon to stay to Sunday night supper. Marje, who had had little to do with the persuading, rose promptly to help Aunt Jane with this, but Aunt Jane refused aid.

"You stay and entertain your company, Marjorie," she said.

"That was bad enough," Marje told Letty, subsequently, "but then she called to father to come out and he went and never reappeared. It was so dreadfully transparent that I nearly died. And Aunt Jane has always said she was so thankful I didn't have a 'passel of young men traipsing over the house.'"

"How late did he stay?" demanded Letty.

"Until almost ten."

"Is he coming again next Sunday?"

"How do I know?"

"Marje Morse! Didn't you invite him?"

"Why, Letty Sawyer. Even Mildred Grozier wouldn't ask him pointblank — — "

"I'll bet she would."

"Well, I wouldn't. And neither would you!"

"Not in so many words," admitted Letty. "But you might say that you hoped he'd come again — — " She broke that off abruptly to shift to, "Marje, you must get him to take you to the Christmas Eve dance — — "

"Invite him to take me, I suppose!"

"Don't be silly! But you *could* mention it and give him a chance to invite you. For heaven's sake, stop blushing. Do you suppose any girl, even a raving beauty, can just sit still and have a man drop into her lap — "

"I thought it was the other way around — girls dropping into men's laps — — "

"IF YOU would only talk up that way to men," wailed Letty.

"I see myself! Besides I haven't a thing to wear — — "

"Not a thing to wear! Do you mean to say you aren't going to take that dress Mr. Lyons offered you — — "

Marje colored anew. "I'd rather not — "

"Marje Morse! You need a guardian, absolutely. Here's a chance to get a perfectly good dress and a perfectly good man for a dance and you — you say you'd rather not. Here I try to help you out — — "

"Don't," advised Marje.

"I will!" retorted Letty. "I'm coming to the store to-morrow to help you pick out a dress. And I'll see that you do, too!"

And she did. The next evening, when she and her newest admirer were returning from the movies, she explained her motives.

"If she'll just show a little pep she'll get him and that will make a totally different girl out of her. Having a man makes all the difference in the world, you know, Chet."

"I'll tell the world so," agreed Chet, who was twenty-two and had the gift of repartee that goes with his years. "But it's nothing in my young — — "

"You ought to see the frock I picked out for her," she cut in. Then, thoughtfully, "I wonder how Marjorie Daw does her hair that way. I'd like to fix Marje's — — "

"Say!" exploded Chet, "would you mind changing the record? I'm getting fed up on Marje."

Letty, possessing that gift common to her sex of knowing just how far masculine patience could be tried, acquiesced — apparently.

"Oh, you!" she retorted, in response to one of his characteristic sallies. But her thought ran on, "It was parted on one side and had sort of a wave down over the ears. I'll try it on Marje Sunday. And I'll wheedle her into that dress, so if he should drop in again — — "

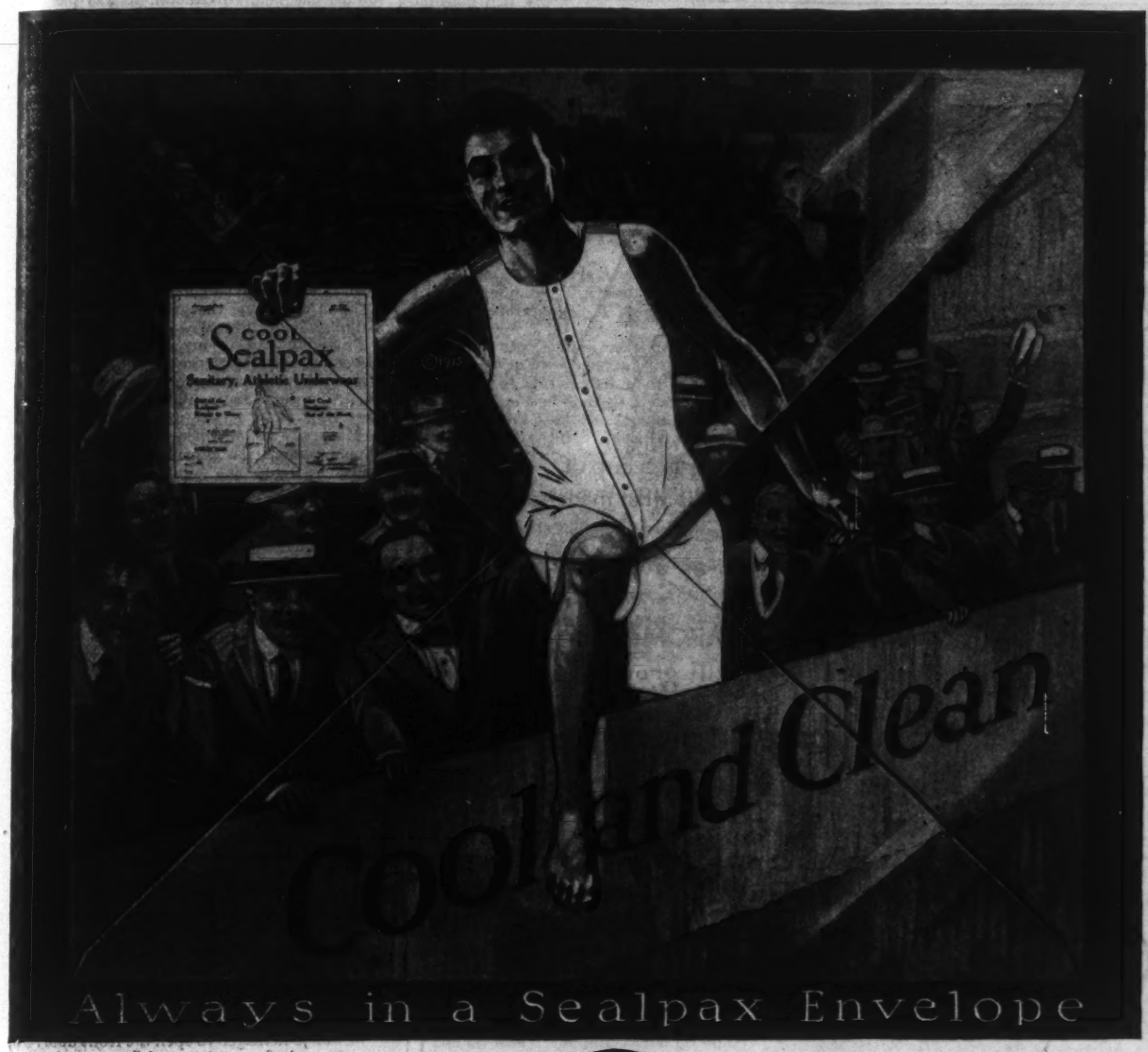
Those who said Letty would never get anywhere because she was such a scatterbrain did her a wrong. She had streaks of pertinacity and on the following Sunday she sang her siren's song.

"There!" she announced, surveying her handiwork with the pride of a creator. "It makes you look a hundred per cent. prettier, Marje. Now let's try on your new frock — I haven't really seen it yet — — "

"Aunt Jane has," commented Marje. "And she says that she never expected to see the day when a decent girl would wear — — "

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" sniffed Letty. "Where is it — in the closet?"

Marje was already moving to get it. She brought it forth and spread it on the bed. Exquisite in line and coloring, spangled here and there with bits of crystal embroidery and with the pale yellow chiffon deepening



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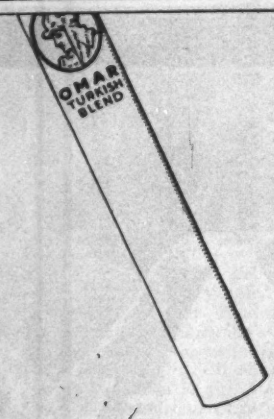

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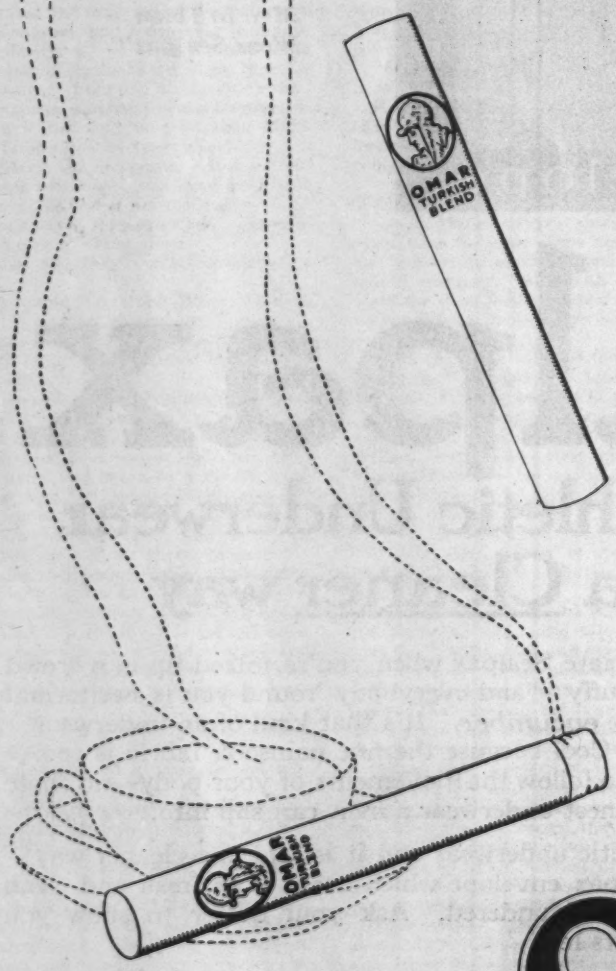

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toward the hem to daffodil, it was like a spring flower with dew on it. Just to look at it lit little lamps that shone in Marje's eyes.

Letty, as impressed, nevertheless felt this was no time for silent adoration of it.

"It's a perfect peach!" she said. "Put it on and I'll hook you up."

Marje, slipping out of her little blue serge, wriggled into the gown of gowns, quite unconscious of treachery in the wind.

"Keep still," directed Letty. "How do you think I can fasten it if you keep turning so. There! Now you can admire yourself all you want to."

In Marje's eyes, as she slowly pirouetted before her glass, there was that which proved her a true daughter of Eve. Yet:

"You are sure that it isn't too — too striking?"

"Striking! Oh, my aunt!" moaned Letty. "You look exactly like Cinderella waiting for the prince to appear. Why, if Mr. Allen could see you now he'd positively grovel —"

Marje's eyes widened. "Supposing he should come!" she gasped. "Not that he will but — — "

A peal from the front door-bell stopped her short.

"There he is now!" announced Letty gleefully. "Oh, Marje, if he hadn't come after all this preparation I'd have kicked myself all the way home."

Marje gave her a beseeching glance. "Run down, Letty," she begged. "Tell him I'll be down in a few minutes — — "

"You watch me! Answer your own door-bells — — "

"But I can't! What would he think — — "

"Tell him you've just been trying on your new dress. Ask him how he likes it. Hurry — there goes the bell again — — "

"Let it! I don't have to answer — — "

"Marjorie Morse. If you don't go I will. And I'll tell him exactly why — — "

"You wouldn't! You couldn't!"

"Oh, couldn't I!" said Letty, grimly, and started for the door.

Marje, panic-stricken, shot past her and started down the stairs. Letty, leaning over the banisters, whispered a last word of advice.

"Don't get rattled if he looks surprised. It will only be because he never realized what a perfect peach you are. I *mean it!*"

THUS ENCOURAGED — or otherwise — Marje managed to open the front door.

"Egypt's Queen!" gasped Letty, and just saved herself from tumbling over the banister.

Nevertheless she dared further perils by staying just where she was.

"Is Miss Morse — " the visitor began and then, recognizing Marje, he changed to, "Why I didn't know you for an instant. May I come in?"

Marje nodded, dumbly. And in came Richard Lyons himself!

"I happened to be passing," he explained, "and I thought I'd drop in."

"Can you beat it!" thought Letty. "And *me* trying to help her!"

The truth, however, lacked the romance she was visioning. Richard had indeed been passing, deeply preoccupied with a problem for which there seemed no solution. The sight of Marje's home, with the rays of the westering sun filling the windows, had penetrated his absorption. His first impression was of its hominess. A second later he remembered that Allison Hurd had identified the house for him and unconsciously he slackened his pace. Then, acting on an impulse more than half whimsical, he turned in at the front gate.

"Of course it's preposterous to expect her to suggest anything," he assured himself. "But she *is* clever."

This discovery, so recently catalogued, was almost eclipsed by another, as he stood there, smiling down at her.

"Why!" he thought, "she's positively pretty!"

Letty would have read his eyes aright, but Marje only became the more confused. *She* thought it was the frock he was looking at.

"I — I was just trying this on," she managed. "I didn't expect anybody — — "

"Is this the reward for that advertisement of yours?" he broke in quickly.

Marje nodded. "If you'll just wait a minute or two, I'll change — — "

"Oh, please don't. I like it immensely. I had no idea anything half so lovely was to be found in Lyons'. Besides I can only stop a minute."

He paused, conscious that her attention had wandered. As her eyes came back

to him she blushed violently — though that was not exactly the word that occurred to him.

"Excuse me," she begged. "I — won't you come into the living-room?"

This he did not wholly understand. But Letty did.

"You knew," she charged, an hour later, "that I was simply perishing with curiosity and you deliberately dragged him into the living-room where I couldn't hear a word you said. What did he talk about anyway?"

"He's having trouble getting extra help for the Christmas rush. Leyland's has gobbled everybody up and he's bothered about it."

"Is that all he talked about?" asked Letty slyly.

"No," admitted Marje. "He talked — —"

"And simply stared. I'll bet he did. You look like a changed girl — —"

"I'll be one before Aunt Jane gets home," commented Marje. "I was petrified all the time he was here for fear she'd march in and tell me to go up-stairs and get — dressed! She'd be capable of it."

Nevertheless she did not slip back into blue serge at once. Instead, after Letty had gone she drew all her curtains and switched on all the lights and turned yet again to her mirror, to surprise there, if she could, justification for that which she dared not let herself believe she had seen in his eyes.

"It's the gown — not me!" she assured herself, severely.

Nevertheless, when just before closing time the next day, she forced herself to his office, she was in blue serge again, yet when he looked up and recognized her, there was, in his eyes, that same quickened something that comes only when a man begins to *see* a girl he has only *looked* at before. Even Marje could not help but realize the subtle difference.

"A — about extra help for Christmas," she began, wishing she had not come.

"You've an idea?" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"I — the Women's Club is having a drive for a clubhouse of their own. They're doing all kinds of things to get money. I thought that perhaps, if you'd give them a percentage on their sales, some of the members would be glad to work here during the rush season and turn the money over to the fund."

Now that it was definitely submitted, she felt it was utterly absurd. Supposing he — but he didn't. He rose to his feet, his eyes alight.

"They'll jump at it. Why that percentage idea in itself is a stroke of genius. They'll draw all the trade they can to help swell the amount. Miss Morse, you're a wonder!"

Now that, for all she dropped her eyes in confusion that was almost painful, gave her a delicious thrill. Greater reward she did not ask, the mere memory of his words still had power to tint her cheeks when, after supper, she helped Aunt Jane with the dishes.

"Mercy, child, what's come over you," demanded Aunt Jane. "You've been standing there wiping that one dish for five minutes — —"

The door-bell pealed an interruption.

"I can guess!" commented Aunt Jane. "Give me that dish towel and run along — "

"Oh, it's probably just somebody for father," said Marje.

But it wasn't. "I telephoned the Women's Club," announced Richard. "And they jumped at the chance. I thought you'd be interested — —"

"Oh, I am!" she exclaimed. Then: "Won't — won't you step in?"

Richard did, and — well, there is no denying that at the next Current Events meeting of the Women's Club the topic for the day, "Is Italy Going Red?" was of secondary interest. For that night saw the start of something that, without his realizing just how or when it happened, carried Richard fast and far. But then, as Allison Hurd declared, he merely followed precedent.

"His father married a cash girl, he's marrying a stenographer. Upholding family traditions, you see."

Richard, however, put it differently. This, on the night before Christmas, when all through the house — well, Aunt Jane was in the kitchen and so was Marje's father, keeping still as a mouse.

"You may think he comes to hear your views on everything under the sun," Aunt Jane had austerely informed John Morse. "But I know different. You stay right here where you are and leave them alone for once."

So Richard and Marje — but where they sat, or how, is nobody's business.

"But I don't see why," began Marje — a glorified, rosy, yet still incredulous Marje — "why you — —"

"I do," he assured her. "You are so clever that I need you in the business and so adorably pretty that if I don't gobble you up some other man — —"

"Pretty?" echoed Marje, with widened eyes. "Why, I'm not. Not the least bit. My mouth" — she blushed — "is simply miles too — —"

"Too far away," he interjected promptly. "Come back here — —"

"But Aunt Jane! She — —"

"Her turn comes later. *Please!*"

And she pleased.

Lincoln as Exhibit B

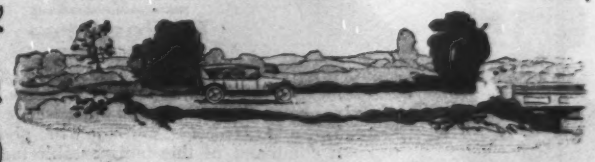
[*Continued from page 17*]

not inherited; they are repeated in the child by the early instinct of imitation, as Mark Twain imitated his mother's irony and her humorous drawl. To Lincoln his mother was obviously a model of intellectual strength, and he began to imitate her in that respect. When his father married again, the stepmother found that while Abraham Lincoln did not like to work, he liked to read, and she told Herndon, "I induced my husband to permit Abe to study." That is the first record we have of a quality in Lincoln that lifted him out of his early obscurity — an ambition that took him to books and study. He was then ten years old.

What was the motive power of this young ambition? We can only argue by analogy that it was the conscious effort to overcome a subconscious sense of inferiority; but how that sense of inferiority first arose, we have no means of deciding. In his later youth, it gained strength from a recognition of his personal uncouthness, his awkwardness, his poverty, his ignorance, and the inferiority of his family. But it must have been strong in him long before that. It may have been due, as it was in Mark Twain, to a physical inadequacy in his infancy; for his great size and strength seem to have begun in a sudden growth at the age of eleven. Or it may have come out of some cruelty of his father's — for his father, according to Dennis Hanks, would often knock him down for asking too many questions. Or he may have imitated it subconsciously from his mother, whose pitiful, sad and patient face must have been to Lincoln the symbol of all the injustice and poverty and hardships and oppressions of life as he first suffered them. Certainly, a typically Puritan "soul-fear" was added to his early recognition of inadequacy by his mother's religious teaching, as in Mark Twain's case. And his soul-fear became the strongest subconscious determinant of his temperament.

The Lamon Life of Lincoln, largely inspired by Herndon, makes a shrewd guess at this motivation of Lincoln: "It is very probable that much of Lincoln's unhappiness, the melancholy that 'dripped from him as he walked', was due to his want of religious faith . . . To a man of his temperament, predisposed as he was to depression of spirit, there could be no chance of happiness if doomed to live without hope and without God in the world . . . Solid comfort and permanent peace could come to him only 'through a correspondence fixed with heaven'." But Lamon wrote under the influence of Herndon's conviction that Lincoln was an infidel who concealed his infidelity because the avowal of it would have ruined his political career. And that is not true. The conclusive evidence against it is studied in a recent volume by William E. Barton, "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln."

Barton's work is valuable because he "taught school and afterward preached in the mountain region of Kentucky and Tennessee amid social conditions essentially parallel to those in which Lincoln was born and amid which he spent his manhood up to the time of his going to Washington." Barton makes it clear that the faith of Lincoln's childhood was a faith as tremulously animated by the fear of damnation as that of any Plymouth



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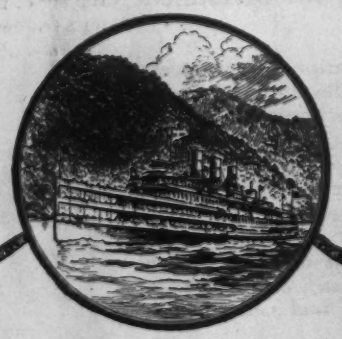

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youngster. The pioneer was taught that he could only be absolved from original sin and saved from eternal damnation by faith in the scriptures and obedience to their precepts as interpreted by reason; but his terror-stricken subconscious mind added another device of escape, the phantasy of salvation, which inspired the religious ecstasies of frontier camp-meetings. When the terrifying eloquence of the evangelist had produced that attack of frightened despair which was called "the conviction of sin", the mind took refuge in a fancied realization of the wish to be saved and saw visions and felt the delights of paradise. This upwelling of the subconscious wish was accepted as a proof of salvation. For those who felt it, it lightened the load of Puritan anxiety. But those to whom it did not arrive were liable to see themselves all the more unregenerate, neglected by God, and unworthy of the coveted accession of "irresistible grace." Lincoln never experienced this escape from the conviction of sin; he was never "converted"; his young anxiety and insecurity were never relieved.

He began life as a depressed Puritan, just as Mark Twain did. The religious philosophy of his young manbood is very like Twain's. And, in both cases, the philosophy was merely the intellectual attempt to escape the oppressive soul-fear by destroying the symbol of it. In neither case was it successful. William James's conclusions in the matter of religion seem to be correct. Religion, in the sense that it is an instinctive fear conditioned by early teaching, is an indestructible emotion. All theologies are mental growths superimposed on this emotion, and the removal of the theological belief does not destroy the fear; it merely sets the fear adrift in the subconscious mind.

LINCOLN'S MOTHER was religious. So was his stepmother. One of the first concerns of the latter, after her marriage, was to see that her husband came "to jine the Baptist church." Apparently, they always asked a family blessing at meals; for Lincoln is reported to have said to his father, at a meal which was all potatoes; "Dad, I call these mighty poor blessings." The poverty of the family was extreme. The father was a failure. He hated the routine of labor on the farm, and he was unlucky in all his business ventures. He had a great liking for jokes and stories, and there he set a pattern which his son imitated. He set also a pattern of idleness, and though he made his son work on the farm, and compelled obedience, the boy's labor went unrewarded; and work was never accepted by Abraham Lincoln as a device to escape insecurity. Once, at nineteen, he ran away, but his conscience forced him to return and obey his father until he came of age, legally, at twenty-one. Then he went to work for himself in a general store at the neighboring town of New Salem, Illinois.

Here we get our first clear picture of him. He was six feet four inches in height and weighed two hundred and fourteen pounds. He "never drank liquor of any kind and never chewed or smoked. We never heard him swear"—and this, of itself, would be sufficient proof of his religiosity in his surroundings. He had a chronic fear of women. In the store, "he always disliked to wait on the ladies." His friend Ellis notes, "While we boarded at the tavern, there came a family consisting of an old lady, her son, and three stylish daughters . . . and, during their stay, I do not remember of Mr. Lincoln's ever appearing at the same table." Ellis attributed this shyness to "the consciousness of his awkward appearance and the unpretentious condition of his wearing apparel." Psychologically such shyness is always an element in the inferiority complex determined by factors which we need not consider here.

Because of his great strength "he was capable of hard work", but he was "disinclined to perform it." His employers "declared that he loved labor far less than his meals and pay." What he loved most of all was books and study. When he arrived in New Salem, he could read and write. He set himself to study grammar with a schoolteacher, who also taught him mathematics and the elements of surveying. He read law while sitting around the store waiting for business. He read "the Bible, Shakespeare, Burns and even Byron." And he read Volney's "Ruins" and Paine's "Age of Reason", and became something of a free-thinker. In short, he acted as a young man conscious of inferiority — with that consciousness probably overlaying a deeper religious fear — who had discarded work as a device, because of his father's example, and seized on mentality as a device, because of his mother's example and his stepmother's encouragement.

But observe that he did not seek knowledge out of curiosity nor as a scholar, for its own sake. He sought it as an aid to his ambition, as a means to overcome his inferiority and to maximate his ego. He felt that expression was as important as learning, because by clear expression he could impress and dominate others, and he continually strove to put his acquired knowledge into words. He began to talk and write and "orate." When he had no other audience, he harangued the trees. Once after hearing a stump-speaker named Posey, he mounted a box and made a better speech than Posey had made, and Posey, astonished, encouraged him to keep at it and to study law and politics. His need for the approval of a visible audience may have helped to make him a lawyer and a politician rather than a writer. He wrote an essay that was a defense of universal salvation and he gave it to his friend, the schoolteacher, to read. A misreport, fathered by Herndon, has described this essay as an attack on Christianity. It was merely an attack on the belief that an angry God sent souls to Hell eternally. It argued that Christ, having died for all men, had redeemed them. Obviously, it was an attempt on Lincoln's part to find a philosophy, derived from the Bible, which would let him escape from his Puritan soul-fear. He did no other writing, except some examples of bucolic humor.

Meanwhile, he was progressing not merely by means of his intellectual devices but by virtue of the qualities that he had imitated from his father. His jokes and his funny stories were making him popular. He was a Puritan in his life, but his stories of necessity were Rabelaisian, as much to be in the mode as because they allowed an unconscious escape from sex-repression. Throughout his life, along with his purely intellectual devices he continued to use this popular appeal of humor. It was with him, as it was with Twain, an unconscious and instinctive device to maximate his ego, to obtain the goodwill of a company, to overcome an opponent, to relieve his own repressions, and to escape from his solitary melancholy in social laughter and applause. His earliest political speeches were almost wholly humorous, but as he gained confidence through success he used humor less and less in his public utterances. His Presidential addresses have no trace of it.

When he first appeared in New Salem, his great height and strength were another asset of his ego, though they were somewhat of a liability, too, because of his self-conscious awkwardness. He was encouraged by his employer to a contest with a local bully, whom he defeated. The man became a devoted adherent; he and his gang followed Lincoln as their elected captain in a brief Indian war, "the Blackhawk campaign"; and Lincoln subsequently used his popularity among them for political purposes. From this and similar incidents Lincoln came to have an unconscious reliance on his physical size as a support against his inner feeling of inadequacy, and it is amusing to see him unconsciously using his height, as a boy might, even in the White House, in order to encourage himself and depress an opponent. Confronted by the dignified John Sherman, he said: "So you're John Sherman? Let's see if you're as tall as I am. We'll measure." To the amazement of the company, he backed up to Sherman, as if they were in a school yard, and proved himself the taller.

Lamon has said of him, with more truth than kindliness: "Mr. Lincoln was never agitated by any passion more than by his wonderful thirst for distinction. There is no instance where an important office was within his reach and he did not try to get it." While he was still a clerk in the country store, a year after his arrival in New Salem, he announced himself as a candidate for election to the Illinois legislature. The intellectual hero of that day and place was the lawyer-politician. The absence of a clergy with a fixed residence prevented the minister from being the intellectual leader that he was in New England; and there was no wealthy "captain of industry" to emulate. Lincoln, taking the lawyer-politician as his model, began to develop dexterities of cunning, much as Roosevelt did in New York ward-politics under Joe Murray. But now there showed a curious limitation in Lincoln.

The American ward politician is an instinctive politician. He registers the emotional motives of his constituents by virtue of a sympathetic imagination, as it were intuitively. Lincoln never had this gift. He was handicapped by a great self-consciousness,

based upon his sense of inferiority, his physical uncouthness and his social defects; and this self-consciousness apparently formed a barrier to a sympathetic registration of the emotional reactions of others. He depended wholly upon his intellect, forced to judge men by a logical and slow analysis of their motives. But his intellect was so well-grounded in mathematics and so led toward causality and finality to gain security, that he was more often right than wrong even in the beginning; and at the height of his political career he was so long-sighted in his policy that he easily outwitted his chief opponent, Senator Douglas, and maneuvered him out of the race for the Presidency.

What showed as sympathetic emotion and soft-heartedness in Lincoln was a form of suppressed self-pity, by virtue of which he identified himself with the victim of misfortune. Herndon notes: "Lincoln's heart was tender, full of mercy, if in his presence some imaginative man presented the subject to him. 'Out of sight, out of mind' may truthfully be said of Lincoln. . . . He did not care for men . . . He was a cool man — an unsocial one — an abstracted one, having the very quintessence of profoundest policies." This has been one of the puzzles of his character to all his biographers. He had a conscious ideal of fortitude — evidently unconsciously imitated from his "cool and heroic" and unfortunate mother. His conscious ideal denied any direct expression to the self-pity that arose from his melancholy foundation of soul-fear and inferiority and childhood misery. But whenever he was confronted with any embodiment of misfortune, his suppressed emotions were at once projected upon that symbol of his own childhood plight, irresistibly. Dumb animals, stricken women, and helpless slaves were such symbols to him. "Fred. A. Douglas said of him that Mr. Lincoln was the only white man with whom he ever talked for an hour who did not in some way remind him that he was a negro." Drinkwater, in his Lincoln play, was correct in making the President's clemency for a condemned soldier turn upon the sight of a photograph of the boy's mother. Lincoln himself described to Mary Owens how he had once passed a shoat mired in a slough and had to turn back and rescue it under an irresistible impulse. His feeling was not sympathy. Sympathy is an imaginative reflection of another's emotion, whether that emotion be sorrow or anger or envy or what not. Lincoln was insulated against such a communication of feeling, as Herndon notes. His insulation kept him from being swayed by the raging popular emotions of the years of war — and made it possible for him to work with cabinet members and generals and politicians who, he knew, were antagonistic to him — and set the one emotion of his public utterance as an emotion of pity. It is this insulation against surrounding emotions that makes him such a singular figure in American political life and so untypical.

He was untypical also in the inflexibility of his conscience. Herndon reports: "In illustration of his religious code, I once heard him say that it was like that of an old man named Glenn, in Indiana, whom he heard speak at a religious meeting, and who said, 'When I do good, I feel good; and when I do bad, I feel bad; and that's my religion'." Such conscience is an emotion arising in the subconscious mind, tracing back to childhood teaching. With Lincoln, it was probably the echo of his mother's voice. It was her voice undoubtedly that kept him working for his father, on an isolated backwoods farm, until he was twenty-one, in spite of his ambition and his distaste for physical labor and his eagerness for education and his lack of filial respect for a man who had none of the qualities that he could love or admire. In New Salem, his honesty and uprightness soon made him noticeable. He failed in partnership as a storekeeper, assumed liability for all the debts of the firm, and was fifteen years paying them off. After this failure, a political opponent offered him a position as deputy surveyor of the county, and he replied: "If I can be perfectly free in my political action, I will take the office, but if my sentiments or even expressions of them are to be abridged in any way, I would not have it or any other office." He gained the reputation of being an exact and just surveyor, who never used his official information for any selfish purpose. He became, in fact, "Honest Abe" and the name was the passport to his first political success. He was elected to the Illinois legislature in the summer of '34, three years after his arrival in New Salem.

Within three years, then, he had risen to popularity and distinction, from an extreme of poverty and ignorance and self-conscious inadequacy. The very rapidity of his success might well have filled him with a bumptious self-confidence. But he had failed financially — that is to say, he had failed to convert success into any tangible assets of real property which could make the success convincingly real to him. And he now failed to realize his love-object. He had been living at the tavern in New Salem, and he had fallen in love with the tavern-keeper's daughter, Anne Rutledge, the most popular girl in the village. She had been engaged to a young man named McNamur who had left Salem and apparently deserted her. His desertion left a clear field for Lincoln, and Lincoln's affections were probably the more poignantly engaged because her melancholy, due to her lover's desertion, recreated for him the piteous image of his mother. She accepted Lincoln, but she did not recover her spirits; she continued to brood over her first lover's infidelity, and in the summer of 1835 she died. A month later, McNamur returned to claim her. He had been ill of a fever and unconscious for a month. There had been some incident about a letter — obscure to us — which another suitor had written to McNamur, and which, after a dispute with Lincoln, had been burned unsent. Whether because of this burning of a letter, or because Lincoln's interference between McNamur and the girl was considered by Lincoln to have confirmed her in the despair of which she supposedly died, Lincoln was plunged into the depths of sorrow and remorse. He had "fits of great mental depression and wandered up and down the river and into the woods, wofully abstracted and at times in the deepest distress." He was "watched with especial vigilance during damp, stormy days, under the belief that dark and gloomy weather might produce such a depression of spirits as to induce him to take his own life." And two years after her death, he told a member of the Legislature that "although he seemed to enjoy life rapturously, yet when alone he never dared to carry a pocket-knife."

AT THE same time he was a shrewd success in the Legislature. His humorous invective made him feared in debate. Along with eight other Whigs, called the "Long Nine" because of their height, he dominated the Legislature and was a leader in the control of the Whig party. He supported a policy of building railroads and canals through the state on a scale of internal improvement so vast that it "dazzled the eyes of nearly everybody, but in the end rolled up a debt so enormous as to impede the otherwise marvelous progress of Illinois." The scheme was what we would now call a gigantic "pork barrel", but the conscience of the day was not against it. Lincoln supported it in good faith and when the ill consequences developed he accepted his share of them, pleading in extenuation merely that he was "no financier." On the subject of slavery he acted as a neutral. He introduced a motion opposing a rigid anti-abolition resolution, but he adroitly put into his motion the argument that "slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy but the promulgation of abolition doctrine tends rather to increase than abate the evils." Indeed, as long as the so-called Missouri Compromise limited the spread of slavery, he was willing to leave the problem for the slave states to solve.

As a young politician, he appealed to the self-interests of the citizens in order to gain power, but he never seems to have viewed power as a device to gain money. He got nothing from the orgy of internal improvement. It was a plundering of the state, but not to his advantage. At the end of his first term in the Legislature, he obtained a license to practise law, and in the early spring of 1837 he left New Salem on horseback and rode to the capital at Springfield with everything he owned in his saddlebags, to begin practise as a lawyer. In Springfield, he shared a room with a young merchant named Speed. Furniture was needed to the amount of $17. Lincoln said to Speed: "It is probably cheap enough; but I want to say that, cheap as it is, I have not the money to pay. But if you will credit me until Christmas, and my experiment here as a lawyer is a success, I will pay you then. If I fail in that, I will probably never pay you at all." And says Speed: "The tone of his voice was so melancholy that I felt then, as I think now, that I never saw so gloomy and melancholy a face in my life."

Lincoln's conscience prevented him from making a financial success of politics. It also prevented him from making a financial success of law. He could not defend a man

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whom he knew to be guilty. He could not press an unjust claim. In both professions he accumulated popularity, good-will, reputation and power, but he never converted his success into property, the visible sign of success. Consequently he had no tangible evidences of past achievement to buoy him up during intervals of failure and depression. His subconscious self-depreciation was like the dead-weight of an airplane that had to continue at a high speed of uninterrupted progress and accomplishment in order to keep afloat. The moment he was checked, he crashed. In 1840, he stumped the state as an Elector on the Harrison ticket, met Douglas, and was beaten. Says Gillespie: "He was conscious of his failure, and I never saw any man so much distressed. He begged to be permitted to try again." In Cincinnati, in 1857, associated in a law case with Edwin M. Stanton, his future Secretary of War, he overheard Stanton say contemptuously, "Where did that long-armed creature come from? And what can he expect to do in this case?" He was instantly thrown into bottomless depression and he left Cincinnati declaring that he hoped he would never see the place again.

To his financial failure was added his failure in love. He found no one who appealed to his rather pitiful instinct of affection as Anne Rutledge had. After some false starts and agonized vacillations, he became attracted to Mary Todd, apparently out of ambition, and won her from his political rival, Stephen A. Douglas. She fell ill of indecision but accepted Lincoln. On the day set for the wedding Lincoln did not arrive for the ceremony. He was found, near daybreak, wandering about. "Restless, gloomy, miserable, desperate, he seemed an object of pity." He was watched closely for days, and all "knives and razors were removed from his reach." He said: "I am the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. I must die or do better." He suffered for the slight that he had put upon his *fiancée*. "The never-absent idea that there is one unhappy whom I have contributed to make so — that kills my soul." She was willing to condone the injury. Another wedding day was set. He came to the altar, Herndon writes, "as pale and trembling as if being driven to slaughter." It was not a love match for either of them. It did not help him escape subconscious unhappiness.

He devoted himself to politics and played the game with great shrewdness, but his conscience was opposed to the Mexican War, and he introduced resolutions in Congress — to which he had been elected — against it. Political defeat resulted in a renewed application to law and to the improvement of his literary education. He was now a middle-aged and rather broken man who regarded himself as a failure. When his sense of unworthiness, fear of competition and lack of persistence prevented him from obtaining a position in Washington as Commissioner of the General Land Office, he wrote: "There is nothing about me to authorize me to think of a first-class office." He told his partner Herndon that his course in Congress had killed him politically. The profession of law, as he afterward said to Scripps, "had superseded the thought of politics in his mind when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused him as he had never been aroused before."

Here was the sudden turning-point of his life. He had always believed that slavery was wrong; but, as long as its spread was prevented, he was willing to wait for the growth of public conscience to exterminate it. "I confess I hate to see the poor creatures hunted down and caught and carried back to stripes and unrequited toil; but I bite my lips and keep quiet." (August 24, 1855.) That is to say, his emotion of pity for the slave could be checked by considerations of expediency. Of all moral issues, he once said to Herndon: "Such questions must first find lodgment with the most enlightened souls who stamp them with their approval. In God's own time, they will be organized into law and thus woven into the fabric of our institutions." He was satisfied to wait until the feeling against slavery could be organized.

But by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the events that followed, he was convinced that the institution of slavery was to be spread into the north, and he saw this as a subversion of the basic principle of the republic — that all men are created equal. The South, as he decided, was determined either to make slavery the law of the land or to secede from the Union. The free institutions of his country were threatened by the one course, and its unity and strength by the other. That was the situation as it presented itself to his conscious intelligence.

Beneath all this were the emotions of his subconscious mind which inspired his intelligence to action. It is not easy to express those emotions in intelligent words without appearing fantastic. It was Lincoln's unconscious defense of his own oppressed self that was projected into a defense of racial liberty. Considering him as a conscious intelligence, it was true of him, as he himself wrote of Henry Clay, that his "predominant sentiment, from first to last, was a deep devotion to the cause of human liberty — a strong sympathy with the oppressed everywhere and an ardent wish for their elevation. With him this was a primary and all-controlling passion. He loved his country partly because it was his own country and mostly because it was a free country; and he burned with a zeal for its advancement, prosperity and glory, because he saw in such the advancement, prosperity and glory of human liberty, human right, and human nature. He desired the prosperity of his countrymen, but chiefly to show to the world that free men could be prosperous." But if we express this passage in terms of Lincoln's subconscious emotions, it would read: "his predominant sentiment, from first to last, was a deep devotion to the cause of his own liberty — a sympathy with his oppressed ego and an ardent wish for its elevation. He loved his country because it was a free country, and he burned with a zeal for its advancement, prosperity and glory because he saw in such the advancement, prosperity and glory of his own liberty, his own right, and his own nature. He desired the prosperity of his countrymen to show to the world that he, as a free man, could be prosperous."

Added to this impulse of his ego instincts, there was undoubtedly another subconscious driving emotion in Lincoln. As with so many patriots, his mother country was, to his instinctive mind, his mother herself. It is perhaps for this reason that the personification of a country is always a mother-image in patriotic drawings — Columbia, Britannia, *la France* — though the governments of those same countries are father-images, Uncle Sam, John Bull, Johnny Crapaud. Lincoln projected upon his endangered and unhappy country all the emotions that he had felt for his oppressed and melancholy mother and for that later embodiment of his mother-image, Anne Rutledge. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, therefore, aroused in him every dynamic emotion of his psyche, tore him loose from his static life of conservative adjustments, and threw him into the political conflict with every energy of mind and soul released.

What made him so irresistible in the crisis was this: his enormous emotional energy was coolly directed by those cunning dexterities of intelligence which he had perfected through long years of victorious attack upon the realities of politics and the law. He applied his almost unlimited psychic resources in a careful, acutely concentrated and consciously directed thrust upon a single objective, the defense of his country and the preservation of its liberties. He had a degree of genius that differed from Napoleon's only in its use: Napoleon's energy served the inner ego only; Lincoln served that ego torn from his inner psyche and transferred to the bosom of his country; and he served it as religiously as Moses who went one step farther and projected his ego into the bosom of God. He served it with a cunning that was hidden by his subconscious humility, in a disguise of rough simplicity, so that his opponents might underrate him. He served it with a winning trick of humor that endeared him to the common man, a melancholy visage that touched all who saw him, a projected self-pity that made him a father-image of mercy and care to the afflicted. But chiefly he served it with a knowledge of men and their motives, a detachment from them as the instruments of his purpose, an unbewildered insulation from their confused and confusing emotions, and an appraisal of their weaknesses that was too scientific to be cynical.

He had been engineering the human nature of the gang, the community, the jury-box, the convention and the polls. He was now called upon to engineer the human nature of a cabinet, a Congress, rival political parties, foreign countries, and his own nation. A few quotations from his more deliberate opinions will serve to indicate his judgment of the material he had to handle. "During the American revolution," he writes, "the jealousy, envy and avarice incident to our

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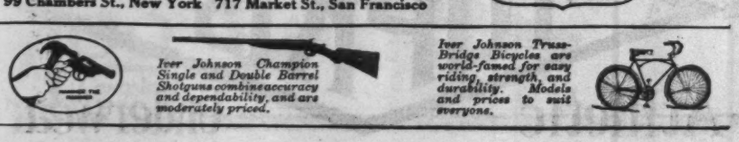
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nature and so common to a state of peace, prosperity and conscious strength, were for a time in a great measure smothered and rendered inactive, while the deep-rooted principles of hate and the powerful motive of revenge, instead of being turned against each other, were directed exclusively against the British nation." "It is not much in the nature of man to be driven to anything; still less to be driven about that which is his own business." "Not to meet denunciation with denunciation, crimination with crimination and anathema with anathema, was to expect a reversal of human nature, which is God's decree and can never be reversed." "Few can be induced to labor exclusively for posterity, and none will do it enthusiastically. . . . Great distance in either time or space has wonderful power to lull and render quiescent the human mind." "When the conduct of man is designed to be influenced, persuasion — kind unassuming persuasion — should be adopted. If you would win a man to your cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend. Therein is a drop of honey that catches his heart which, say what you will, is the great highroad to his reason, and which, when once gained, you will find but little trouble in convincing him of the justice of your cause, if indeed that cause be a just one. On the contrary, assume to dictate to his judgment, or to command his action, or to mark him as one to be shunned or despised, and he will retreat within himself, and close all the avenues to his head and his heart; and though your cause be naked truth itself, transformed to the heaviest lance, harder than steel, and sharper than steel can be made, and though you throw it with more than Herculean force and precision, you shall be no more able to pierce him than to penetrate the hard shell of a tortoise with a rye straw. Such is man, and so must he be understood by those who would lead him, even to his own best interests."

These are not the platitudes of a chamber psychologist. They are the principles upon which he acted throughout the war. He did not try to rouse an unselfish enthusiasm on behalf of the slaves; he sought to rally patriotic self-interest to the defense of the Union; and he moved no faster than his public support. In his cabinet and at the head of his armies, he used men who envied or despised him. He used, similarly, any emotion of the public mind — hatred, revenge, fear, self-interest — that would further his purpose. He accepted human nature as a natural phenomenon, or, as he said, as "God's decree", and he did not scold it or repine about it or try to run counter to it. He merely tried to understand it so as to be able to take advantage of it for his ends.

Those who, like his partner Herndon, appreciated the slyness of his intellectual cunning, supposed that his religiosity as President was assumed for public effect. Others have argued that he had been converted from the infidelity of his early manhood just before his election to the Presidency. The truth seems to be that he began life with a desperate anxiety of soul from which he consciously escaped by arguing that God was merciful, that Christ had died to redeem mankind, and that he, himself, was included in the redemption. His subconscious anxiety continued unrelieved, however, and he next attempted to escape it by seeing God as a law of Eternal Right; by believing that if he acted rightly he would be conforming to an Eternal Law that would save him; and by trusting to the feeling of his conscience to tell him when he was acting rightly. (This was the period of his so-called infidelity.) His soul-anxiety and insecurity still persisted, and when he entered upon the crisis of his life, after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, his sense of inadequacy made him seek, in prayer, to align himself more accurately with Eternal Law. With his election to the Presidency he was driven to his knees because, as he said, he had "nowhere else to go." It was impossible for him to carry his enormous burden of responsibility without dependence on a Higher Power. He not only sought in prayer to align himself with that power of rightness, but he became alert for some sign to convince him of his correct alignment. The victory at Antietam was such a sign.

Deeper than all this was another subconscious determinant. At the death of his mother, the loss of love probably afflicted him with the common death-wish of the unhappy child. It appeared again as the fear of suicide when the death of Anne Rutledge repeated the emotions of his mother's loss; and again when his desertion of Mary Todd restaged McNamur's desertion of Anne Rutledge. The fear of suicide was a fear in his conscious mind fighting the subconscious death-wish. That wish continued to show itself intermittently as a conscious conviction of a tragic end awaiting him. Herndon saw it as the basis of Lincoln's melancholy. "Lincoln was a gloomy man at one moment and a joyous man the next; he was conscious that a terrible fate awaited him. He said to me, 'I cannot help but believe that I shall meet with some terrible end.' This idea seized him and made him gloomy. At times his better nature would get the mastery of him, and he would be happy till the shadow of his fate flitted over him."

With his election to the Presidency, the subconscious death-wish took a new form. He was warned by Father Chiniquy of an alleged conspiracy to assassinate him. According to Father Chiniquy, Lincoln admitted: "It seems to me that the Lord wants to-day, as he wanted in the days of Moses, another victim — a victim which He himself has chosen, anointed and prepared for the sacrifice, by raising it above the rest of His people. I cannot conceal from you that my impression is that I am the victim." In a later interview with an unnamed Illinois minister, there is an indication that at the dedication of the Gettysburg cemetery, he saw himself again as a predestined sacrifice and voiced that feeling obscurely in his speech. The same feeling seems to well up in the close of his second inaugural address. And to the new psychology, it is this death-wish that inspired the dream of his own assassination, and the illusion of his double-image in the mirror, which he accepted as premonitions of his approaching end. The subconscious wish had found a way to pass the censorship of his conscience by becoming ennobled as the supreme sacrifice, to die for his country.

Measured in terms of pure character, Lincoln probably represents the best product that can be evolved from the Puritan in the American environment — the best both in the individual maximation of the ego and in the conversion of individual power into social values. Personal happiness was denied him because of the defeat of his love-motive. He missed the compensation which comes of the approval of a mate and he missed the protection of a close circle of intimate comrades. He went through life very much alone. Like all who emerge from insecurity, he was sensitive to the disapproval of the herd. The feeling of doing right is never a complete protection against herd criticism; there is always an instinctive reaction that is painful. Lincoln developed sufficient toughness to endure the pain, but he did not escape it. His death-wish, in the White House, was probably somewhat inspired, like any child's, by the desire to compel affection, for when he dreamed of himself as assassinated, he heard the people "grieving as if their hearts would break."

He was a typical American in that his soul-fear was the driving power of his energy and ambition; but, like Twain, he was untypical in not seeking in industry an escape from insecurity. Unlike Twain, who as a boy hated school and study, he sought to maximate his ego by means of intellectual achievement; and though he never turned from his attacks on reality, to escape into the dreams of art, he wrote, in his Gettysburg address, the finest piece of English prose that America has produced. His genius was the creation of a subconscious sense of inferiority as Twain's was, but the maternal influence made Lincoln pity himself, where Twain, because of his mother's attitude, despised himself. Both were typically American in their use of humor. Both made the same typical attempt to relieve psychic anxiety by an intelligent philosophy; and both failed. Twain was the happier of the two in the realization of a love-object, but disaster overtook his happiness and he died in despair. Lincoln missed the maximation of his ego in a happy love, but he succeeded — where Twain failed — in identifying himself with the herd and losing his ego in it. Both saw mankind with the same unillusioned eyes; but where Twain despised and revolted, Lincoln accepted and forgave. And whereas Twain, suffering with a sense of his unworthiness, continually rebelled against his childhood God, Lincoln arrived at the happier self-abnegation of offering himself in his unworthiness as a scapegoat for the sins of his people, and was exalted in his own eyes by the fate impending.

[The next article on The American Mind — "Carnegie, Barnum and Others" — by Harvey O'Higgins, will appear in the August McClure's.]

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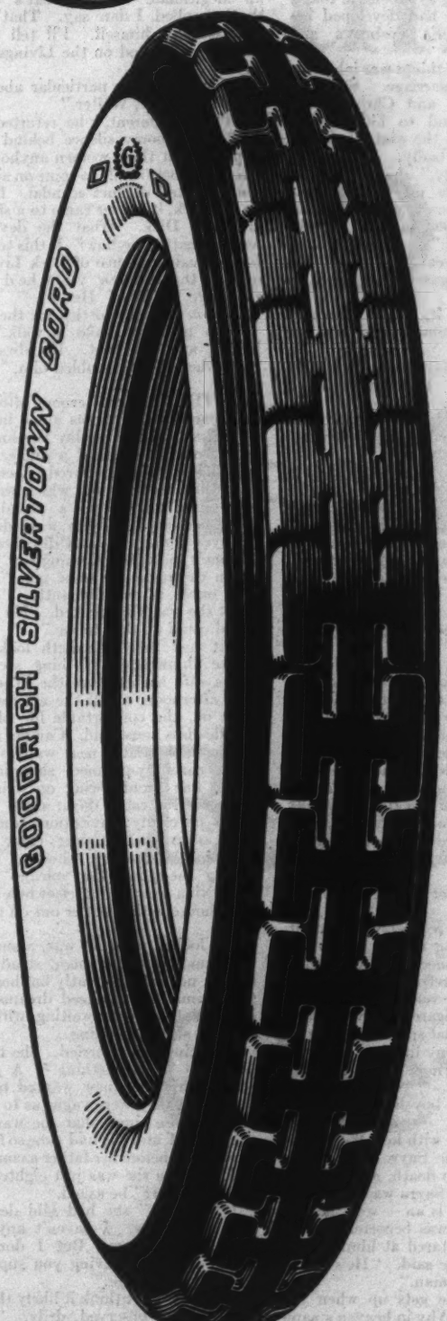

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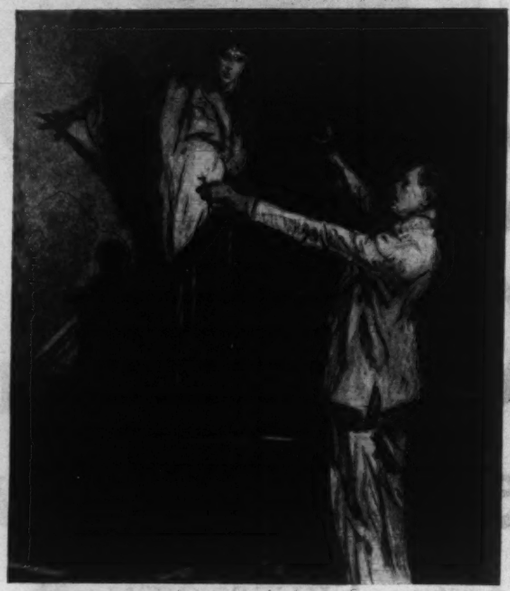

"Telephone nothing," he said. "The wire's cut."

"TOM!" she cried.

"There they go. Telephone the police."

"Telephone nothing!" her husband exclaimed. "I can't. They've cut the wire," and he held up the telephone with the severed wire.

"Oh, dear, why can't you make them stop," his wife wailed.

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The Breaking Point

[*Continued from page 12*]

a momentary pause. Then her father said:

"Just a minute. Is that Will Ward's boy?"

"Yes. He's not a boy."

"Well, he'll come around to see me before there's any engagement. Has that occurred to either of you?"

"Oh, he'll be around. He'd have come to-night, but Howard Moore is having his bachelor dinner. I hope he doesn't look shot to pieces to-morrow. These bachelor things—we'd better have a dinner or something, mother, and announce it."

There had been the dinner, with a silver loving cup bought for the occasion, and thereafter to sit out its useless days on the Sheraton sideboard. And there had been a trousseau and a wedding so expensive that a small frown of anxiety had developed between Walter Wheeler's eyebrows and stayed there.

For Nina's passion for things was inherent, persisting after her marriage. She discounted her birthdays and Christmas in advance, coming around to his office a couple of months before the winter holidays and needing something badly.

"It's like this, daddy," she would say. "You're going to give me a check for Christmas anyhow, aren't you? And it would do me more good now. I simply can't go to another ball."

"Where's your trousseau?"

"It's worn out—danced to rags. And out of date, too."

"I don't understand it, Nina. You and Leslie have a good income. Your mother and I——"

"You didn't have any social demands. And wedding presents! If one more friend of mine is married——"

He would get out his check-book and write a check slowly and thoughtfully, and tearing it off he would say:

"Now remember, Nina, this is for Christmas. Don't feel aggrieved when the time comes and you have no gift from us."

But he knew that when the time came, Margaret, his wife, would hold out almost to the end, and then slip into a jeweler's and buy Nina something she simply couldn't do without.

It wasn't quite fair, he felt. It wasn't fair to Jim or to Elizabeth. Particularly to Elizabeth.

Sometimes he looked at Elizabeth with a little prayer in his heart, never articulate; that life would be good to her; that she keep her illusions and her dreams; that the soundness and wholesomeness of her might keep her from unhappiness. Sometimes, as she sat reading or sewing, with the light behind her shining through her soft hair, he saw in her a purity that was almost radiant.

He was in arms at once a night or two before Dick had invited Elizabeth to go to the theater, when Margaret Wheeler had said:

"The house was gayer when Nina was at home."

"Yes. And you were pretty sick of it. Full of roistering young idiots. Piano and phonograph going at once, pairs of gigglers in the pantry at the refrigerator, pairs on the stairs and on the veranda, cigar-ashes—my cigars—and cigarettes over everything, and more infernal spooning going on than I've ever seen in my life."

He had resumed his newspaper, to put it down almost at once.

"What's that Sayre boy hanging around for?"

"I think he's in love with her, Walter."

"Love? Any of the Sayre tribe? Jim Sayre drank himself to death, and this boy is like him. And Jim Sayre wasn't faithful to his wife. This boy is an—well, he's an heir. That's why he was begotten."

Margaret Wheeler stared at him.

"Why, Walter!" she said. "He's a nice boy, and he's a gentleman."

"Why? Because he gets up when you come into the room. Why in heaven's name don't you encourage real men to come here? There's Dick Livingstone. He's a man."

Margaret hesitated.

"Walter, have you ever thought there was anything queer about Dick Livingstone's coming here?"

"Darned good for the town that he did come."

"But—nobody ever dreamed that David and Lucy had a nephew. Then he turns up, and they send him to medical college, and all that."

"I've got some relations I haven't notified the town I possess," he said grimly.

"Well, there's something odd. I don't believe Henry Livingstone, the Wyoming brother, ever had a son."

"What possible foundation have you for a statement like that?"

"Mrs. Cook Morgan's sister-in-law has been visiting her lately. She says she knew Henry Livingstone well years ago in the west, and she never heard he was married. She says positively he was *not* married."

"And trust the Morgan woman to spread the good news," he said with angry sarcasm. "Well, suppose that's true? Suppose Dick *is* an illegitimate child? That's the worst that's implied, I dare say. That's nothing against Dick himself. I'll tell the world there's good blood on the Livingstone side, anyhow."

"You were very particular about Wallie Sayre's heredity, Walter."

"That's different," he retorted, and retired into gloomy silence behind his newspaper. Drat these women anyhow. It was like some fool female to come on and rake up some old and defunct scandal. He'd stand up for Dick, if it ever came to a show-down. He liked Dick. What the devil did his mother matter anyhow? If this town hadn't had enough evidence of Dick Livingstone's quality the last few years he'd better go elsewhere, anyhow. He——"

He got up and whistled for the dog.

"I'm going to take a walk," he said briefly, and went out. He always took a walk when things troubled him.

ON THE Sunday afternoon after Dick had gone, Elizabeth was alone in her room up-stairs. On the bed lay the sort of gown Nina would have called a dinner dress, and to which Elizabeth referred as her dark blue. Seen thus, in the room which was her own expression, there was a certain nobility about her very simplicity, a steadiness about her eyes that was almost disconcerting.

"She's the saintly-looking sort that would go on the rocks for some man," Nina had said once, rather flippantly, "and never know she was shipwrecked. No man in the world could do that to me."

But just then Elizabeth looked totally unlike shipwreck. Nothing seemed more like a safe harbor than the Wheeler house that afternoon, or all the afternoons. Life went on, the comfortable life of an upper middle-class household. Candles and flowers on the table and a neat waitress to serve; little, carefully-planned shopping expeditions; fine hand-sewing on dainty undergarments for rainy days; small tributes of books or candy; invitations and consultations as to what to wear; choir practice, a class in the Sunday school, a little work among the poor; the volcano which had been Nina overflowing elsewhere in a smart little house with a butler out on the Ridgely Road.

She looked what she was, a small and not uncommon young woman, steady-eyed and serene; not asking greatly but hoping much; full of small unvisualized dreams and little inarticulate prayers; waiting, without knowing that she was waiting.

Sometimes she worried. She thought she ought to "do something." A good many of the girls she knew wanted to do something, but they were vague as to what. She felt at those times that she was not being very useful, and she had gone so far as to lay the matter before her father a couple of years before, when she was just eighteen.

"Just what?" he asked.

"That's it," she had said despondently. "I don't know. I haven't any particular talent, you know. But I don't think I ought to go on having you support me in idleness all my life."

"Well, I don't think it likely that I'll have to," he had observed, drily. "But here's the point, and I think it's important. I don't intend to work without some compensation, and my family is my compensation. You just hang around and make me happy, as you do, and you're fulfilling your economic place in the nation. Don't you forget it, either."

That had comforted her. She had decided never to marry, but to hang around for the rest of her

[*Continued on page 53*]

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EXPERIENCED investors when purchasing bonds ask for those that are "readily convertible into cash." It is the quality of marketability again. Now, the law of compensation works in the investment field as well a elsewhere, and marketability costs something, just as do safety or a high rate of income. Ordinarily an extreme degree of safety may be had only at the cost of a high income, just as an extremely high income may be had only at the sacrifice of safety. Likewise ready convertibility may be had at the expense of either safety or income.

Of all investments bank deposits are the most quickly convertible into cash; but the owner pays well for the privilege in that he receives only a minimum income. Sometimes investors do not require ready convertibility and consider it a useless and unnecessary expense. They believe there never will be an occasion to resell their bonds or to borrow upon them.

Bonds are rendered readily convertible into cash from three main natural causes:

1. *Intrinsic worth.*
2. *Size and prominence of corporation.*
3. *Shortness of life.*

A thoroughly good bond always makes its own market. It need not be listed on the Stock Exchange or actively dealt in by many bankers off the Exchange. If the company is strong, solvent, and favorably known in its trade, if the ratio of debt to stock is low, if the business is not an ephemeral one, or likely to be wiped out by competition or change of invention and process, if the management is capable and honest, if there are no excessively large net current liabilities, and, finally, if the earnings are at the very least double the interest charges, there will be no difficulty in selling a bond.

The second factor that makes for ready convertibility is size and prominence. The larger railroad bond issues are listed not only on the local Stock Exchange, but on the bourses of half a dozen European countries. A large corporation is naturally better known than a small one, and thus appeals to a wider circle of buyers. It is better known not only because it has a large capital but because its operations are widely extended.

Finally, bonds that run for a short period only always have a good market, listed or unlisted, provided they have intrinsic worth. There are two reasons for this condition:

1. Short-term securities are in demand for banks and business men who wish to invest their funds until their own business demands them. Nervous investors who fear great future social and economic changes, such as socialism, naturally prefer short-term "stuff."

2. The real worth of a bond soon to be paid off is much better known than that of a bond with a long period to run. Naturally, a bond about to be paid off has only one market price, its face value, whereas a long-term bond may sell at almost any figure. Thus dealers buy and sell short-term securities without taking any risks.

A practical method of obtaining ready convertibility into cash without paying dearly for it in lowered income is to divide one's money into a number of different bonds or mortgages coming due at different times. By purchasing five separate bonds of $1000 each, coming due this year, and each of the four years thereafter, a man will be assured of cash in case of necessity, and yet not be compelled to accept low interest-bearing bonds.

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The Breaking Point—*Continued from page 50*

life. She was quite earnest about it, and resolved.

She picked up the blue dress and standing before her mirror, held it up before her. It looked rather shabby, she thought, but the theater was not like a dance, and anyhow it would look better at night. She had been thinking about next Wednesday evening ever since Dick Livingstone had gone. It seemed, somehow, frightfully important. It *was* frightfully important. For the first time she acknowledged to herself that she had been fond of him, as she put it, for a long time. She had an odd sense, too, of being young and immature, and as though he had stooped to her from some height. Such as thirty-two years and being in the war, and having to decide about life and death, and so on.

She hoped he did not think she was only a child.

She heard Nina coming up the stairs. At the click of her high heels on the hard wood she placed the dress on the bed again, and went to the window. Her father was on the path below, clearly headed for a walk. She knew then that Nina had been asking for something.

Nina came in and closed the door. She was smaller than Elizabeth and very pretty. Her eyebrows had been drawn to a tidy line, and from the top of her shining head to her brown suède pumps she was exquisite with the hours of careful tending and careful dressing she gave her young body.

She sat down on Elizabeth's bed with a sigh.

"I really don't know what to do with father," she said. "He flies off at a tangent over the smallest things. Elizabeth dear, can you lend me twenty dollars? I'll get my allowance on Tuesday."

"I can give you ten."

"Well, ask mother for the rest, won't you? You needn't say it's for me. I'll give it to you Tuesday."

"I'm not going to mother, Nina. She has a lot of expense this month."

"Then I'll borrow it from Wallie Sayre," Nina said, accepting her defeat cheerfully. "If it was an ordinary bill it could wait, but I lost it at bridge and it's got to be paid."

"You oughtn't to play bridge for money," Elizabeth said, a bit primly. "And if Leslie knew you borrowed from Wallace Sayre——"

"I forgot! Wallie's down-stairs, Elizabeth. Really, if he wasn't so funny, he'd be tragic."

"Why tragic? He has everything in the world."

"If you use a little bit of sense, you can have them, too."

"I don't want things."

"Pooh! That's what you think now. Wallie's a nice person. Lots of girls are mad about him. And he has about all the money there is." Getting no response from Elizabeth, she went on: "I was thinking it over last night. You'll have to marry sometime, and it isn't as though Wallie was dissipated, or anything like that. I suppose he knows his way about, but they all do."

She got up.

"Be nice to him, anyhow," she said. "He's crazy about you, and when I think of you in that house — it's a wonderful house, Elizabeth. His mother has a suite waiting for Wallie to be married before she furnishes it."

Elizabeth looked around her virginal little room, with its painted dressing-table, its chintz, and its white bed, with the blue dress on it.

"I'm very well satisfied as I am," she said.

While she smoothed her hair before the mirror Nina surveyed the room and her eyes lighted on the frock.

"Are you still wearing that shabby old thing?" she demanded. "I do wish you'd get some proper clothes. Are you going somewhere?"

"I'm going to the theater on Wednesday night."

"Who with?" Nina in her family was highly colloquial.

"With Doctor Livingstone."

"Are you joking?" Nina demanded.

"Joking? Of course not."

Nina sat down again on the bed, her eyes on her sister, curious and not a little apprehensive.

"It's the first time it's ever happened, to my knowledge," she declared. "I know he's avoided me like poison. I thought he hated women. You know Clare Rossiter is——"

Elizabeth turned suddenly.

"Clare is ridiculous," she said. "She hasn't any reserve, or dignity, or anything else. And I don't see what my going to the theater with Dick Livingstone has to do with her, anyhow."

Nina raised her carefully plucked eyebrows.

"Really!" she said. "You needn't jump down my throat, you know." She considered, her eyes on her sister. "Don't go and throw yourself away on Dick Livingstone, Sis. You're too good-looking, and he hasn't a cent. A suburban practise, out all night, that tumble-down old house and two old people hung around your neck, for Doctor David is letting go pretty fast. It just won't do. Besides, there's a story going the rounds about him, that——"

"I don't want to hear it."

She went to the door and opened it.

"I've hardly spoken a dozen words to him in my life. But just remember this. When I do find the man I want to marry, I shall make up my own mind. As you did," she added as a parting shot.

She was rather sorry as she went down the stairs. She had begun to suspect what the family never guessed, that Nina was not very happy. More and more she saw in Nina's passion for clothes and gaiety, for small possessions, an attempt to substitute them for real things. She even suspected that sometimes Nina was a little lonely.

Wallie Sayre rose from a deep chair as she entered the living-room.

"Hello," he said, "I was on the point of asking Central to give me this number so I could get you on the up-stairs telephone."

"Nina and I were talking. I'm sorry."

Wallie, in spite of Walter Wheeler's opinion of him, was an engaging youth with a wide smile, an air of careless well-being, and an obstinate jaw. What he wanted he went after and generally secured, and Elizabeth, enlightened by Nina, began to have a small anxious feeling that afternoon that what he wanted just now happened to be herself.

"Nina coming down?" he asked.

"I suppose so. Why?"

"You couldn't pass the word along that you are going to be engaged for the next half-hour?"

"I might, but I certainly don't intend to."

"YOU are as hard to isolate as a—as a germ," he complained. "I gave up a perfectly good golf game to see you, and as your father generally calls the dog the moment I appear and goes for a walk, I thought I might see you alone."

"You're seeing me alone now, you know."

Suddenly he leaned over and catching up her hand, kissed it.

"You're so cool and sweet," he said. "I—I wish you liked me a little." He smiled up at her, rather wistfully. "I never knew any one quite like you."

She drew her hand away. Something Nina had said—that he knew his way about—came into her mind, and made her uncomfortable. Back of him, suddenly, was that strange and mysterious region where men of his sort lived their furtive man-life, where they knew their way about. She had no curiosity nor interest, but the mere fact of its existence as revealed by Nina, repelled her.

"There are plenty like me," she said. "Don't be silly, Wallie. I hate having my hand kissed."

"I wonder," he observed shrewdly, "whether that's really true, or whether you just hate having me do it?"

When Nina came in he was drawing a rough sketch of his new power boat.

Nina's delay was explained by the appearance, a few minutes later, of a rather sullen Annie with a tea tray. Afternoon tea was not a Wheeler institution, but was notoriously a Sayre one. And Nina believed in putting one's best foot foremost, even when that resulted in a state of unstable domestic equilibrium.

"Put in a word for me, Nina," Wallie begged. "I intend to ask Elizabeth to go to the theater this week, and I think she is going to refuse."

"What's the play?" Nina inquired negligently. She was privately determining that her mother needed a tea cart and a new tea service.

"'The Valley.' Not that the play matters. It's Beverly Carlysle."

"I thought she was dead, or something."

"Or something is right. She retired years ago, at the top of her success. She was a howling beauty, I'm told. I never saw her. There was some queer story. I've forgotten it. I was a kid then. How about it, Elizabeth?"

"I'm sorry. I'm going Wednesday night."

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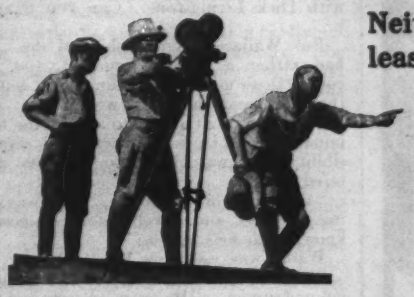

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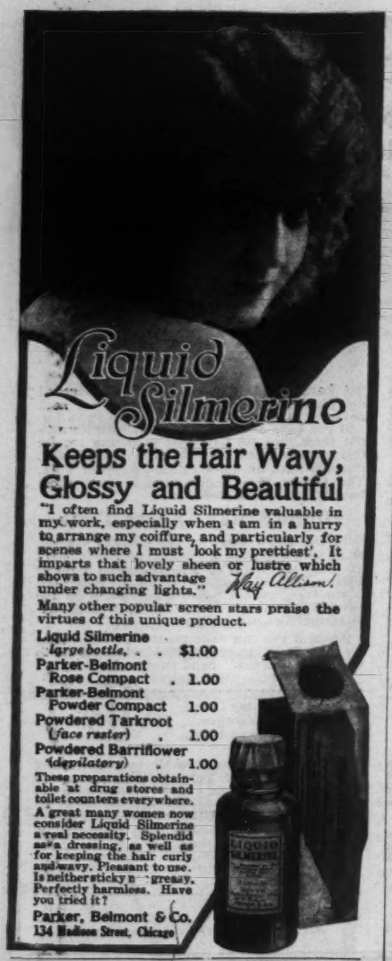

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He looked downcast over that, and he was curious, too. But he made no comment save:

"Well, better luck next time."

"Just imagine," said Nina. "She's going with Dick Livingstone. Can you imagine it?"

But Wallace Sayre could and did. He had rather a stricken moment, too. Of course there might be nothing to it, but on the other hand, there very well might. And Livingstone was the sort to attract the feminine woman; he had gravity and responsibility. He was older, too, and that flattered a girl.

"He's not a bit attractive," Nina was saying. "Quiet, and — well, I don't suppose he knows what he's got on."

Wallie was watching Elizabeth.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, with masculine fairness. "He's a good sort, and he's pretty much of a man."

He was quite sure that the look Elizabeth gave him was grateful.

HE WENT soon after that, keeping up an appearance of gaiety to the end, and very careful to hope that Elizabeth would enjoy the play.

"She's a wonder, they say," he said from the doorway. "Take two hankies along, for it's got more tears than 'East Lynne' and 'The Old Homestead' put together."

He went out, holding himself very erect and looking particularly cheerful until he reached the corner. There, however, he slumped, and it was a rather despondent young man who stood, sometime later, on the center of the deserted bridge over the small river, and surveyed the water with moody eyes.

In the dusky living-room Nina was speaking her mind.

"You treat him like a dog," she said. "Oh, I know — you're civil to him, but if any man looked at me the way Wallie looks at you — I don't know, though," she added, thoughtfully. "It may be that that is why he is so keen. It may be good tactics. Most girls fall for him with a crash."

But when she glanced at Elizabeth she saw that she had not heard. Her eyes were fixed on something in the street beyond the window. Nina looked out. With a considerable rattle of loose joints and four extraordinarily worn tires, the Livingstone car was going by.

David did not sleep well that night. He had not had his golf after all, for the Homer baby had sent out his advance notice early in the afternoon, and had himself arrived on Sunday evening, at the hour when Minnie was winding her clock and preparing to retire early for the Monday washing, and the Sayre butler was announcing dinner. Dick had come in, at ten o'clock, weary and triumphant, to announce that Richard Livingstone Homer, sex male, color white, weight nine pounds, had been safely delivered into this vale of tears.

David lay in the great walnut bed which had been his mother's and read his prayer book by the light of his evening lamp. He read the Evening Prayer and the Litany, and then at last he resorted to the thirty-nine articles, which usually had a soporific effect on him. But it was no good.

He got up and took to pacing his room, a portly, solid old figure in striped pajamas, and the pair of knitted bedroom slippers which were always Mrs. Morgan's Christmas offering. "To Doctor David, with love and a merry Xmas, from Angeline Morgan."

At last he got his keys from his trousers' pocket and padded softly down the stairs and into his office. He drew the shade and turned on the lights. Around him was the accumulated professional impedimenta of many years; the old-fashioned surgical chair; the corner closet which had been designed for china, and which held his instruments; the bookcase; his framed diplomas on the wall, their signatures faded, their seals a little dingy; his desk, from which Dick had removed the old ledger which had held those erratic records from which, when he needed money, he had been wont — and reluctant — to make out his bills.

Beyond lay Dick's office, a neat place of shining linoleum and small glass stands, highly modern and business-like. Beyond the office and opening from it was his laboratory, which had been the fruit closet once, and into which Dick on occasion retired to fuss with slides and tubes and stains and a microscope.

Sometimes he called David in, and talked at length and with enthusiasm, about such human interest things as the *staphylococcus pyogenes aureus*, and the Friedlander bacillus. The older man would listen, but his eyes were oftener on Dick than on the microscope or the slide.

David went to the bookcase and got down a large book, much worn, and carried it to his desk. . . .

An hour or so later he heard footsteps in the hall and closed the book hastily. It was Lucy Crosby, a wadded dressing-gown over her night dress and a glass of hot milk in her hand.

"You drink this and come to bed, David," she said peremptorily. "I've been lying upstairs waiting for you to come up, and I need some sleep."

He had had no sort of hope that she would not notice the book.

"I just got to thinking things over, Lucy," he explained, his tone apologetic. "There's no use pretending I'm not worried. I am."

"Well, it's in God's hands," she said, quite simply. "Take this up and drink it slowly. If you gulp it down it makes a lump in your stomach."

She stood by while he replaced the book in the bookcase and put out the lights. Then in the darkness she preceded him up the stairs.

"You'd better take the milk yourself, Lucy," he said. "You're not sleeping either."

"I've had some. Good night."

He went in and sitting on the side of his bed, sipped his milk. Lucy was right. It was not in their hands. He had the feeling all at once of having relinquished a great burden. He crawled into bed and was almost instantly asleep.

So something after midnight found David sleeping, and Lucy on her knees. It found Elizabeth dreamlessly unconscious in her white bed, and Dick Livingstone asleep also, but in his clothing, and in a chair by the window. In the light from a street lamp his face showed lines of fatigue and nervous stress, lines only revealed when during sleep a man casts off the mask with which he protects his soul against even loving eyes.

But midnight found others awake. It found Nina, for instance, in her draped French bed, consulting her jeweled watch and listening for Leslie's return from the country club. An angry and rather heart-sick Nina. And it found the night editor of one of the morning papers drinking a cup of coffee that a boy had brought in, and running through a mass of copy on his desk. He picked up several sheets of paper, with a photograph clamped to them, and ran through them quickly. A man in a soft hat, sitting on the desk, watched him idly.

"Beverly Carlysle," commented the night editor. "Back with bells on!" He took up the photograph. "Doesn't look much older, does she? It's a queer world."

Louis Bassett, star reporter and feature writer of the *Times-Republican*, smiled reminiscently.

"She was a wonder," he said. "I interviewed her once, and I was crazy about her. She had the stage set for me, all right. The papers had been full of the incident of Jud Clark and the night he lined up fifteen Johnnies in the lobby, each with a bouquet as big as a tub, all of them in top hats and Inverness coats, standing in a row. She played up the heavy domestic for me, was knitting or sewing, I forget."

"Fell for her, did you?"

"Did I! That was ten years ago, and I'm not sure I'm over it yet."

"Probably that's the reason," said the city editor, drily. "Go and see her, and get over it. Get her views on the stage and morality, for next Sunday. Williams would be crazy about it."

He finished his coffee.

"You might ask her, too, what she thinks has become of Judson Clark," he added. "I have an idea she knows, if any one does."

Bassett stared at him.

"You're joking, aren't you?"

"Yes. But it would make a darned good story."

When he finished medical college Dick Livingstone had found, like other men, that the two paths of ambition and duty were parallel and did not meet. Along one lay his desire to focus all his energy in one direction, to follow disease into the laboratory instead of the sick-room, and there to fight its unsung battles. And win. He felt that he would win.

Along the other lay David.

It was not until he had completed his course and come home that he had realized that David was growing old. Even then he might have felt that, by the time David was compelled to relinquish his hold on his practise, he himself would be sufficiently established to take over the support of the household. But here there was interposed a new element, one he had not counted on. David was fiercely jealous of his practise, the thought that it might pass into new and alien hands was bitter to him. To hand it down to his adopted son was one thing; to pass it over to some "young whipper-snapper" was another.

Nor were David's motives selfish or unworthy. His patients were his friends. He had a sense of responsibility to them, and very little faith in the new modern methods. He thought there was a great deal of tomfoolery about them, and he viewed the gradual loss of faith in drugs with alarm. When Dick wore rubber gloves during their first obstetric case together, he snorted.

"I've delivered about half the population of this town," he said, "and slapped 'em to make 'em breathe with my own bare hands. And I'm still here and so are they."

For by that time Dick had made his decision. He could not abandon David. For him then and thereafter the routine of a general practise in a suburban town, the long hours, the varied responsibilities, the feeling he had sometimes that by doing many things passably he was doing none of them well. But for compensation he had old David's content and greater leisure, and Lucy Crosby's unspoken gratitude and love.

Now and then he chafed a little, when he read some article in a medical journal by one of his fellow enthusiasts, or when, in France, he saw men younger than himself obtaining an experience in their several specialties that would enable them to reach wide fields at home. But mostly he was content, or at least resigned. He was building up the Livingstone practise, and his one anxiety was lest the time should come when more patients asked for Doctor Dick than for Doctor David. He did not want David hurt.

After ten years the strangeness of his situation had ceased to be strange. Always he meant some time to go back to Norada, and there to clear up certain things, but it was a long journey, and he had very little time. And, as the years went on, the past seemed unimportant compared with the present. He gave little thought to the future. Then, suddenly, his entire attention became focused on the future.

Just when he had fallen in love with Elizabeth Wheeler he did not know. He had gone away to the war, leaving her a little girl, apparently, and he had come back to find her a woman. He did not even know he was in love, at first. It was when, one day, he found himself driving past the Wheeler house without occasion that he began to grow uneasy.

The future at once became extraordinarily important and so also, but somewhat less vitally, the past. Had he the right to marry, if he could make her care for him?

HE SAT in his chair by the window the night after the Homer baby's arrival, and faced his situation. Marriage meant many things. It meant love and companionship, but it also meant, should mean, children. Had he the right to go ahead and live his life fully and happily? Was there any chance that, out of the years behind him, there would come some forgotten thing, some taint or incident, to spoil the carefully woven fabric of his life?

Not his life. Hers.

On the Monday night after he had asked Elizabeth to go to the theater, he went into David's office and closed the door. Lucy, alive to every movement in the old house, heard him go in and, rocking in her chair overhead, her hands idle in her lap, waited in tense anxiety for the interview to end. She thought she knew what Dick would ask, and David would answer. And, in a way, David would be right. Dick, fine, lovable, upstanding Dick, had a right to the things other men had, to love and a home of his own, to children, to his own full life.

But suppose Dick insisted on clearing everything up before he married? For to Lucy it was unthinkable that any girl in her senses would refuse him. Suppose he went back to Norada? He had not changed greatly in ten years. He had been well-known there, a conspicuous figure.

Her mind began to turn on the possibility of keeping him away from Norada.

Some time later she heard the office door open and then close with Dick's characteristic slam. He came up the stairs, two at a time as was his custom, and knocked at her door. When he came in she saw what

David's answer had been, and she closed her eyes for an instant.

"Put on your things," he said gaily, "and we'll take a ride on the hill-tops. I've arranged for a moon."

And when she hesitated:

"It makes you sleep, you know. I'm going, if I have to ride alone and talk to an imaginary lady beside me."

She rather imagined that that had been his first idea, modified by his thought of her. She went over and put a wrinkled hand on his arm.

"You look happy, Dick," she said wistfully.

"I am happy, Aunt Lucy," he replied, and bending over, kissed her.

On Wednesday he was in a state of alternating high spirits and periods of silence. Even Minnie noticed it.

"Mr. Dick's that queer I hardly know how to take him," she said to Lucy. "He came back and asked for noodle soup, and he put about all the hardware in the kitchen on him and said he was a knight in armor. And when I took the soup in he didn't eat it."

It was when he was ready to go out that night that Lucy's fears were realized. He came in, as usual, when anything unusual was afoot, to let her look him over. He knew that she waited for him, to give his tie a final pat, to inspect the laundering of his shirt bosom, to pick imaginary threads off his dinner coat.

"Well?" he said, standing before her, "How's this? Art can do no more, Mrs. Crosby?"

"I'll brush your back," she said, and brought the brush. He stooped to her, according to the little ceremony she had established, and she made little dabs at his speckless back. "There, that's better."

He straightened.

"How do you think David is?" he asked, unexpectedly.

"Better than he has been in years. Why?"

"Because I'm thinking of taking a little trip. Only ten days," he added, seeing her face. "You could house-clean my office while I'm away. You know you've been wanting to."

She dropped the brush, and he stooped to pick it up. That gave her a moment.

"Where?" she managed.

"To Dry River, by way of Norada."

"Why should you go back there?" she asked, in a carefully suppressed voice. "Why don't you go east? You've wanted to go back to Johns Hopkins for months."

"On the other hand, why shouldn't I go back to Norada?" he asked, with an affectation of lightness. Then he put his hand on her shoulder. "Why shouldn't I go back and clear things up in my own mind? Why shouldn't I find out, for instance, that I am a free man?"

"You *are* free."

"I've got to know," he said, almost doggedly. "I can't take a chance. I believe I am. I believe David, of course. But anyhow I'd like to see the ranch. I want to see Maggie Donaldson."

"She's not at the ranch. Her husband died, you know."

"I have an idea I can find her," he said. "I'll make a good try, anyhow."

When he had gone she got her salts bottle and lay down on her bed. Her heart was hammering wildly.

Elizabeth was waiting for him in the living-room, in the midst of her family. She looked absurdly young and very lovely, and he had a momentary misgiving, that he was old to her, and that—heaven save the mark!—that she looked up to him. He considered the blue dress the height of fashion and the mold of form, and having taken off his overcoat in the hall, tried to put on Mr. Wheeler's instead in his excitement. Also, becoming very dignified after the overcoat incident, and making an exit which should conceal his wild exultation and show only polite pleasure, he stumbled over Micky, so that they finally departed to a series of staccato yelps.

He felt very hot and slightly ridiculous as he tucked Elizabeth into the little car, being very particular about her feet, and starting with extreme care, so as not to jar her. But also he had the feeling of being entrusted temporarily with something infinitely precious, and very, very dear. Something that must never suffer or be hurt.

[The next instalment of Mary Roberts Rinehart's absorbing novel, "The Breaking Point", will appear in the August McClure's]

A Matter of Medicine

—— [*Continued from page 30*]

behind his moccasins. The otter fought shy of his traps, the bear and panther of his rifle. Even the raccoons were few, and the bob-cats lean and mangy. This year, he knew, his pelts would bring him little profit.

The deer were unusually shy and an early spell of rains had drowned out the young turkeys. Therefore, hunger sat often beside his camp-fire and leered at him behind its pallid mask.

Still he persisted, confident in himself and the "hunting-medicine" of Jimmy Bow-legs that, until now, had never failed him.

One night after supper he tightened his belt and squatted down, his back against a stump, thinking of this "medicine", and wondering if it was good.

Behind him a hummock towered, dark and sinister, tier on tier of shadowed foliage through which white cypress gleamed like dead men's bones. Ahead the firelight, and the endless flat-woods, pine, palmetto, and switch-grass stretching out into the night.

So he sat, half-dreaming, while the twisting flames shot up between the light-wood, and the stars came out one by one over the forest.

Something stirred the palmetto fronds at his left. Probably an opossum or prowling bob-cat in search of the remains of his supper.

John Tom reflected that the creature would have small pickings.

The fire paled, then brightened suddenly as the last log broke and fell amid a shower of sparks.

The thing in the shadows moved stealthily. Over the Indian stole an uncanny feeling that he was being watched. Again came the cautious rustling behind the underbrush.

He lifted his Winchester and threw the lever forward, his left hand fumbling along his belt among shells that stuck in the swelling leather. One was loose and he shoved it hurriedly into the chamber.

The noise had ceased. Presently he hea it again; this time nearer.

He snapped his weapon shut. As the breech-block fell into place, a low, menacing snarl came from the bushes at his right.

Quick as a flash he wheeled and hurled a pine-knot crashing through the palmettos. Out of them a panther bounded, ears back, eyes narrowed to slits of fire.

He knew there was plenty of time. A half-minute at least until the brute that crouched snarling and spitting at his feet would muster courage for the final attack.

He raised his rifle deliberately, peering along the sights. Behind those blazing eyes he watched the fear go and the light of murder take its place. He saw the muscles suddenly contract along the tawny body; sensed the spring that was coming, and pulled the trigger.

The hammer fell with a sharp click. Over the Indian swept a wave of horror as he remembered the loosened cartridge; third, left-hand loop.

He had loaded with the medicine of Doctor Jimmy Bow-legs.

Strange voices were speaking.

"Dead?"

"Oughter be."

"Can't tell. It's harder to kill a cat than an Indian."

"I reckon so, Doc. Like ter see anyways."

"Help me turn him over."

Some one was pulling at his feet. A pair of arms slipped beneath him and lifted gently. A hand fumbled in the breast of his hunting shirt.

Presently he heard again the slow "cracker" drawl.

"Still goin', Doc."

"Yes."

"He's messed up awful bad."

"I know it. Get me some water from the branch."

A dog whined and shoved a cold nose into the Indian's palm.

"Hi, get out of that, Tramp," said the voice. The hands were traveling rapidly and systematically over his body, strong sensitive fingers that seemed to know exactly what they were doing. They were unbelievably gentle.

THEIR owner spoke again, as if talking to himself.

"Three ribs, shoulder and left forearm . . . left ear chewed to ribbons . . . generally mauled about face and neck."

A cloth soaked in tepid water was passed over his face. He moaned and unclosed his eyes.

A white man was bending over him, young, bronzed, with kindly, near-sighted eyes. John Tom knew somehow that the hands belonged to him. Behind this man he could see a "cracker", with a non-committal expression, holding a hat from which water was leaking steadily. Two shot-guns stood against a jack-pine, and a liver-and-white pointer lay beside them, one ear cocked, watching the proceedings.

The young man said pleasantly:

"Don't worry, my Seminole tree-lynx, you've got eight lives yet."

He began to wash the clotted blood from John Tom's forearm, and the latter winced and drew it away.

"Hurt very much?"

"*Ojus*," admitted John Tom, extending the shattered wrist again.

"Where most?"

"All over."

The young man drew from his pocket a flat leather case, full of bottles. From one of these he poured a few drops into a cup which he mixed with water from the "cracker's" hat.

"Drink this," he said.

"What that?"

"Just an opiate."

"Me not know."

"It's medicine. Take it, and hurt go away quick."

"Medicine? You doctor?"

"I'm the white doctor from Immokalee," said the young man.

"Medicine, not like 'em," muttered John Tom, and closed his eyes.

Presently he opened them again. The long shadows of the pines seemed to trouble him.

"Sun come up?" he asked.

"Sun go down soon. Very late. Take medicine and try to sleep."

But the Indian only shook his head, and started the blood flowing afresh. After a few minutes he began to moan and stir restlessly. Into his cheeks crept the flush of fever.

The doctor took out a hypodermic needle and screwed the syringe into place.

John Tom's moaning had become confused and indistinct. Over and over again he muttered the same word.

"*Echaw. . . . Echaw. . . . Echaw.*"

"He wants his rifle," said the "cracker."

"Let him have it," the doctor replied, and when the guide had found the weapon half buried among the pine needles and laid it across his knees, John Tom grunted in satisfaction and felt for the lever with his unin jured hand.

The slide flew back and a shell-case went spinning off into the underbrush.

"Cracker" and doctor glanced questioningly at each other. The former merely shrugged his shoulders. The latter turned again to his hypodermic.

But he never used it, for the Indian had fainted dead away, with his rifle open across his knees.

Twenty feet to the right a bit of brass gleamed dully where the dying sunlight filtered between the palmetto-fronds.

So passed the medicine of Jimmy Bow-legs, maker of magic.

Four months had passed since a young doctor and his guide, quail-shooting in the flat-woods beyond Immokalee, had brought back a half-dead Seminole, mauled, fever-stricken, raving, slung in a hammock of coats and cypress-poles.

Billy Osceola, who had come to town on one of his periodical trading expeditions, got wind of what had happened, and came to see his friend.

He found him propped up with pillows, reading a spelling-book. The doctor was with him.

John Tom beamed upon him as he entered.

"Me spell littly bit already," he announced cheerfully. "Bimeby me spell good *ojus*."

He pulled a table to the bedside, picked a sheet of paper and a pencil from it, and began to trace characters, while Billy Osceola gazed in open-mouthed admiration.

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"MR. JOHN TOM ALLIGATOR, SEMINOLE INDIAN," he wrote. "MY HOME, CHOKOLOSKEE, FLORIDA."

He finished with his own signature, a badly-drawn alligator on a palmetto log, and glanced proudly over his work.

"You think Tana like?" he asked.

Billy Osceola nodded hesitatingly.

"Maybe you not know."

"Me know lots now. White man teach. I learn. Bimeby maybeso learn so much as Tana."

The doctor laughed. He had grown very fond of his red patient and pupil.

"Your friend is easy to teach. Go ahead and talk, because he isn't strong enough to stand a very long visit."

John Tom inquired the latest news. For a few minutes Billy talked rapidly, then he hesitated.

"You know about Tana?"

John Tom sat up with a jerk.

"She marry?"

"No. She got lots chance though. All Indian want marry Tana. She no want 'em."

A sigh of relief from John Tom.

Billy Osceola went on.

"She sick now, all same die soon."

The young doctor moved like a flash but John Tom had been quicker, and he found himself clutching only an armful of empty bed-clothes. The young doctor sprang to his feet.

"Man!" he gasped. "You're not strong enough to stand yet."

But John Tom had already lurched to the chair where his clothes lay, and slipped the night-shirt from his shoulders.

The physician caught him by the arm, felt the soft muscles tighten suddenly, and shut his eyes, thinking he sensed a blow about to fall.

"Get back into bed. You'll kill yourself."

John Tom turned a distorted face to his; and, as the Indian stood there, magnificent in his savage nakedness, there flashed into the young physician's mind a story of long ago: the great Osceola must have looked like that when he flung his knife quivering into the treaty table and laughed at the bayonets of Jessup's infantry.

"You'll kill yourself," repeated the doctor.

The menace died in the Indian's eyes. He smiled curiously.

"Maybeso. Me not care. Go now."

He began to draw on his hunting shirt. Billy Osceola and the white man exchanged glances. The Indian said:

"Start now. Boat me got 'em."

John Tom drew his moccasin-thongs tight and tied them above the ankle. Then he turned to the doctor and held out his hand.

"Must do," he said. "Indian's heart very grateful. Come back some day." He seemed to be thinking deeply; presently he asked:

"White man's medicine good. Indian's medicine bad *ojus*. You come?"

Their hands met.

"I'll come," said the young doctor.

"No," thundered Billy Osceola, springing forward.

But the physician had already turned into the next room for his medicine-case and John Tom remained silent, ignoring the protests of his friend. But he knew as well as Billy what the white man's visit might mean, and that it held no good for those who were responsible.

All night the dugout nosed its way through the ragged weed-patches of the Caloosakatchee. At bow and stern towered the figures of the Indians, driving their setting-poles monotonously; amidships the white man shivered at the touch of the swamp breeze and wished for sunlight.

While the dawn-mist was still heavy above the cypress they turned southeast, up a grass-choked tributary.

John Tom spoke for the first time.

"Not far. Two, three hours go. We get there."

But at noon they ran foul of an alligator asleep in mid-current, and were delayed for repairs.

"Me hungry *ojus*," complained Billy Osceola, as they launched the craft again from a mud-flat.

John Tom nodded and fumbled in his shirt-front. He had put two bars of chocolate there before starting. Presently he found them and handed one to the young doctor. The other he began to divide. Suddenly he shrugged his shoulders, tossed the whole cake over to his friend, and picked up the setting-pole again.

They beached the dugout by starlight, among the reeds below the camping ground. Yellow Tiger's people had been drying fish and the air was heavy with the stench of rotting entrails. The huts were silent. Here and there fires flickered and smoke-shrouded figures came and went between incessantly.

John Tom disembarked first and led the way. The doctor followed. Billy Osceola reluctantly brought up the rear.

They found Tana very white and still upon a heap of palmettos and Spanish moss. In the center of the hut Jimmy Bow-legs squatted, beating a little painted drum and chanting. From time to time he threw something into the tiny fire between his knees, or shook a devil-rattle violently.

John Tom dropped to his knees beside the unconscious girl.

"Littly sister," he whispered gently, and as he spoke he thought he caught a flicker of recognition in the pallid eyelids.

The white doctor bent over his shoulder.

"Pneumonia," he said briefly.

Doctor Jimmy regarded him malevolently and went on tapping his drum. The air smelled close and fetid.

The physician was already taking off his coat.

"Open a window," he ordered.

There was none in the cabin.

Doctor Jimmy voiced a protest.

"You get out."

The girl moaned and began to stir restlessly.

"Who are you?" demanded the white man.

Doctor Jimmy shook his rattle furiously.

"Me big medicine-man," he screamed. "Girl sick. Me fix 'em. She full devils. Me scare 'em out."

The gentle throbbing of the witch-drum increased to a roar. Suddenly the sorcefer sprang up and began to dance. Smoke swirled and eddied. The cabin shook and a blue-tailed lizard fell squirming from the ceiling

Tana tossed in delirium, calling the name of the man who held her in his arms.

Doctor Jimmy was working himself into a state of prophetic convulsions.

"Put that man out," snapped the white physician.

For an instant John Tom hesitated, then he sprang up, caught the whirling sorcerer by neck-cloth and kilt, and hurled him head-long through the wall of palmetto fronds.

"It's the crisis," muttered the young doctor. "Cover that fire."

John Tom looked helplessly for his friend; but Billy Osceola had withdrawn long ago and was now dragging the furious sorcerer from the heart of a thorn-bush.

With terror in his soul, John Tom crushed and scattered the sacred ashes. Presently Doctor Jimmy thrust a contorted face through the doorway, and found himself looking into the muzzle of a Winchester. Two desperate eyes backed up the menace.

"You *hiepus*," said the voice of John Tom Alligator.

Jimmy Bow-legs retired bawling for Yellow Tiger.

John Tom turned an anxious face to the physician.

"Many come," he said. "Hell *ojus* they make 'em."

The other smiled grimly and bent again over the girl.

"There's still a chance—if you can keep them off."

The Indian nodded and cocked his rifle. Torches moved hither and thither through the camp. From the doorways figures issued and gathered in excited groups. The firelight caught and threw back the glint of weapons. Dark faces showed sinister beneath blazing lightwood.

Presently Yellow Tiger advanced, supported by a dozen warriors. The prophet was at his elbow.

"What you do, John Tom Alligator?" he shouted. "You *hiepus* quick *ojus*. Take white man along with."

John Tom did not answer. He was busy counting his cartridges.

"You make bad work along medicine-man," continued the chieftain. "Maybeso me not do anything, all same you go now."

In the hut the doctor had found a lantern. He touched a match to the over-saturated wick and it blazed up suddenly. Against the glow the form in the doorway stood for an instant in silhouette.

Jimmy Bow-legs had seized a rifle from a quarter-breed. He jerked it to his shoulder; but Billy Osceola tripped him flat and the shot went wild into the palmettos.

The prophet rose, swearing and spitting pine needles.

"Take him," he shrieked to the crowding warriors.

Quick as a flash John Tom had dropped three bullets at his feet, reloading hastily as the mass surged back from the established dead-line. The gun-barrels rose to a level, wavered and fell again.

By the dull lantern light the white man was working swiftly, knowing it was time that counted.

All night long he labored, fighting with Death for the slim girl on the couch of moss at his feet, who raved and called her lover's name until at last she sank back very still, just as the moon went down behind the live-oaks.

All night John Tom kept guard, while the scowling bucks pressed closer round the doorway to fall back before the silent menace of his rifle.

Toward morning Tana opened her eyes and smiled.

For nearly a month, the council had debated the fate of John Tom Alligator. Doctor Jimmy Bow-legs demanded blood. Yellow Tiger, in view of circumstances, favored leniency. A sentence of banishment was given, and Tommy Osceola went to announce it.

John Tom heaved a sigh of relief. He had expected death. The Seminoles still judge and execute according to tribal custom, without reference to courts of white men.

Lugging his worldly goods, he passed slowly down to the landing. The women turned their backs and the bucks glared at him above folded arms.

The dugout was half-filled with rain, and he began to bail. The water ran over the side in a yellow stream.

There came a jar as some one stepped into the boat behind him. He turned, expecting to feel the knife of Jimmy Bow-legs in his back.

It was Tana, in her eyes a light which he had never seen. She held out her arms but he stepped back suddenly.

"Me not big chief any more," he muttered. "Me not even very little chief. Me *Seminole*," for the word means "outcast", and a man without a people.

For answer the girl settled herself in the stern, picked up the setting pole and drove it home. The boat swung slowly, caught the sluggish current, and drifted into mid-stream, prow eastward toward Okechobee and the eternal swamps.

A crimson cardinal bird passed like a streak of flame overhead. Another called from the depths of a live-oak.

But then it was spring again, when all wild things mate in the forest.

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The Coming of Gowf

[*Continued from page 15*]

I mean, going off and worshiping a new god no one has ever heard of. I tell you, my blood fairly boiled. Nobody has a greater respect and esteem for Merolchazzar than I have, but I mean to say, what! Not right, I mean, going off worshiping gods no one has ever heard of! I'm a peaceable man and I've made it a rule never to mix in politics, but if you happened to say to me as we were sitting here, just as one reasonable man to another — if you happened to say 'Ascobaruch, I think it's time that definite steps were taken', I should reply frankly, 'My dear old High Priest, I absolutely agree with you, and I'm with you all the way.' You might even go so far as to suggest that the only way out of the muddle was to assassinate Merolchazzar and start with a clean slate . . ."

The High Priest stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"I am bound to say I never thought of going quite so far as that."

"Merely a suggestion, of course," said Ascobaruch. "Take it or leave it. I sha'n't be offended. If you know a superior excavation, go to it. But, as a sensible man — and I've always maintained that you are the most sensible man in the country, you must see that it would be a solution. Merolchazzar has been a pretty good king, of course. No one denies that. A fair general, no doubt, and a plus-man at lion-hunting. But, after all — look at it fairly — is life all battles and lion-hunting? Isn't there a deeper side? Wouldn't it be better for the country to have some good orthodox fellow who has worshiped Hec all his life and could be relied on to maintain the old beliefs — wouldn't the fact that a man like that was on the throne be likely to lead to more general prosperity? There are dozens of men of that kind, simply waiting to be asked. Let us say, purely for purposes of argument, that you approached *me*. I should reply, 'Unworthy though I know myself to be of such an honor I can tell you this: if you put me on the throne, you can bet your bottom pazaza that there's one thing that won't suffer, and that is the worship of Hec!' That's the way I feel about it."

The High Priest pondered.

"Oh, thou of unshuffled features but amiable disposition," he said, "thy discourse listeneth good to me. Could it be done?"

"Could it!" Ascobaruch uttered a hideous laugh. "Could it! Arouse me in the night-watches and ask me! Question me on the matter, having stopped me for that purpose on the public highway! Why, it's as simple as falling from the upper surface of a felled tree-trunk. What I would suggest — I'm not dictating, mind you: merely trying to help you out — what I would suggest is that you took that long, sharp knife of yours, the one you use for the sacrifices, and toddled out to the Linx — you're sure to find the king there: and, just when he's raising that sacrilegious stick of his over his shoulder . . ."

"Oh, man of infinite wisdom," cried the High Priest warmly, "verily hast thou spoken a fulness of the mouth!"

"Is it a wager?" said Ascobaruch.

"It is a wager!" said the High Priest.

"That's that, then," said Ascobaruch. "Now, I don't want to be mixed up in any unpleasantness, so what I think I'll do, while what might be called the preliminaries are being arranged, is to go and take a little trip abroad somewhere. The Middle Lakes are pleasant at this time of year. When I come back, it's possible that all the formalities will have been completed, yes?"

"Rely on me, by Hec!" said the High Priest grimly, as he fingered his weapon.

The High Priest was as good as his word. Early on the morrow he made his way to the Linx, and found the king holing out on the second green. Merolchazzar was in high good humor.

"Greetings, oh venerable one," he cried jovially. "Hadst thou come a moment sooner, thou wouldst have seen me lay my ball dead — aye, dead as mutton, with the sweetest little half-mashie-niblick chip-shot ever seen outside the sacred domain of S'nandrew, on whom"— he bared his head reverently — "be peace. In one under bogey did I do the hole — yea, and that despite the fact that, slicing my drive, I became ensnared in yonder undergrowth."

The High Priest had not the advantage of understanding one word of what the king was talking about, but he gathered with satisfaction that Merolchazzar was pleased and wholly without suspicion. He clasped an unseen hand more firmly about the handle of his knife, and accompanied the monarch to the next altar. Merolchazzar stooped, and placed a small round white object on a little mound of sand. In spite of his austere views, the High Priest, always a keen student of ritual, became interested.

"Why does your Majesty do that?"

"I tee it up that it may fly the fairer. If I did not, then would it be apt to run along the ground like a beetle instead of soaring like a bird, and mayhap, for thou seest how rough and tangled is the grass before us, I should have to use a niblick for my second."

The High Priest groped for his meaning.

"It is a ceremony to propitiate the god and bring good luck?"

"You might call it that."

The High Priest shook his head.

"I may be old-fashioned," he said, "but I should have thought that, to propitiate a god, it would have been better to have sacrificed one of these *kaddiz* on his altar."

"I confess," replied the king thoughtfully, "that I have often felt that it would be a relief to one's feelings to sacrifice one or two *kaddiz*, but The Pro for some reason or other has set his face against it." He swung at the ball, and sent it forcefully down the fairway. "By Abe, the son of Mitchell," he cried, shading his eyes, "a bird of a drive! How truly is it written in the book of the prophet Vâdun, 'The left hand applieth the force, the right doth but guide. Grip not, therefore, too closely with the right hand!' Yesterday I was pulling all the time."

The High Priest frowned.

"It is written in the sacred book of Hec, your Majesty, 'Thou shalt not follow after strange gods.'"

"Take thou this stick, oh venerable one," said the king, paying no attention to the remark, "and have a shot thyself. True, thou art well stricken in years, but many a man has so wrought that he was able to give his grandchildren a stroke a hole. It is never too late to begin."

The High Priest shrank back, horrified. The king frowned.

"It is our royal wish," he said coldly.

The High Priest was forced to comply. Had they been alone, it is possible that he might have risked all on one swift stroke with his knife, but by this time a group of *kaddiz* had drifted up and were watching the proceedings with that supercilious detachment so characteristic of them. He took the stick and arranged his limbs as the king directed.

"Now," said Merolchazzar," slow back and keep your ee on the ba'!"

A MONTH later, Ascobaruch returned from his trip. He had received no word from the High Priest announcing the success of the revolution, but there might be many reasons for that. It was with unruffled contentment that he bade his charioteer drive him to the palace. He was glad to get back for, after all, a holiday is hardly a holiday if you have left your business affairs unsettled.

As he drove, the chariot passed a fair open space on the outskirts of the city. A sudden chill froze the serenity of Ascobaruch's mood. He prodded the charioteer sharply in the small of the back.

"What is that?" he demanded, catching his breath.

All over the green expanse could be seen men in strange robes, moving to and fro in couples and bearing in their hands mystic wands. Some searched restlessly in the bushes, others were walking briskly in the direction of small red flags. A sickening foreboding of disaster fell upon Ascobaruch.

The charioteer seemed surprised at the question.

"Yon's the muneecipal linx," he replied.

"The what!"

"The muneecipal linx."

"Tell me, fellow, why do you talk that way?"

"Whit way?"

"Why, like that. The way you're talking."

"Hoots, mon!" said the charioteer. "His majesty, King Merolchazzar — may his handicap decrease! — hae passit a law that a' his soobjects shall do it. Aiblins, 'tis the

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HOTEL SINTON J. L. Horgan, Mgr. CINCINNATI

language spoken by The Pro, on whom be peace! Mphm!"

Ascobaruch sat back limply, his head swimming. The chariot drove on, till now it took the road adjoining the royal Linx. A wall lined a portion of this road, and suddenly, from behind this wall, there rent the air a great shout of laughter.

"Pull up!" cried Ascobaruch to the charioteer.

He had recognized that laugh. It was the laugh of Merolchazzar.

Ascobaruch crept to the wall and cautiously poked his head over it. The sight he saw drove the blood from his face and left him white and haggard.

The King and the Grand Vizier were playing a foursome against The Pro and the High Priest of Hec, and the Vizier had just laid the High Priest a dead stymie.

Ascobaruch tottered to the chariot.

"Take me back," he muttered pallidly. "I've forgotten something!"

AND SO gowf came to Oom, and with it prosperity unequaled in the whole history of the land. Everybody was happy. There was no more unemployment. Crime ceased. The chronicler repeatedly refers to it in his memoirs as the golden age. And yet there remained one man on whom complete felicity had not descended. It was all right while he was actually on the Linx, but there were blank, dreary stretches of the night when King Merolchazzar lay sleepless on his couch and mourned that he had nobody to love him.

Of course, his subjects loved him in a way. A new statue had been erected in the Palace square, showing him in the act of getting out of casual water. The minstrels had composed a whole cycle of up-to-date songs, commemorating his prowess with the mashie. His handicap was down to twelve. But these things are not all. A golfer needs a loving wife, to whom he can describe the day's play through the long evenings. And this was just where Merolchazzar's life was empty. No word had come from the Princess of the Outer Isles, and, as he refused to be put off with just-as-good substitutes, he remained a lonely man.

But one morning, in the early hours of a summer day, as he lay sleeping after a disturbed night, Merolchazzar was awakened by the eager hand of the Lord High Chamberlain, shaking his shoulder.

"Now what?" said the king.

"Hoots, 'your Majesty! Glorious news! The Princess of the Outer Isles waits without — I mean wi'oot!"

The King sprang from his couch.

"A messenger from the Princess at last!"

"Nay, Sire, the Princess herself — that is to say," said the Lord Chamberlain, who was an old man and had found it hard to accustom himself to the new tongue at his age, "her ain sel'! And believe me, or, rather mind ah'm tellin' ye," went on the honest man joyfully, for he had been deeply exercised by his monarch's troubles, "her Highness is the easiest thing to look at these eyes hae ever seen. And you can say I said it!"

"She is beautiful?"

"Your Majesty, she is, in the best and deepest sense of the word, a pippin!"

King Merolchazzar was groping wildly for his robes.

"Tell her to wait!" he cried. "Go and amuse her. Ask her riddles! Tell her anecdotes! Don't let her go. Say I'll be down in a moment. Where in the name of Zoroaster is our imperial mesh-knit underwear!"

A fair and pleasing sight was the Princess of the Outer Isles as she stood on the terrace in the clear sunshine of the summer morning, looking over the king's gardens. With her delicate little nose she sniffed the fragrance of the flowers. Her blue eyes roamed over the rose-bushes, and the breeze ruffled the golden curls about her temples. Presently a sound behind her caused her to turn, and she perceived a godlike man hurrying across the terrace pulling up a sock. And at the sight of him the Princess's heart sang within her like the birds down in the garden.

"Hope I haven't kept you waiting," said Merolchazzar apologetically. He, too, was conscious of a strange, wild exhilaration. Truly was this maiden, as his Chamberlain had said, noticeably easy on the eyes. Her beauty was as water in the desert, as fire on a frosty night, as diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires, and amethysts. She made the king feel as if he had done the short hole in one.

"Oh, no," said the Princess, "I've been enjoying myself. How passing beautiful are thy gardens, O King."

"My gardens may be passing beautiful," said Merolchazzar earnestly, "but they aren't half so passing beautiful as thy eyes. I have dreamed of thee by night and by day, and I will tell the world I was nowhere near it! My sluggish fancy came not within a hundred and fifty-seven miles of the reality. Now let the sun dim his face and the moon hide herself abashed. Now let the flowers bend their heads and the gazelle of the mountains confess itself a cripple. Princess, your slave!"

And King Merolchazzar, with that easy grace so characteristic of royalty, took her hand in his and kissed it.

As he did so, he gave a start of surprise.

"By Hec!" he exclaimed. "What hast thou been doing to thyself? Thy hand is all over little rough places inside. Has some malignant wizard laid a spell upon thee, or what is it?"

The Princess blushed.

"If I make that clear to thee," she said, "I shall also make clear why it was that I sent thee no message all this long while. My time was so occupied, verily I did not seem to have a moment. The fact is, these sorenesses are due to a strange, new religion to which I and my subjects have but recently become converted. And oh that I might make thee also of the true faith! 'Tis a wondrous tale, my lord. Some moons back there was brought to my court by wandering pirates a captive of an uncouth race who dwell in the north. And this man has taught us . . . "

King Merolchazzar uttered a loud cry.

"By Tom, the son of Morris, can this truly be so? What is thy handicap?"

The Princess stared at him, wide-eyed.

"Truly this is a miracle! Art thou also a worshiper of the great Gowf?"

"Am I!" cried the King. "Am I!" He broke off. "Listen!"

From the minstrels' room high up in the palace there came the sound of singing. The minstrels were practising a new pæan of praise — words by the Grand Vizier, music by the High Priest of Hec — which they were to render at the next full moon at the banquet of the worshipers of Gowf. The words came clear and distinct through the still air:

"Oh, praises let us utter
To our most glorious king:
It fairly makes you stutter
To see him start his swing:
Success attend his putter!
And luck be with his drive!
And may he do each hole in two,
Although the bogey's five!"

The voices died away. There was a silence.

"If I hadn't missed a two-foot putt, I'd have done the long fifteenth in four yesterday," said the king.

"I won the Ladies' Open Championship of the Outer Isles last week," said the Princess.

They looked into each other's eyes for a long moment. And then, hand in hand, they walked slowly into the palace.

Epilogue

"Well?" we said anxiously.

"I like it," said the editor.

"Good egg!" we murmured.

The editor pressed a bell, a single ruby set in a fold of the tapestry upon the wall. The major-domo appeared.

"Give this man a purse of gold," said the editor, "and throw him out."

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The Wasted Generation

— *Continued from page 27*

"So help me."

"Then — you were disappointed when you saw me again?"

"Yes."

"You thought I had become like the rest — superficial, vacillating?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am," she said, to my surprise. "I didn't know it. You gave me a shock — but you made me realize it. You still think so?"

"My dear Anne," I said, carefully. "How can you be otherwise? Everything is against you. What in life is real to you, except pleasure? You've been shown nothing else in life — granted it isn't your fault. You have been cheated out of something bigger. Other women will never notice it — thank heaven, you do. Now, to explain what I felt on coming back out of the other world. Before, I don't suppose it would ever have occurred to me. I took the American man's point of view — from the best of motives, I grant you — our attitude of chivalry toward you. But, over there, something else has come to us — a bigger conception of you, an ideal of service. That is the difference in point of view."

"But what am I to do?" she said, shrinking under the directness of the opinion she had invited.

"Heavens, you're making me talk like a confounded, self-righteous prig," I exclaimed, with sudden realization, "and God knows I'm far from that."

"No — no! Say what you mean. You — you do not quite trust my sincerity, do you?"

"Not quite."

"Why?"

"Because — well, because I think you are inclined to dramatize your moods," I said, lightly. "I think you are colored by the wish to please whoever you happen to be with. We all are. But I wonder if, to-night when the guests, the dreadful guests who bore you so, return, you will find time heavy on your hands."

"For heaven's sake, don't laugh at me!" she cried, flaring up with more show of feeling than I had ever seen.

"Forgive me. I won't do that again," I said, contritely. "Do you really care what I think?"

"You know I do."

Her answer left me awkwardly floundering until suddenly she burst out:

"All you say is true; I do change, I do drift — what I feel is true one moment will be different the next. But, Davy, I realize it! Do you think I want to go on this way? I do what I do because I am restless just — just to do something. You think I am superficial! I am, horribly so. You think I crave pleasure — excitement: I do. You think I like to play with emotions. I do. All that's true — and I know it."

"I wonder if you know the harm you do?" I said, not quite convinced.

"What do you mean?"

"Anne, I sometimes think good women do more harm in this world than bad. They, poor devils, do so little harm; they are so obvious. A moment's madness and we throw ourselves violently back from them. To leave them is to forget them. But you — you others — the pain you inflict is given unconsciously."

"It doesn't last," she said.

"How do you know? Tell me one thing, Anne, because it has always interested me. You didn't need to tell me there had been many men in your life. Have you ever stopped to question your right to attract them — to awaken their love — even when you knew there was no interest on your part?"

"Why, no, of course not."

"Probably not — such things are unconscious — an instinct. And of a dozen men who come to love you eight or ten forget quickly. But some don't — do they?"

"No, that's true."

"That's what I mean by the harm good women do, unconsciously. You would not give pain willingly, I am sure, and yet I doubt if even you realize the sorrow that has come from you. You may say it's all in the game. It is: but I go back to what I said — that often a girl like yourself, like Molly, with everything to charm and attract men, leaves wounds behind that it takes years to heal. That's the strange thing about it — a friendship that is precious in the life of both, inevitably, by some hidden spark of impulse, a sudden need of the soul, is transformed into love on the part of one. Then, what happens? Not only is the friendship taken out of the lives of both, but to one the first joy of human contact becomes emptiness and bitterness. It is not only of you I am thinking, Anne, but of my own sister. When I saw

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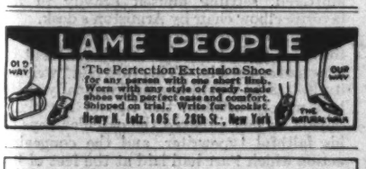
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Molly again, so radiant, so lovely in her unconscious youth, so eager for life to begin, I could not help thinking that wherever she went, so lightly and so joyfully, she would leave behind her so many bruises and aches. Then, a few real men will come to love her profoundly, and without hope, and know the daily, hourly slavery to a hopeless longing."

"Is it not of yourself you are talking now, Davy?"

I stopped, thunderstruck. In my earnestness I had quite forgotten how much my own personal feelings must have given warmth to my statement.

"Of course, I did not expect that in all this time you wouldn't have fallen in love," she said. She stood, looking down. "It's a queer world." The next moment she had started up the ravine, swinging from rock to rock, with a challenge to me to follow. I hurried after her, vexed at my own indiscreet revelations and seriously alarmed at her reckless flight.

"Be careful. You'll slip and turn your ankle. Anne — you're crazy!"

"Nonsense — never slip!"

She darted up, heedless of my cautions, and when finally I reached the top, quite out of breath, she was watching me with a malicious smile from her seat in the little observatory.

"Come up here and take a peep at the view. A fine soldier, to be outdistanced by a woman!"

"That's hardly fair," I said, laughing, and relieved to pass from the dangerous seriousness of a moment ago. "Give me a few more weeks."

Instantly, she was contrite.

"How thoughtless of me. Please forgive me!"

"Very little to forgive. By George, that's fine." The valley lay below us, blanketed with a sheen of snow that, in great spaces, lifted occasionally for a glimpse of green; black-blue shadows in the far hills, and faint, transparent reds in the bared branches against the sky — the whole tremulously still, a winter cameo cut in frozen silences.

"Do you want to go back?" she said, at last.

"I shall answer you as I answered your father — honestly, no."

"But then, why? Surely, after what you've been through, in your condition — and it would be so easy to arrange — "

"Exactly — but you, as my friend — would you want me to stay?"

She did not answer.

"Would you?"

"It is not your war."

"That isn't the point."

"It is the point," she said in sudden rebellion. "No, I don't want you to go back. It's absurd, unnecessary, quixotic."

Poor Anne — she little knew what harm she had done by that one little outburst. I remembered Bernoline and when next I looked at Anne I saw only a child.

"And when we get into it? What then, young lady!" I said, laughing. "Are you going to arrange everything to suit yourself?"

"Davy, if you knew how you hurt me when you take that tone," she said, shrinking back. "I am not a child."

"Then, Anne, you must face life as it comes to you. We can't make it as we want it, and our kind should never dodge a responsibility."

"I always show you my worst side," she said, shaking her head and presently, leading the way down the ravine again, but this time more deliberately, she began to chatter lightly of old memories without an approach to intimacy, until the moment had come for me to leave.

"David, have you still such a bad opinion of me?" she said, seeking the answer in my eyes.

"I never have had."

"Funny: I am not at all myself with you. It's because I'm so used to looking up to you, I suppose."

"Because I am such an old bear, you mean."

"No, no, that's not what I mean. I'm very much of a woman now — more than you can ever imagine, and quite capable of determining my life for myself. And I know what I want. And, David, don't make one mistake."

"What?"

"I'm not in love with you."

Before I could recover myself, she had skipped up the steps. And so ended that strange interview. Not being myself in love with her, I could estimate more deliberately the value of her last words, and yet, knowing in my own experience all the wound to her pride that the fear of my divining her true motives would bring, I think her last defian e brought me into closer sympathy with my old playmate.

When I reached home, Ben and Letty were there — come for the Christmas holidays.

"David!"

As I was hurrying through the hall, she called me to her, where she was warming herself by the fireplace.

"You here?" I said, feigning surprise.

"B'rrr! You are cordial as an open door. They said you were at the Brinsmades'."

"Yes."

"*Monsieur, faites des conquêtes?*"

I shrugged my shoulders and disdained a reply, which always irritated her.

"So you are in love again, David?" she said, with her provoking smile.

"Does this amuse you?"

"You forget that I remember the signs."

At this I stared at her with such futile anger that she laughed to herself, well content.

"But I quite approve! An excellent match for you!"

Then she deliberately dropped her muff and, as I stooped to pick it up, she leaned over and pinched my ear.

"Have you forgotten that, *mon ami*?"

The muff was scented with the perfume I knew. I came up angry and baffled.

"My dear Davy, if you are not going to pay me some attention, you may as well go right to your brother and tell all. The situation is evident."

I turned from her in a vindictive, smoldering rage — in one of those moods of violence into which she had thrown me a hundred times, out of malicious pleasure. Does she love me or hate me? Which is the explanation? As for myself — the anger she awakened frightened me, for I was confident of my utter indifference. Is it possible that by some baneful trick of habit there can remain a vestige of the old tyranny over my senses? It is unthinkable! If only I could go to Ben — but no, that is impossible! And for a week, while we three are under the same roof, this hideous comedy must go on!

AS I GO back over my interview with Anne, I am somewhat puzzled. Why was I so brutally direct? I should like to feel that it was an honest effort to repel her: yet I wonder if I am as honest as all that and if underneath is not the intuitive knowledge that just such an attitude is what would draw her closer to me? How difficult it is to know our real motives!

This morning, in my mail, a note.

"David:

Don't take what I say too literally. Of course, I would never do anything to keep you from going back — I don't think I am that weak, sentimental type of woman. But I might rebel at your going, and that is very different, so long as you keep it to yourself — which I didn't. If you don't think me quite hopeless, come in to-night for dinner.

Anne."

I went, if for nothing but to escape from the situation here. Mr. Brinsmade was there and we had a long talk on our prospects of getting into the war, which he feels is certain. Anne sat by, listening, but studiously avoided any opportunity for a *tête-à-tête*.

I am not quite sure of my attitude toward her. Last night, with the mental eagerness which Brinsmade always wakes in me — there, by the great fireplace, watching Anne camped by her father's knee — young, ardent, desirable — a doubt came into my mind. I again saw my life as it might be and, frankly, I was tempted. Fortunately, Mr. Brinsmade had the tact not to broach the subject again. After all, decisions are futile now. In a few short weeks I shall be returning to France and there, perhaps, will be the solution of all my perplexities. To-night, when I suddenly stop at that realization, I am inclined to break out into laughter. The irony of my plaguing myself with questions now!

And yet it is torture; this memory of a few days, utter happiness — of one afternoon's clear belief in the future! I try to escape from it — but there is no escape — least of all in the direction of Anne. That is not fair to her or what might come. I sit long hours in Aunt Janie's parlor pulling at my pipe before the fire and staring into the coals. Of all the family she understands me best, and I talk or remain silent, according to my mood. Yet when I look at her, and realize the shadow of a life to which she has been dedicated — everything denied, repressed, throt-

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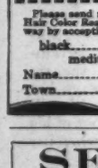

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tled — I spring up in revolt and go tramping over the country-side — *that* life is beyond my strength!

Christmas and the holidays have passed and certain incidents stand out vividly. My own personal perplexities have somehow receded into the healing background. Our sorrows destroy themselves, some one has said. There is a protecting instinct, perhaps in the soul as well as in the body. What the healing fluids of the eye do to the intruding cinder — the membranes of the body that wrap around the splinter which penetrates the flesh — so, insensibly, memory drops its curtain over our grief, until the pain is lessened, in fainter perception, and we can bear to look upon it. To the first poignant wrench of my longing for Bernoline has come a sort of healing incredulity. Is it a mood or an accomplished attitude? Have I definitely risen to a new philosophy of acceptance or will the old malaria of loneliness and emptiness return when I am most sure of equanimity? These are things I don't know.

I know only this — that of late I have been able to get out of myself — to return to an objective point of view toward life — that the old desire to play my part is new again — that I am not aloof but vibrantly a part of my day and my nation, thrilled with the sudden rising anger at temporizing that is sweeping the country — a great, mounting climactic storm of wrath. The hour is coming, I know, when America will show to the world and to herself the majesty of her indignant pride.

Christmas night has always been open house with us and with me home the house was crowded with friends from the country-side and the village. They came in great sleighs and cutters, with jingling bells, wrapped in voluminous scarfs, stamping in the great hallway, eager for the good cheer of a gathering which took them back to the rollicking days of Merrie England. Threescore, at least, and for every man, woman and child some present on the old tree. For we at Littledale have a custom that I don't remember seeing elsewhere.

In the back of the house, between the two wings, is a stone-flagged court and in the midst of it a splendid cedar. It was Rossie's idea as a child to convert it into the Christmas symbol. So, promptly at midnight, being well-fed from the buffet of roast pig, fatted ducks, great crisp turkeys, mountainous dishes of vegetables, pies and cakes to stagger the imagination of the youngest eyes, every one bustles into coats and wraps and crowds out into the court. There, the cedar tree is ablaze with lanterns and tinsel wreaths, with a magnificent Santa Claus to distribute the presents, with appropriate hits at the idiosyncrasies of each recipient. The fiddles strike up from the dining-room. We join hands and go circling round the tree, singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" until every one is exhausted from laughter and panting for breath, while the dogs go barking, in and out, frantic with the spirit of revelry.

This year, on account of my father's health, we were in some doubt. But the Governor, like the fine old trump that he is, insisted that nothing be changed and watched the celebration from an upper window. The rest of the time was given up to round dances, with old man Carpenter calling out the figures from the midst of the village fiddles. I wondered, watching the Governor, if he would see another such Christmas, or, for that matter, how many would dance so light-heartedly again. The accent of the evening was absolute democracy — every one privileged to dance with every one else — without introductions, and much scrambling under the mistletoe.

Jenny, my first flame, was there — a buxom matron, with three ravenous youngsters. And once the hazards of a quadrille brought us all together, Jenny, Ben, Letty, Anne and myself. In one figure Ben and I being opposite each other, Letty was at my side and Jenny at his. I looked up at him and wondered if he remembered the day, twelve years ago, when he saved me from utterly throwing away my life. And the irony of it all — that I should have been away and powerless — when I should have stood by him. Letty's behavior throughout the evening was outrageous, and Ben's face grew blacker and blacker. She flirted openly with several young friends of Molly's and deliberately with me, whenever she could bring it before the notice of Anne. Of course, knowing her of old, I realized that we were but the pretexts — that her real object was to torture Ben himself. And this alarmed me, for I saw already the progression toward tragedy.

"Letty, let me warn you again," I said to her, as we were dancing. She had come to me herself, out of pure malice, and to refuse would have been an open affront.

"Go on, Davy *mio*," she whispered.

"When Ben's hands close about your little throat — they won't let go," I said, savagely, "and I don't know that they ought to."

"David, I am bored — so bored!"

"I am not joking."

"ANYTHING for excitement," she said with her slow smile. "The *petite* Anne is *éprise*. Be quite attentive, Davy. You'll land her. Now you are angry, but it seems so natural to have you angry at me!"

"Since when have you danced in public?" I said, unwilling to show her my disgust and my rage. "And why now?"

"It isn't fair to the man — do you think?" she said, softly.

I stopped abruptly. What devil had made her say this I don't know: but she was right. I have danced with hundreds of women, and never been conscious of what I held in my arms — until that dance with Letty.

"Thank you — I must see to something," I said, leaving her abruptly and making a pretext of examining the tree, I went out into the cold air, past the lanterned courtyard, and down the crunching way to the old wooden bridge by the duck-pond.

What a hideous situation, and how my whole being revolted at the part I was forced to play. It is at such moments that the old instinct of superstition that lies dormant in each of us comes insistently over us. I know that in my old worldly wisdom I have scoffed at Sunday School morality and have seen as many sinners succeed as fail. Yet at such moments when fate overtakes us, I go back to my childhood terror of pulpit-thunderings and feel the avenging justice of the Old Testament at my back. It is no use repeating to myself that other men have done much more than I have done and, the memory dropping away from them, become pillars of respectability. I feel the ominous pursuit of consequences and hear again the thin piping cry of conscience — "The wages of sin is death." Perhaps there are moments so personal in our lives that all morality returns into one individual experience, and right and wrong are momentarily but our superstitious estimate of cause and effect as it suddenly grips us.

Even, as in the bitter nausea of enforced hypocrisy, I stood there in the darkness, a prey to my remorse. I heard a step and knew that my brother was seeking me out.

"Is that you, Ben?"

"I saw you leave."

Then he had been watching us. The tone of his voice warned me. Again, I would have to lie.

"Couldn't stand it; had to break away."

"Why?"

It was black as pitch — thank heaven for that — but I felt as though his hot eyes were seeing through the obscurity the tortured agitation on my face.

"It's not in my mood," I said, rapidly. "Should think you'd understand. My God, with the Governor there, the thought of going back in a few weeks — of all that is coming to us — this dancing and merry-making, before — "

"David, are you lying to me?"

His hand closed over my wrist, and the phrase died on my lips.

"Ben!"

"For God's sake, tell me the truth! What was there between you and Letty?"

[*The next instalment of "The Wasted Generation" will appear in the August McClure's.*]

The Signed Masterpiece — *Continued from page 23*

Figuratively she nosed the air, to catch the first telltale taint; figuratively she cocked an ear, for the distant song of the pack. It had been a long wait, this last one, for the bay of the hounds, years of ennuied respectability, shared with a colorless husband. Husbands, merely as such, had never appealed to Sophie.

"Did you see him pass the 'office', William?"

But William had not.

Undoubtedly the "office" (she had unconsciously dropped back into the argot of her craft) had been passed. It was not coincidence that her red-headed mechanic had found an errand to take him in her direction whenever she drove out these last few days; nor had it been coincidence that he lost interest in her before they had gone half a mile through the teeming streets. They were hunting her in relays!

Sophie preened herself. This was almost subtlety on the part of the police. It was her due; her dignity demanded it. She laughed softly, almost the first genuine revelation of amusement she had indulged in since her widowhood. Instantly she closed her pretty lips over her pretty teeth again. Out of the corners of her long eyes she examined her neighbors in the procession. Among them she knew must be one tied to her heels like a noonday shadow. But the faces she looked into were blankly anonymous. She tried her old bag of tricks, one by one. Like the wily old fox doubling, back-tracking, side-stepping, taking to earth, to water, to fallen timber. But with no results — except certainty. When finally that afternoon she returned to her domicile, by devious ways, her red-headed mechanic was tinkering with still another sick motor at the curb in front of his shop; he did not even raise his eyes when her brougham drove up and drove away.

From that moment Mrs. Amos P. Huntington gradually faded out of the picture. The outer semblance of that quondam widow remained — her clothes, her speech, her aspect of grief; but beneath it all was Sophie, watching with beadlike eyes. For several days she devoted her talents to catching the red-headed mechanic in the act of passing her bodily to the tender mercies of his relief. But never did she detect the actual moment. This was finesse! Maybe it was the great Parr himself! She thrilled for an instant on this note. Then she decided on a stroke boldly characteristic.

When William had tucked her in among her moleskin robes, he crossed to the red-headed man and, with that curious condescension upper servants bestow on mere artizans, informed him that his mistress would have speech with him.

"What is your name?" she asked when the red-headed man stood respectfully, cap in hand, at her carriage door.

"John Hanrahan, ma'am," he replied.

"I have had my eyes on you for some time, John, without your knowing it," said she, kindly. She had her eyes on him at that moment; and as he met them, he had the startling impression that he and she understood each other perfectly. But the impression was fugitive.

"YOU ARE to enter my service," she informed him, with the large air of conferring an inestimable favor; and without awaiting an answer she informed John that he was to go with William to bring home a new car — she was giving up her pair because the pavements were too hard on their feet. William was instructed to take John to the tailor and have him outfitted. All this with a gracious smile, while she complimented John on the way he carried himself — John's particular uprightness was the regulation product of the police gymnasium. The widow spoke in a little thread of a voice which broke, here and there, when she would close her eyes with a sigh. If the red-headed man had been a thousand devils he could not have refused so pathetic a figure. But the element of humor in the transaction was the ultimate appeal.

A few days later Parr himself, held up by one of his own regal traffic cops at a busy corner, had the grim satisfaction of seeing Sophie taking his red-headed mechanic out for an airing. The new car itself was quite as perfect in its way, as had been her prancing pair — a town-car imported from France, where they do themselves well in such things. The motor occupied a glistening bandbox away up forward. Sophie was enclosed in a gorgeous candy-box away aft. Parr's man was exposed to the world and the weather as the only visible living thing aboard, perched on a slender capstan of a seat rising out of the bare deck amidships. She was making a Roman holiday of him. Parr could not repress a chuckle — it was so like Sophie!

The Dresden china widow (or what remained of her for popular consumption) did not vary her surface routine by a jot. At home and abroad her shuttle-like eyes were always moving slowly back and forth under the screen of her long lashes. Before many days had passed she had isolated her red-headed mechanic's pack-brothers. One was a man with a brown derby, who always chewed a cold cigar. The other was a frayed taxi-driver with a moth-eaten beard, who had a stand just off the avenue. She never hurried them, never lost them; they were safe and sound and stupid, as her man on the box. They were merely the hounds following blindly. It was the huntsmen behind of whom she must catch a glimpse. The system of espionage was perfect, but no intellect informed it. Her sixth sense told her that her daily life was as closely hemmed in as is an expanse of ocean by a cloudless sky. The real artist of the game was yet to reveal himself. Some move must be impending.

She surreptitiously examined bolts, locks, bars, doors, window-ledges, painted surfaces, for telltale marks. In the act of crossing her boudoir she would pause softly, her senses alert and receptive as if in the very cloister of her retreat something lurked, would strike.

Her telephone she handled with the utmost delicacy — they had tapped that, of course. Whenever she used it, she would set it down softly, then instantly pick it up again, and listen for minutes on end. It was filled with voices, disembodied and inarticulate and far-off, that swirled and eddied through the ceaseless river of speech. Nothing there — it required exquisite patience. And then, under her very elbow, some one yawned incautiously three times, and said lazily, "Oh dear, oh dear!" Sophie showed herself her little white teeth in the mirror, that looked down on her eavesdropping. Her nimble mind drew a picture: it would be a big bare room, with a lazy man in a blue uniform, with receivers strapped to his ears, seated at a desk; and this police ear grafted to her wire would always be attentive.

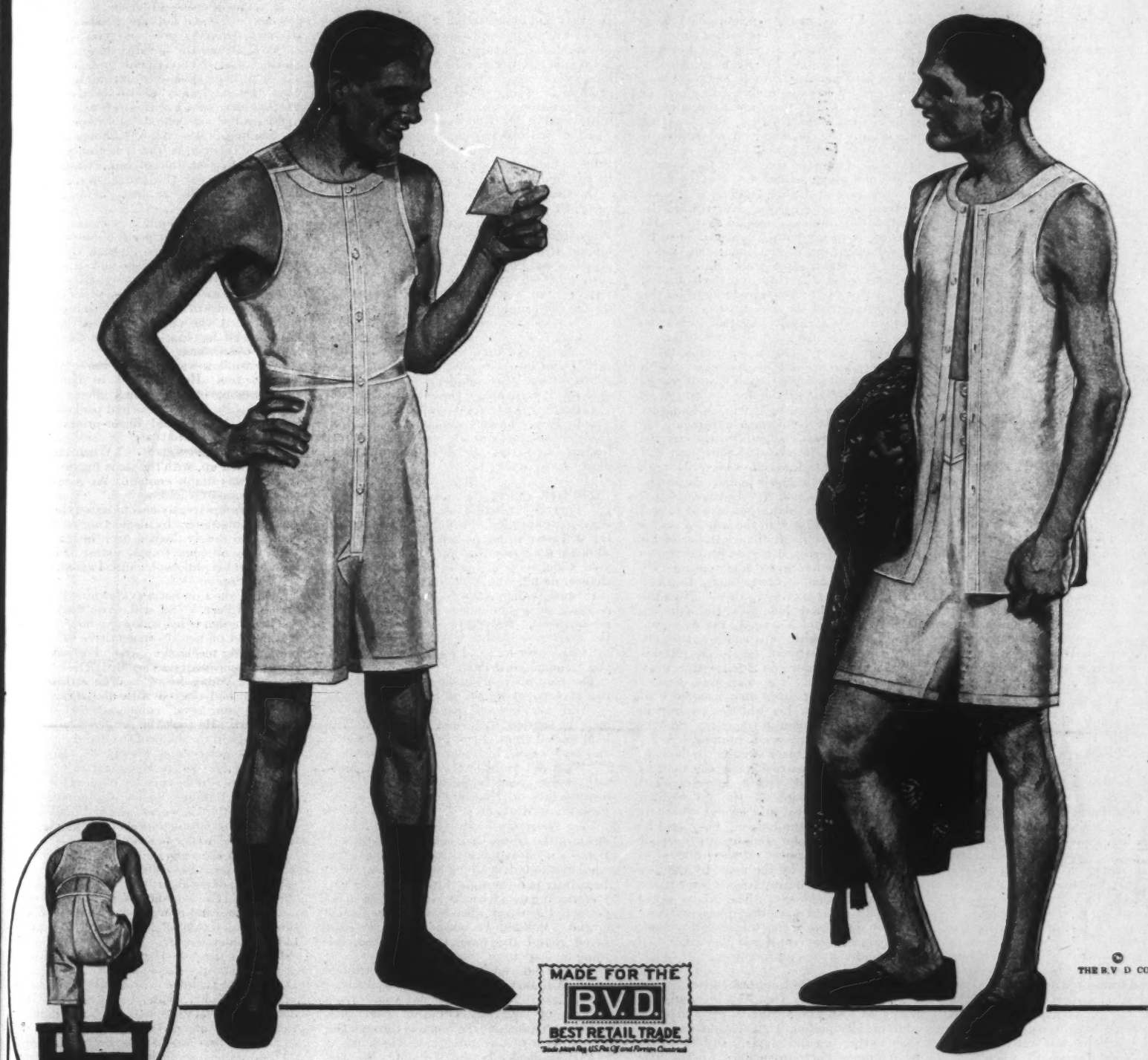
Once Sophie was rewarded by hearing a door open, in that vague room. Again she heard the tread of feet; then the murmur of cautious voices. But it was the ticking of a clock — two of them, in fact — that pleased her most of all. How like a stupid cop, to lie in wait breathless at the mouthpiece of a microphone, with a blatant clock at his elbow! Sophie giggled.

Meantime our friend, Mr. Parr, the police deputy, who had assigned himself in his mature age to the Sophie Lang case, was gloomy and bad company. The end of the fourth week found him yawning and scowling. There was the daily harvest of squeals falling on his desk. Betrayed crooks with brac lets on came home to roost as inevitably as rain drops trickle back to the ocean. But just as all rivers flow into the sea and yet the sea is not full, so Parr was conscious of an aching void. He had the uncomfortable sensation of being laughed at.

"The damned thing is frozen — solid!" he muttered, settling himself heavily in his favorite elbow chair by Armiston's desk.

Armiston said nothing. It wasn't frozen, to him. It was merely that the element of time had entered in. This yarn had "written itself," as he would say professionally. He had merely brushed the tips of his clairvoyant fingers, invoked the oracular keys of his faithful typewriter, and the congealed action which Parr had laid at the feet of his Medicine, had straightway come to life, started to move. It had developed the impetus of the inevitable. He had written *Finis*, and locked his typewriter, and packed for Lakewood. Then he waited for his friend Parr to call on him.

Leaning back in his chair Armiston idly tinkered with the needle of some electrical contrivance. The grandfather clock ticked, the fire crackled, and the deputy scowled misanthropically at the fat Buddha in the corner. Silence didn't embarrass Oliver. In fact it was his observation that if silence were maintained long enough, the other fellow would say something interesting. But Parr seemed tongue-tied. As if tired of waiting for animate things to show a sign of life, the needle Oliver held in his hands made a spontaneous gesture. It swung over to the middle of a calibrated arc — and stayed



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